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New Shakspere Society.

SERIES VII.

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THE

DIGBY MYSTERIES.

1. THE KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.
2. THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL.
3. MARY MAGDALENE.
4. CHRIST'S BURIAL AND RESURRECTION,

WITH AN INCOMPLETE

MORALITY

OF

WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST

(PART OF ONE OF THE *MACRO MORALITIES*).

EDITED FROM THE MSS.

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.

PUBLISHT FOR

The New Shakspere Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,

LONDON, E.C., 1882.

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THE DIGBY MYSTERIES.

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TO

MRS GEORGE WHERRY,

Corpus Buildings, Cambridge.

MY DEAR MRS WHERRY,

You and I once studied SHAKSPERE for a time together.

I well recollect your capital acting of Nerissa in the *Merchant of Venice*, and the arch way in which you tost up your handkerchief when you heard the news that Bassanio was coming, as if you divined that the right man was near.

Some friends asserted that you actually winkt at him, to let him know which were the wrong caskets, and which the right; but that was doubtless a libel. At any rate you chafft delightfully that saucy *Gratiano*—the impertinent!—who dared to say that it was a 'youth,' 'a little scrubbed boy,' to whom he gave your Ring.

Then you left such merrymaking to nurse "the ſpeachleſſe ſicke," "enforce the maimed impotent to ſmile"; and for two years you toiled in the Hospitals.

You have your reward in your pretty, happy home, in the affection of the able and accomplisht gentleman to whom you have linkt your life—the tender of the suffering, the helper of the poor, "who are Christ's friends," as Chaucer says.

I think of your choice and lot with pleasure, and I venture to dedicate to you this edition of a few of the Early Religious Dramas before Shakspere's time, as just a reminder of the days when his triumphant art was the subject of our mutual work. Believe me to be,

Always sincerely yours,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

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FOREWORDS.

THIS book opens the Seventh Series of the *New Shakspere Society*'s publications, that of the "English Mysteries, Miracle-Plays, Interludes, &c. up to Shakspere's time." Tho it is later and far less complete than the other sets of Mysteries—the Towneley, Chester, Coventry, and Lord Ashburnham's York one, still kept in MS.—it has been hitherto printed in so few copies[1]—50, by the Abbotsford Club in 1835—that I chose it, on that account, as our first work of the kind, in order that it might get more generally known. As too I have been able to add to the old set one more Mystery in 2 Parts,—that of the 'Burial and Resurrection of Christ,' which evidently once belongd to the Digby MS. 133, from which these Mysteries get their name,—the prezent edition has a fresh value of its own, however slight that value may be.

But to every play-goer and every student of the drama, all the old Mysteries have an interest independent of their literary merit. They show him the stories and scenes in which his forefathers before and up to Shakspere's time were content to find edification and amusement. They prove to him that these old plays were but parts of the Romish Church service, developt and taken out into the streets (p. 227-8, below). They give him the origin of that mixture of comedy in deepest tragedy, and of tragedy in highest comedy, nay in roaring farce, which is a leading note of Shakspere's

[1] Hawkins printed the first play, *Candlemas Day*, in his *Origin of the English Drama*, 1773, and Marriott reprinted it in his *Collection of English Miracle-Plays*, &c., Basel, 1838.—P. A. DANIEL.

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drama, and which so shocks the classicist critics of Romanticism. And if these Digby Mysteries, being poorer than the Towneley, point to the decay of the old religious Drama in England, the student sees in that only the greater need for Shakspere to arise, replace the old Religionism with the new Humanity, and take as his themes the love, fears, hates, ambitions of men, the World and its Ruler, instead of Judæa and its King.

The first Play, 'Herod's Killing of the Children' or 'Murder of the Innocents,' and the Purification, is one of a set of New Testament Plays,—the seventh, says Stowe, p. 1, l. 2, below, but the 3rd, I suppose, the 'Annunciation and Birth of Christ' being the first, and the 'Adorations of the Shepherds and the Three Kings' being the 2nd. Only one of these plays was playd yearly, says our text, p. 2, so that the place it was acted in must have been some small town or village; and no mention is made of any Trade supplying the Actors. The 4th Play of the set was to be 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple,' see p. 23; and so, if the set of after Plays was 23 in number, like the Coventry New-Testament set, it would take the villagers 23 years to get through the story of Christ's life. But no doubt several subjects were lumpt into one play in the Series to which this *Killing of the Children* belongd.

The comedy in this first Play was supplied by music and dancing between the Prolog and Scene i (see p. 2, at foot), and after the Play (p. 22) as well as after the Epilog (p. 23), as after Shakspere's plays. Also by Herod's bragging and strutting (p. 3), by his man Watkyn's boasting, and then confessing that he was afraid of a woman with a distaff (p. 6, 7, 9), and later by the women 'laying on' and beating Watkyn with their distaffs (p. 14). The killing of the children was done on the stage, seemingly (p. 13), and Herod died there too (p. 16). But there does not seem to have been a

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curtain to the pageant-wagon,—whose existence I assume,—for at the end of Scene i the stage-direction is, "Here the Knyghtes and Watkyn walke about the place tyll Mary & Joseph be conveid into Egipt." The Temple (p. 18, 20) was, I suppose, a bit of painted wood on the floor of the wagon. The "Virgynes, as many as a man wyll" (p. 19), who held tapers, went in procession, sang (p. 20) and danced (p. 22, 23), were, I suppose, part of the Audience, as well as the 'virgyn' and four women who playd the Mothers, of the sixteen Players named on p. 24 as performing the Play.

The second Play, *The Conversion of St Paul*,—he being "drest lyke an aunterous knyght,"—seems to have been acted in a larger town, for its three Acts were playd at three Stations or open sites (p. 27, 33, 41), at the first of which there was room for Saul's horse to be brought up, and for him to ride about (p. 32, 33). The "pagent" is mentiond at p. 33, l. 167, p. 52, l. 657; and that the wagon had an upper (? half-) stage is certain,[1] as the Holy Ghost appeard on it (p. 38, at foot), and the "fervent," lightning or thunderbolt (p. 34) would be thrown from it. In this case too there were Dances after the Prolog (p. 27, l. 14) and Act I (p. 33), while the comedy was developt by a scene of broad chaff between Paul's servant and an Ostler (p. 30-1). But the audience who followd the wagon from Station to Station (p. 33, l. 156-7) evidently

[1] "In the great Mysteries the stage was at three elevations (and before it was a shallow but broad *podium* for the chorus). The lowest stage represented the nether world. In the midst was a door—the mouth of hell—and steps led from it on each side to the second stage, which figured earth. The highest stage was reserved for the Deity and the saints; it was heaven." 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 4: an excellent book, which shows in its next 3 pages how effective this 3-stage arrangement was in Theodore Schernbeck's play of *Frau Jutta*, composed in 1480 on the story of Pope Joan. A procession of cardinals "with tapers and banners move along the middle stage chanting a litany. Below, the demons are tormenting the soul of Jutta, who pleads on in piteous hymn to Mary. Above, in heaven, the Blessed Virgin and St Nicholas are entreating the Saviour."—*Ib.* p. 7.

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found the seriousness of the original Acts II and III dull, and so a later hand—? Miles Blomefylde, p. 55—spiced up Act III with a lively scene of the Devils in Hell, amid fire, flame, roaring, and crying (p. 43-46), to carry off the weight of Paul's Sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins, which followd.[1]

In the third Play, *Mary Magdalene*—of which Part I describes her Father Cyrus and his death, her Seduction by Lechery and a Galant, her Repentance and Wiping of Jesus's feet with her Hair, and also her brother Lazarus's Death and Againrising—we have the comedy supplied by our friend Herod (p. 60-1) bragging as before, by the King of the Flesh kissing Miss Lechery (p. 67), and by a scene at a Tavern in Jerusalem (p. 72-5), with a young dandy who wants a pretty barmaid to chat to, and who makes Mary fall in love with him. Then the Devils are seen in Hell (p. 75), which is the lower stage (p. 76) of the 2- or 3-staged wagon (p. 67, at foot), and in scene xv, p. 82-3, all the Seven Devils are beaten on their buttocks on the stage. A house is also set on fire (p. 83): an instance of early Sensationalism.

In Part II—which tells how Christ appears to Mary at his tomb,[2] how she goes to Marcylle, converts its King and Queen, is fed in the wilderness by Angels, and then dies and is taken up to Heaven—the bragger is supplied by the

[1] "A traveller in 1790 . . goes on to relate that in other villages near Innsbrück, St Mary Magdalene [see above, and p. 82-3 below] and St Sebastian were being performed; and he was assured that these pieces possessed superior attractions to that of St Pancras, inasmuch *as more devils appeared in them.*" (See Pichler, *Ueber das Drama des Mittelalters in Tirol*, Innsbrück, 1850.) 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 17.

[2] On the three Maries and the Apostles at the Tomb, p. 92-4, 201-218, compare the lines (21-4) in Stubbes's *Anatomie*, Part I, Appendix, p. 336, from Naogeorgus:

"In ſome place ſolemne ſightes and ſhowes, & Pageants fayre are playd,
With ſundrie ſortes of maſkers brave, in ſtraunge attire arrayd,
As where the Maries three doe meete, the ſepulchre to ſee,
And *Iohn* with *Peter* ſwiftly runnes, before him there to bee."

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King of Marcylle (p. 90), and the fun by the Priest's boy and his doggrel service (p. 99-101), the Shipman with a merry song (p. 107), and his boy Grobbe (p. 107, 119, 125). In this Part there must have been a third stage for Heaven—see note [1], page ix, and p. 106, 113, ?130, 131, 135 (*gaudent in celis*)—above the main stage, under which was the Hell (as in Part I) to which the Devil betook himself (p. 92, l. 992) after he had told how Christ harrowd Hell. How all the scenes of the Temple, the burning of the Idols, the Shipman and his Ship, the rock on the island where the Queen of Marcylle was left (p. 121), &c., were managed, I can't tell. Possibly some of the Players had separate scaffolds: see Sharp's Dissertation on the Coventry Plays. But make-believe will do wonders. My friend Mr P. A. Daniel tells me, that in Melbourne he saw a Chinese troupe act admirably on a small stage, with the roughest scenery. A wooden form servd for a castle-wall, a chair behind it for the battlements, on which the besieged King mounted, and whence he made a spirited harangue to the rebellious besieging General and his army of three men, as Richard II does to Northumberland at Flint Castle in Shakspere's Play, III. iii. And really, when you know the story, you don't need scenery, as we found, who were lucky enough to see the First Quarto of *Hamlet* acted at St George's Hall on April 16, 1881.

In the fourth Mystery here, the 'Burial and Resurrection of Christ,' there is no comedy, and I see no trace of the Pageant or Stages. The Stations in it (if any) would be only those of the Church from whose service it was either imitated, or of which it once formd part.[1] The Play is arranged to be either recited or acted, and a warning is given at the beginning (p. 171), that there is a Proem, "certene lynes, which are not to be saide if it (the Play) be plaiede."

[1] The Procession of the Sacrament no longer forms part of the Romish Church Service on Easter Sunday morning.

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At several other places—see notes p. 173, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 183, 184, 185, &c.—is evidence of the double character of the composition. Towards the end of the Play (p. 223, 226) some of the Sequences of the Easter Sunday Mass of the Romish Service are directed to be sung as part of the performance, as on p. 194-5.

Now, did the mixture of comic bits with most serious subjects take off the effect of the mysteries of Christianity performd before the common folk? I doubt it. My friend Mr H. H. Furness, the editor of the splendid new *Variorum* Shakspere, once told me that he saw in Spain a Mystery performd, and that at one point a bell tinkled, and in came a troupe of ballet-girls in short frocks and flesh-tights, and danced a ballet. All the onlookers evidently took it as a natural and proper occurrence.[1] They'd grown accustomd to

[1] P.S. Having just found Mr Furness's note, I print it:—

"Years ago I saw a Passion Play in Spain, which was sublimely national. After the Magi had presented their gifts to Mary, who was seated beside a pasteboard manger, surrounded by pasteboard oxen, with a great deal of genuine straw about, at the tinkle of a little bell, ballet-girls in short skirts and pink tights darted from the side scenes, and, pirouetting around the groups, finally struck an attitude with their hands over the cradle, and their elevated toes pointing to the audience. When the curtain went down there were vociferous calls for the actors, and Christ appeared, leading Joseph and Mary, and bowed his thanks. It was deeply religious to the people, and many women wept."

Compare Mr Baring-Gould's experience in Brabant:—

"But perhaps the most curious representation of the last scenes of the sacred history I have witnessed, was at Mechlin, a few years ago, on the fête of St Rumbold. A travelling band of players had erected a large tent with stage in it, in the market-place; and their programme of entertainments consisted of—

"1. Tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and performing dogs.

"2. The laughable farce of 'A Ghost in spite of himself' (the English farce of that name translated into Flemish).

"3. The Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

"It was more than startling to see 'the spangled sprite of the shining shower,' who pirouetted on the tight-rope, figure half-an-hour later as the Mater Dolorosa, and the human spider, a man in fleshings, who walked backwards on hands and feet, transformed into the Beloved Disciple; but the Brabant peasants seemed aware of no incongruity, and were as ready to weep at the crucifixion, as they were to laugh at the dancing dogs. The peasant mind of the present day is constituted like that of their Mediæval forefathers, who insisted on the introduction

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it, and so it was right. Just so, most Englishmen take the existence of our hereditary House of Lords, and the spelling of the sound 'enuf' as 'enough.' The survival of an absurdity or incongruity never shocks traditional minds; nay, the propozal to remove it always makes them angry.

It was probably some feeling of this kind that made me reprint the fragment of the Macro[1] Morality of *Wisdom*, when the rest of it had been printed by the Abbotsford Club in 1837. But this fragment was in the Digby MS. 133, had been in the Abbotsford-Club print of that MS., and would be expected by students in ours. I could not at first trace the Macro MS. to the present Mr Gurney, and so I was glad of the excuse to keep this bit of *Wisdom* in our book. (Even literary Antiquaries are mortal and have weaknesses.) By Mr Gurney's kind leave, Miss Marx has since made a copy of all the Macro MSS. for the Society, and when we have any money to spare, I hope to edit it.

In the progress of the drama, Moralities followd Mysteries, and were succeeded by Interludes. When folk tired of Religion on the Stage, they took to the inculcation of morality and prudence; and when this bored them, they set up Fun.

Our *Wisdom* Morality hooks on to dogmatic Religion by its Wisdom being Christ, and by its doctrines, p. 143, &c. It keeps up the fun of the old Mystery by its comic man Lucifer (p. 155, &c.), its dance (p. 164), and its later hornpipe, quarrel and boy-devils (p. 167). It is one of a set playd in London, since it mentions the Holborn Quest,[2] p. 165, l.

of an element of grotesqueness into every tragedy and religious mystery." 1879. S. Baring-Gould, *Germany, Past and Present*, ii. 8-9.

[1] The MS. containing these 'Moralities' once belongd to a Dr Macro.

[2] On the Holborn Quest, see p. 168, and "The (65) ancient Articles of the charge of the Wardmote Inquest, formerly delivered," in Joseph Newell's *Inquest Juryman*, 1825, p. 54-68.

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733,—and Westminster and St Andrew of Ely (cp. St Andrew's, Holborn, nearly opposite Ely Place),—and has few, if any, of the dialectal peculiarities which mark the Midland Mysteries.

With regard to the dialect of the Mysteries I see no special marks of any dialect in the *Killing of the Children*, tho *wha*, 13/305, *mut* 13/319, *chever* shiver 15/374, *thu* thou 8/195-8, 16/397, 400, &c., *wolcome* 18/437, 438, 441, *gh* of *abought* about 19/476, *parfight* perfect 18/446, *afforn* before 20/484, 22/529 are provincial, and the verbal *n* plurals—*ioyen* 20/501, *bene* be 5/112, 4/88, *han*, &c.—point, I suppose, to the Midland rather than any other dialect.

Of the *Conversion of Saul*, I can say no more. It is fond of *a* for *e* and *o*,—*drad* 27/20, *adrad* 36/234, *frawardnes* 28/39, *massage* 38/239, *marcy* 38/290, 46/506,—of *f* for *v*, we *gyf* 28/43, 32/132, 47/522; but though the lacking of "lytturall scyens" and the "non intellygens of Retoryk" which it confesses to, 52/658, 661, are apparent, its district is not, to me at least.

In *Mary Magdalene*, however, East-Midland characteristics, *xal* shall, *qwat* what, &c., clearly appear, as I have noted on p. 53, note 1. And *Christ's Burial and Resurrection* was—says Dr Richard Morris, p. 170,—Northumbrian, and then rewritten or copied by a West-Midland scribe.

As to the metre, notes will be found on or near the first page of each play. The *Killing of the Children* is in 8-line stanzas, *ababb cbc;* and the *Conversion of St Paul* is in 7-line stanzas, *ababb cc*. Part I of *Mary Magdalen* is very irregular: it tried seemingly to get into 8- or 9-line stanzas, but other stanzas, alternates and couplets also occur; Part II is mainly in alternates: *Wisdom* is in 8-line stanzas: Scene i. *abab bcbc;* Scene ii. iii. and the printed bit of iv. *aaab-aaab*, with an occasional couplet added, as in 165/735-6, 166/745-6, and some of the stanzas are linkt, the first line

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of the second ryming with the last line of the first. The *Burial of Christ* is, as noted on p. 171, almost all in 6-line stanzas *aab*, *ccb*, tho sum 8-line ones occur, *aaab*, *cccb*. The *Virgin's Complaint*, p. 191-3, is mainly in eight, *abab*, *bcbc*, with some sixes and sevens, followd by couplets. Parts of this *Complaint*—the best portion of the volume—have the same burden 'Who cannot wepe, com lerne of me' as the earlier poem in my *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, Early English Text Soc. 1867, p. 126-7. This fashion of stanzas, alternates and couplets in dramas lasted well into Shakspere's time. In his earliest play he has a conversation of four men in no less than 17 alternates (*abab*) in succession, *L. L. Lost*, IV. iii. 222—289; Berowne and Boyet talk in stanzas now and then, *ib.*, 214—219, V. ii. 256—261. (See too I. i. 94-9, 112-118.) But happily our great playwright soon gave up the trammels of this convention.

The date of the Digby MS. I have put at 1480-90. At first I thought 1475, but the late regretted Librarian of the Bodleian wrote to me on July 8, 1879:

"1512 [the copier's date at p. 1, copy] is not so far off the mark as you suggest. I do not think that the text is 20 years in advance. Ever yrs. sincerely, H. O. Coxe."

There seem to be at least three hands in the Digby MS. Plays, of which I suppose the hand before 1500,—? John Parfre's,—to write leaves 146-157, 37-50 (less 45-47, bk), all the *Killing of the Children*, and *Conversion of St Paul*, except the later Devils scene. This scene (leaves 45-47, back) and *Mary Magdalene* (leaves 95-145) appear to be in a hand somewhat later than that of the two other plays, and I suppose it to be Miles Blomefylde's. He signs his name before the *Conversion of St Paul*, but there I hold his signature to be in the later hand, as is the line "Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke," p. 24.

The *Morality of Wisdom* (leaves 158-169, bk) seems to

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be in a fresh hand, which my note calls later, but Mr Macray and Mr Parker say is earlier, than the others. The latter agrees in thinking there are three hands in the MS. Plays, and feels sure that there are at least two. My notes, and my recollection, are for the three hands.

Looking into the MS. accounts of the Chester Plays some years ago, I copied a few extracts which may be now shunted into an Appendix, on the chance of their interesting some friend of ours in America, if not here, and helping him to realize the old scene at the acting of the plays. All the extracts have, no doubt, been printed in some History of Chester or elsewhere, but I have not had time to look round for them.

With thanks to Mr George Parker, our careful copier and collater at Oxford, and to Mr Herrtage for his help with the Glossary and Index, I turn to Part II. of Stubbes's *Anatomie* and to *Shakspere Allusions*, and wish our Members the pleasant Long-Vacation that I fear I sha'n't get.

June 29, 1882.

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P.S. In the *Daily News* of April 4, 1881, is a long and interesting account of a Mussulman Passion Play.

In the *Academy* of July 1, 1882, is a short statement about the York Mystery Plays, which the prezent Lord Ashburnham, wisely changing the dog-in-the-mangership of his late father, is letting Miss L. Toulmin Smith edit his unique big 4to. MS. of for the Clarendon Press. The York volume contains 48 plays, as against the Coventry 43, the Towneley 32, and the Chester 24. Four or five of the York plays are the same as some of the Towneley set, with additions or omissions. The first eleven York plays are from the Old Testament, the other 37 are from the New Testament, the Gospel of Nicodemus and some of the Marian legends. The MS. gives the music sung by the angels in the play on the vision of our Lady to St Thomas. The MS. is about 1450 A.D., but it probably represents a somewhat earlier text.

The Scriveners' Play of this York set, printed by Croft in 1797, and the Camden Soc. in 1858, seems to have been set from an actor's copy, lately belonging to Dr Sykes of Doncaster.

On the French Mysteries, see the Introduction to the *Mistere du Vieil Testament* by the late liberal Baron James de Rothschild, in the edition he gave to the Old French Text Society, the *Miracles de la Vierge* in the same Society, M. Petit de Julleville's book on the subject, M. Onésyme Leroy's *Etudes sur les Mystères*, Messrs Gaston Paris and Reynaud's edition of the *Mystère de la Passion*, and the dramatic section of Aubertin's *Histoire de la Littérature française au Moyen Age*.

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APPENDIX TO FOREWORDS.

NOTES ON THE CHESTER PLAYS AND MIDSUMMER WATCH, FROM HARLEIAN MSS. 1944, 1948, 2125, &c.

Harl. MS. 1944, *lf.* 21 *bk.*

[1] Now of ye playes of Chester called ye whitson playes, when they weare played, and what occupaciones bringe forthe at theire charges the Playes and pagiantes.

Heare note *that* these playes of Chester called ye whitson playes weare the woorke of one Rondoll,[2] a monke of ye Abbaye of St Warburge in Chester, who redused ye whole history of the byble into Englishe storyes in metter, in ye englishe tounge; and this moncke, in a good desire to doe good, published ye same. then the firste mayor of Chester, namely Sir Iohn Arneway knighte, he caused the

These playes are now abollished:

[1] Part of Chap: 4: From "A breauarye, or some fewe Collectiones of ye Cittie of Chester, gathered out of some fewe writers, and heare sett downe, and reduced into these Chapters followinge:" Harl. MS. 1944, lf. 3. The Forewords "To the Reader" are signd "*per* Dauid Rogers: 1609: July: 3"; and Harl. MS. 1948, lf. 18, says that the Collections were "collected by the Reuerend: m^r^ Robert Rogers, Batchlor in Diuinitye, Archdeacon of Chester, and Prebunde in the Cathedrall Church of Chester [and parson of Gawsworth]," and "written by his sonne Dauid Rogers."

[2] In Harl. 2124 (a Copy of the Chester Plays made by Jas. Miller in 1607), a vellum fly-leaf (? later) says:

The Whitsun playes first made by one Don Randle Higgenet o Monke of Chester Abbey, who was thrise at Rome before he could obtaine leaue of the Pope to haue them in the English tongue.

The Whitsun playes were played openly in pageants by the Cittizens of Chester in the Whitsun Weeke. Nicholas the fift then was Pope, in the year of our Lord 1447. Sir Henry Francis, sometyme a Monke of the Monestery of Chester, obtained of Pope Clemens a thousand daies of pardon, and of the Bishop of Chester 40 dayes pardon, for euery person that resorted peaceably to see the same playes, and that euery person that disturbed the same to be accursed by the said Pope, vntill such tyme as they should be absolued thereof.

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same to be played ["anno domini: 1329"]; the manner of which playes was thus: They weare deuided into 24 pagiantes or partes, acordinge to the number of ye Companyes of ye Cittie, and euery Company brought forthe their pagiente, which was ye cariage or place which they played in: And yarlye before these were played, there was a man fitted for ye purpose [1] which did ride, as I take it vpon St George daye[2] throughe ye Cittie, and there published the tyme and the matter of ye playes in breife, which was called "ye readinge of the banes." They were played vpon monday, tuseday, and wenseday in witson weeke. And they first beganne at ye Abbaye gates; & when the firste pagiente was played at ye Abbaye gates, then it was wheeled from thence to the pentice at ye highe crosse before ye Mayor; and before that was donne, the seconde came, and ye firste wente in-to the watergate streete, and from thence vnto ye Bridge-streete, and soe all, one after an other, tell all ye pagiantes weare played, appoynted for ye firste daye, and so likewise for the seconde & the thirde daye: these pagiantes or cariage was a highe place made like a howse with ij rowmes, beinge open on ye tope: the lower rowme they apparrelled & dressed them selues; and in the higher rowme they played: and they stoode vpon 6 wheeles. And when they had done with one cariage in one place, they wheeled the same from one streete to an other: first from ye Abbaye gate to ye pentise, then to the watergate streete, then to ye bridge streete, throughe the lanes, and so to the estgate streete. And thus they came from one streete to an other keapinge a direct order in euery streete; for before ye firste cariage was gone, ye seconde came, and so the thirde, and so orderly till ye laste was donne, all in order, without any stayeinge in any place; for, worde beinge broughte how euery place was neere done, they came, and made no place to tarye, till ye last was played: [3]

[The Reading of the Bans, or Proclamation of the Mysteries to be playd.]

ye description of ye pagintes they played in:/

[1] *leaf 22.*

[2] *April 23.*

Heareafter followeth ye readinge of ye banes, which was read before ye beginninge of ye whitson playes, beinge the breife of ye whole playes:/

[3] The shorter Annals or "Breauarye of the Cittie of Chester," from Rogers in Harl. 1948, adds on leaf 64, back (after "all the streetes have theire pagiantes afore them all at one time playeinge togeather,") 'to se which playes was greate resorte, and also scafoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to playe theire pagiantes.'

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[Here follow 'The Banes'—an Address of 9 stanzas to the future audience, then 24 stanzas on the 24 Plays, and 4 lines of Conclusion,—all printed by Thos. Wright in the Old Sh. Soc.'s *Chester Plays*, i. 1-7, from George Bellin's copy in Harl. MS. 2013; and then Rogers goes on, leaf 24, back:—]

he wisheth men not only to take ye sight of ye play, but to conseaue of ye matter so as it mighte be profitable and not offensiue:

"The sume of this storye, Lordes & ladyes alle,
I haue breifely repeated, & how they muste be played.
Of one thinge, warne you now I shall,
That not possible it is, these matters to be contynued
In such sorte & cunninge, & by such playeres of price
As at this day good players & fine wittes coulde deuise,
For then shoulde all those p*er*sones *tha*t as Gods doe playe,
In Clowdes come downe w*i*th voyce, & not be seene;
For no man can p*ro*portion *tha*t Godhead, I saye,
To the shape of man face, nose, and eyne;
But sethence ye face gilte doth disfigure ye man *tha*t deme
A Clowdy Coueringe of ye man a voyce only to heare,
[*If.* 25] And not God in shape or person to appeare;
By Craftes men & meane men these Pageaunt*es* are played
and to Com*m*ons and Contrye men acustomablye before.
If better men & finer heades now come, what canne be saide?
But of com*m*on and contrye playeres take *tho*u the storye;
And if any disdaine, then open is ye doore
That lett him in to heare: packe awaye at his pleasure;
Oure playeinge is not to gett fame or treasure:
All *tha*t w*i*th quiett mynde
Can be contented to tarye,
Be heare on whitson monday:
Then begineth ye storye.
§————————§ finis: DR.

And thus much of ye Banes or Breife of ye whitson playes in Chester; for if I shoulde heare resite ye whole storye of ye whitson playes, it woulde be tto tediouse for to resite in this breauarye: As also, they beinge nothinge p*ro*ffitable to any vse, excepte it be to shewe ye Ignorance of oure forefatheres, and to make vs theire ofspringe vnexcusable before God, *tha*t haue ye true and synceare worde of ye Gospell of o*ur* lord & sauiour Jesus Christe, if we apprehende not ye same in oure life & practise, to ye eternall glorie of o*ur* god, and ye saluation & co*m*forte of oure owne soles.

: Heare followeth all ye Co*m*panyes as they weare played vpon theire seuerall dayes, w*hi*ch was Monday:

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Tueseday: & Wenseday in ye whitson weeke. And how manye Pagiantes weare played vpon euery day at the Charge of euery Companye.

The Companyes or trades that playe:	The story or matter *that* euery Compa*n*ye did acte:
1 Barkers, Tanners } bringe forthe	The fallinge of Lucifer
2 Drapers, Hosieres }	The creation of ye worlde
3 Draweres in Dee & waterleaders } . .	Noah & his shipp
4 Barbers, Waxe chandlers, Leeches } . .	Abraham & Isacke
[*leaf* 25, *back*] 5 Cappers, Wyerdraweres, Pynners } . .	Kinge Balack & Balaam with Moyses :/
6 Wrightes, slatereres, Tyleres, Daubers, Thatchares }	Natiuytie of our lord
7 Paynters, Imbrotheres, Glasieres } . . .	The shepperdes offeringe
8 Vinteners, Marchantes }	Kinge Harrald & ye mounte victoriall
9 Mercers, Spicers } bringe forthe ye 3. kinges of Collen:	

These 9 Pagiantes aboue written weare played vppon ye first day· beinge Monday.

1 Gould smythes, Massons }	The destroyeinge of the Chillderen by Herod
2 Smythes, forberes, Pewterers }	Purification of our ladye
3 Butchares	The pinackle, with ye woman of Canan.[1]

[1] The Temptation, and the Woman taken in Adultery.

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4	Glouers & Parchment makers	[bringe forthe] The risinge of Lazarus from death to liffe :/
5	Coruesters or shoemakers	. . . . . The cominge of Christe to Ierusalem :/
6	Bakers Mylners	. . . . . Christes maundy with his desiples
7	Bowyeres Fletcheres Stringers Cowpers Turners	. . . . . The scourginge of Christe
8	Irnemongers Ropers	. . . . . The Crusifienge of Christ
[leaf 26] 9	Cookes Tapsters Hostlers Inkeapers	. . . . . The harrowinge of hell

These 9 pagiantes aboue written weare played vpon ye second day: beinge tueseday :/

1	Skinners Cardemakers Hatters Poynters Girdlers	. . . . . The Resurrection.
2	Sadlers fusters	. . . . . The Castle of Emaus & the Apostles
3	Taylores	. . . . . The Ascention of Christe
4	Fishmongers	. . . . . Whitsonday ye makeinge of the Creede
5	Shermen	. . . . . Prophetes before ye day of Dome
6	Hewsters Bellfownders	. . . . . Antechriste
7	Weauers Walkers	. . . . . Domes Daye

These 7 pagiantes weare played vpon ye third daye, beinge wensedaye; & these whitson playes weare played in Chester anno domini: 1574: Sr Iohn Sauage, knight,

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beinge Mayor of Chester, which was the laste tyme they weare played. And we haue all cause to power out our prayeres before God, *that* neither we nor oure posterities after us, maye neuer see ye like abomination of desolation, with such a Clowde of Ignorance to defyle with so highe a hand ye sacred scriptures of God: But of ye mercye of oure God for ye tyme of oure Ignorance he regardes it not: and thus much in breife of ye whitson playes :/"

The worthy Rogers goes on with a chapter on the Midsummer Show, which was acted when the Plays hadn't been playd in Whitweek; and as he speaks in a sidenote of certain improprieties at the Show put down by a godly Mayor—"ye diuell in his fethers before ye butchers, a man in womans apparell, with a diuill waytinge on his horse called cuppes & cans, god in stringes,[1] with other thinges,"—I copy the passage, to get more information about this Midsummer Show. (See p. xxvi, be'ow.)

"Of ye Midsomer showe or watche in Chester.

ye midsomer showe as anchant as ye whitson playes. if not more anchant

when ye midsomer shoe went, then ye whitson playes went not

when ye whitson play went, then ye showe at midsomer went not:

Heare we maye note *that* ye showe or watche, on midsomer eaue, called 'midsomer showe,' yearely now vsed within ye Citti of Chester, was vsed in ye tyme of those whitson playes, & before, so farr as I canne vnderstande; for when ye whitson playes weare played, then ye showe at midsomer wente not: And when ye whitson playes weare not played, then ye midsomer showe wente only: as many now liueinge [1609 A.D.] canne make theire owne knowledge proffe sufficient: But since these playes at whitsontide weare put downe, and ye midsomer showe went only, there hath bene taken awaye some thinges, & reformed, [1 *leaf 26, back*] that weare [2]not decente: whearein ye wisedome & godly care of those magistrates *that* did remoue awaye thinges either sinfull or offensiue, is to be commended, and by all religeose magistrates there stepes to be troden in, inasmuch as they intende all theire actiones to Gods glorye, & the rule or lyne

many thinges reformed in ye midsomer shoe before mr H: Hardware, & in his tyme [1599], as ye

[1] This is the only way that Mr C. T. Martin of the Record Office and I can read the MS.

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diuill in his fethers before ye butchers,[1] *a man in womans apparell, with a diuill waytinge on his horse called cuppes & cans, god in stringes* (?), *with other thinges, which ware reformed & amended.*

of perfection, the which, howsoeuer it cannot be attaynd vnto in this liffe, yet it is the marke we are all to aime at. In which I commende ye gouermentt of mr Henry Hardware esquire, somtymes mayor of Chester [1599], whose gouernement was godly, wherein he soughte ye redresse of manye abuses, as namely in ye midsomer showe he caused som thinges to be reformed and taken awaye, that ye watchmen of our soules, or deuines, spake againste, as thinges not fitt to be vsed; for which he deserued juste commendation; howsoeuer the vulgar sorte of people did oppose themselues againste ye reformation of sinnes, not knowinge that anchant synnes ought to haue new reformation, And antiquitee in thinges vnlawfull or offensiue is no reason to mayntayne ye same. But for ye decensie of ye midsomer showe as it is now [1609 A.D.] vsed,[2] I referre it to ye judgmente of those who are more judiciouse:/"

[1] Harl. MS. 2125, leaf 304 or 123 (see lf. 41 and 53). 1599 Hen. Hardware esq (? in Jn. Stow's hand). . . . . "the maior caused the Graull not to goe at Midsomer wach, but in stedd a man in complet white Armore on horsback. he, at same show, put downe the diuell Ryding for buchers, & caused a boy to Ride for them as other companies. nor cupps nor canns nor dragon & naked boys would he suffer at show: he tooke vp bakinge at High Crosse: he opposed the showmakers [shoemakers] & would haue them receue brethren among them for small somes or nothing: and restrayned the leaulokers for sending of coyne accordinge to their auntient custome vsed tyme out of mynd."

On the 'Devil in Feathers,' compare also John Taylor the Water-poet, in a description of a *Tinckhell*, or Deer-driving at Braemar in 1618 at which he was present, *viz.*—"Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boyling, rosting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the Devil in his feathers."

The description from which the above is an excerpt is printed in the Appendix, 4th Report of Historical Manuscript Commissioners, p. 533.—A. F. WATSON.

[2] *Daily News*, Jan. 9, 1882, p. 2, col. 7:—

A MIRACLE PLAY IN WORCESTERSHIRE.—Our Stoke-upon-Trent correspondent telegraphs:—The usually quiet village of Rouslench, near Pershore, Worcestershire, has during the past week been the scene of an extraordinary miracle play, which was suggested to the rector, the Rev. Mr. Chafey, by the Passion Play of Ober Ammergau. The interest in the play grew daily, and on Saturday last the reproduction was witnessed by a large number of people, most of whom had come considerable distances. In style the piece had been made to imitate as much as possible

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As to the years in which the Chester Plays were acted, I find the following entries :—

Harl. 1944,[1] leaf 67.

	.Mayores.	*.Sherriffes.*	
1328	Sir John Arneway knight	Allexander Hurell Richard Spicer	1

The whitson playes Inuented, in Chester, by one Rondoll Higden, a monke in Chester abbaye./

In the list of Chester Mayors and Sheriffs in Harl. 2105, the only mention of the Playe is under 1546, William Holcroft, Mayor: "In this yere mr. Holcroft died, & mr John walles: was chosen mayor, & the plaies went that same yere." leaf 95, at foot.

[Harl. MS. 1944]	*.Mayores.*	*.Sheriffes.*	
[f. 86]	Quene: Eliza: raigne: 14:		
1571	Iohn Hankey, merchant	Richard Bauand, Irnemonger William Wall, Irnemonger	244

In this yere the Whitson playes weare played in Chester, &c.

	Quene: Eliza: raigne: 17:		
[f. 86, bk.] 1574	Sr John Sauage knighte	John Allen, draper William, Goodman, merchant	247

the great Passion Play, suitable scenery and gorgeous dresses having been obtained at great cost. The performance consisted of a series of tableaux vivants representing various events in the life of Christ. There were exactly fifty persons taking part in the performance, their ages ranging from four years to 82 years, the rector taking a leading character from time to time. An explanation was given of the successive tableaux, and selections of music were played during the performance from *Elijah* and the *Messiah*.

[1] The names of the Mayors & Sheriffs of Chester, with other things.

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The Whitson playes weare played in this Cittie this yere . . .[1]

[*leaf* 87] Que*ne*: Eliza: raig*n*e: 20:

1577 Thomas Belline, m*er*cer[2] { Valentine Broughton, m*er*cer; John, Tilston, m*er*cer } 250

. . . the Sheapardes play was played at the highe crosse, w*i*th other triumphes on the Roode dee . . .

[*leaf* 90] Quene: Eliza: raig*n*e: 42:

1599 Henry Hardware, Esq. { John Owen, m*er*cer; John Moyle, draper } 272

This mayor was a godly zealous man, yet he gott ill will amonge the Co*m*mons, for puttinge downe some anchant orders, in the Cittie and amonge some Companyes, especially the shooemakers, whoe he much opposed: he caused the giantes w*hi*ch vse to goe at midsomer to be broken, The bull ringe at the high crosse to be taken vp: The dragon and naked [3]boyes he suffered not to goe in midsomer showe, nor the diuell for the Butchers, but a boye to ride, as other Companyes; he restrayned the leaielookers, for sendinge wine, on the feastifull dayes, accordinge to theire anchant vse and Custome, &c.

[3 *leaf* 90, *back*]

[1] Harl. 2125, lf. 40, bk. Randle Holme's collections.

1574 . . . The whitson playes played in pageantes in the Cittye: [*addition*] at midsomer, to the great dislike of many, because the playe was in on part of the Citty

[lf. 41] 1577. Alsoe he [the Mayor, Thomas Bellin] Caused the Sheappeardes playe to be played at the hie Crosse, w*i*th other Trivmphes one the Roode Deey. (An added sidenote says that—when this Mayor 'enterteyned the Earle of Darbie and his sonne Fordinando Lorde Strange two nightes at his howse,'—"the scollers of the freescole also playd a comedy before *th*em at m^r maiors howse.")

[2] George Bellin. Was he a seller of beer and ale? see Harl. MS. 2105, leaf 29, back.

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Under 1600, Rogers enters that "m^r Brerewood" (the Mayor who died in that year of his office) "restored all the anchant customes againe, except the Corne m*er*kett toule, w*hi*ch was taken from the sariantes in Mr Hardwars time, and now confermed to the Mayor, by a gen(*er*)all assembly." I suppose that 'customs' here does not include the Midsummer show.

In the list of the "*Majors* and *Sherriffes* of Chester" (? by Wm. Smith) in Daniel King's *Vale-Royall*, 1656, the only entries I find about the Chester Plays are (Part I, p. 86),

Anno	Maiors	Sheriffs
1572.	*John Hanky.*	{ *Richard Bavian* { *William Walle*

This year, the Maior would needs have the Playes (commonly called *Chester Playes*) to go forward, against the wills of the Bishops of *Canterbury*, *York*, and *Chester*. (p. 88)

1575.	Sir *John Savage*	{ *John Allen* { *William Goodman*

This year the said Sir *John Sauage* caused *the Popish Plays of Chester*, to be played the Sunday, Munday, Tuesday and W^e^dnesday after *Mid-sommer-day*, in contempt of an Inhibition and the Primats Letters from *York*, and from the Earl of *Huntington*. For which cause, he was served by a Pursevant from *York*, the same day that the new Maior was elected, as they came out of the *Common-Hall*: notwithstanding the said Sir *John Savage* took his Journey towards *London*; but how his matter sped, is not known; Also *Mr Hanky* was served by the same Pursevant for the like contempt, when he was *Mayor* [in 1572]. Divers others of the *Citizens* and *Players* were troubled for the same matter. p. 88.

As to the *Midsummer Watch*,

W. Webb, in his list of the 'Maiors and Sheriffs of Chester,' in King's *Vale-Royall*, Pt 2, p. 190, notes under 1498, "It appeareth that the Watch on Midsommer Eve began this year."

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Under 1563, p. 199: "Upon the Sunday after Midsommer day, the History of *Eneas* and Queen *Dido* was play'd in the *Roods Eye*, And were set out by one *William Croston*, Gent. and one Mr *Man*, on which Triumph there was made two Forts, and shipping on the Water, besides many horsemen well armed and appointed."

As to the *Plays*, Webb, *ib.* p. 199, &c., repeats and adds to the entries given two pages back:

Anno.	Maiors	Sheriffs
1567.	*Richard Dutton*	{ *Edw. Martin*, Draper. { *Oliver Smith*, Draper.

This year the *Whitson*-Playes were played, and divers other pastimes.

1571.	*Jo: Hankey*, Merchant	{ *Richard Bavand*, Ironmonger. { *William Ball*, Ironmonger.

This year *Whitson* Playes were plaid, and an Inhibition was sent from the Archbishop to stay them, but it came too late . . . *ib.* p 200.

1574.	Sir *John Savage* Knight	{ *John Allen*, Draper. { *William Goodman*, Merchant.

. . . . The *Whitson*-Playes were played at Midsommer, and then but some of them, leaving others unplayed, which were thought might not be justified, for the superstition that was in them, although the Maior was not injoyned to proceed therein. p. 200.

1577.	*Tho. Bellin*, Mercer	{ *Valentine Broughton*, Mercer. { *Jo: Tilston*, Mercer.

The *Shepherds* Play, was played at the high Crosse, and other Triumphs, at the *Roods Eye*. p. 201.

1599.	*Henry Hardware*, Esq.	{ *Jo: Owen*, Mercer. { *Jo: Moyle*, Draper.

. . . . This Maior for his time altered many ancient Customs, as the shooting for the Sheriffs Breakfast [see Rogers's *Breuyarye*, Harl. 1944, lf. 26, bk, after the *Watch*]; The going of the Giants at Midsommer, &c., and would not suffer any Playes, Bearbaits, or Bull-bait.—p. 208-9. On p. 213,

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1610. *Tho. Harvy*, Merchant { *Hugh Williamson*, Mercer. *Jo: Throp*, Taylor.

. . . . *Midsommer* Eve being on Sunday, Mr. Maior caused the Watch to be set forth the day before, although that same were unwilling thereof.

1611. *Jo. Ratcliffe*, Beerbrewer { *Nich: Ince*, Maulster. *Robert Fletcher*, Hatmaker.

. . . . This Maior being perswaded, that the Sabbath day should be truly performed and kept, he caused the Reapers to be removed that came every Sunday to the high Crosse in the Harvest time to be hired for the Week following.

The evidence, then, is against the regular yearly performance of the Chester Plays.

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HEROD'S

KILLING OF THE CHILDREN.

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¶ THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS.

The poete
kyng Herowde
j^te^ knyght
the ij^de^ knyght
iij^de^ knyght
iiij^th^ knyght
watkyn), Messanger
Symeon) the bysshope
Iosepĥ
Maria
Anna prophetissa
A virgyn)
Angelus
j^a^ mulier
ij^a^ mulier
iij^a^ mulier
iiij^a^ mulier

} Summa xvij

Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke.[1]

[1] This line was not written at the same time as the writing above; it is in a different coloured ink.

[*This page stands at the end of the Play in the MS., see p. 24, but is repeated here by way of warning, as usual.*]

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[*Digby MS.* 133 (*paper*, ?1480-90 A.D.), *leaf* 146.]

[1] candelmes day & the kyllynge of *the* children) of
Israell. *anno* do*mini* 1512. M'D xij.[1] [2]the vij booke.[2]

[*Prologue.*]

¶ Poeta.

¶ This solenne ffest · to be had' in remembraunce[3]
Of' blissed' seynt Anne · moder' to our' lady,
whos right discent was fro kyng*es* alyaunce—
Of' dauyd' *and* salamon) · witnesseth the story;—
Hir blissid' doughter' · that callid' is mary,
by godd*es* p*r*ovision) · an husbond' shuld' haue,
Callid' Ioseph̃ · of natur' old' *and* drye,
& she moder vnto Crist · that all the world' shall save. 8

This Feast is held in remembrance of St. Anne,

and her blessed daughter Mary,

Christ's Mother,

¶ This glorious maiden) · dough*ter* vnto Anna,
In whos worship*e* · this ffest we honour',
And by resemblaunce · likenyd' vnto Manna,
wiche is in tast celestiall of savour', 12
And of' Ierico · the sote rose ffloure,
Gold' Ebryson) · callid' in pictur',
Chosyn) for to bere mankynd*es* savyour',
wi*th* a p*r*erogative · a-boue eche creature. 16

the heavenly manna,

the sweet rose of Jericho.

¶ These grett thyng*es* remembred' · aft*er* our' entent,
Is for to worshippe · oure ladye and seynt Anne.
we be comen) heder' as *seruaun*t*es* diligent,
our' p*r*ocesse to shewe you as we can);
wherfor, of be*n*evolens · we p*ray* eu*ery* man)
To haue vs execused' that we no better doo;
An-other tyme to emende it · if' we can)
be the g*r*ace of god' if our' cu*n*nyng be ther-too. 24

In their worship we show our Play.

Excuse our short-comings.

[1]—[1] in a later hand. [2]—[2] in Stow's hand.
[3] The whole play is in 8-line stanzas ryming *a b a b b c b c*.

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Last year we showd you the Joymaking of the Shepherds, and the Coming of the 3 Kings.

¶ The last yeer we shewid you in this place
how the shepherdes of Cristes birthe made letificacion,
And thre kynges · that come fro ther Cuntrees be grace
To worshipe Iesu, with enteer deuocion; 28

[leaf 146, back]

And now we purpose · with hool Affeccion
To procede in oure mater · as we can,

Now we'll play Mary's Purification, and then

And to shew you of our ladies purificacion
that she made in the temple · as the vsage was than. 32

Herod's hearing of the 3 Kings' departure,

¶ And after that · shall herowd haue tydynges
how the thre kynges be goon hoom an-other way,
that were with Iesu and made ther offrynges,
And promysed kyng herowde without delay 36
To come a-geyn by hym, this is no nay.
And whan he wist that thei were goon,

his fury at it, and his order

like as a wod man he gan to fray,
& commaundid his knyghtes for to go a-noon 40

to kill all the children of 2 years old in Israel,

¶ In-to Israell, to serche euery town and cite
ffor all the Children that thei cowde ther fynde
of ij yeeres age & within, sparyng neither bonde nor ffree,
but sle them all either for ffoo or ffrende: 44
thus he commaundid · in his furious wynde.
Thought that, Iesu shuld haue be oon;

and how Jesus escaped into Egypt.

And yitt he failed · of his froward mynde,
for by goodes purviaunce · our lady was in-to Egipte
gon. 48

This, we'll play you, to the honour of God and St. Anne.

¶ ffrendes, this processe we purpose to pley · as we can
be-fore you all, here in your presens,
To the honor of god, our lady, & seynt Anne,
besechyng you to geve vs peseable Audiens. 52

Minstrels and Virgins, amuse the audience!

And ye menstrallis, doth your diligens,
& ye virgynes, shewe summe sport & plesure,
These people to solas, & to do god reuerens,
As ye be appoynted; doth your besy cure! 56

¶ Et tripident

[*Scene* 1. *Jerusalem.*]

¶ Herodes. [leaf 147]

¶ A-boue all kynges vnder the Clowdys Cristall — *Herod.*
Royally I reigne in welthe with-out woo;
Of plesaunt prosperyte · I lakke non at all,
ffortune I fynde · that she is not my ffoo. 60
I Am kyng herowdes, · I will it be knowen soo, — I am the great king Herod.
most strong *and* myghty · in feld for to fyght,
And to venquysshe my enemyes · *that* a-geynst me do;
I am most be-dred · with my bronde bright. 64

¶ My grett goddes I gloryfye · with gladnesse,
And to honoure them · I knele vp-on my knee,
ffor thei haue sett me in solas · from all sadnesse,
that no conquerour nor knyght · is comparid to me. 68 — No conqueror can be compard to me.
All tho that rebelle a-geyns me · ther bane I will be,
Or grudge a-geyns my goddes on hyll or hethe;
All suche rebellers · I shall make for to fflee,
And with hard punysshementes · putt them to dethe. 72

¶ what erthely wretches · with pompe & pride — My opposers and foes shall be confounded and punisht.
do a-geyns my lawes · or with-stonde myn entent,
thei shall suffre woo *and* peyne · thurgh bak *and* syde,
With a very myschaunce · ther flesshe shalbe all to-rent.
And all my ffoes · shall haue suche commaundement 77
that they shalbe glad to do my byddyng; Ay,
Or elles thei shalbe · in woo *and* myscheff permanent,
that thei shall fere me nyght *and* day.[1] 80

[1] The next page of the MS., leaf 147, back, is in different metre. It contains the three following 7-line stanzas (*ababbcc*) and one 4-line verse (*dcdc*), and is crosst through with the pen.

¶ My messanger at my commaundement · come heder to me, — *Herod.*
And take hed · what I shall to the say. — Messenger! go and spy out for rebels, and bring them before me!
I charge the, loke a-bought · thurgh all my Cuntre
to Aspye if ony rebelles do A-geynst our lay; 4
And if ony suche come in thy way
brynge hem in-to our high presens,
And we shall se them correctid · or thei go hens. 7

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Herod.

[leaf 148] ¶ [1]I do[1] perceyue, though I be here in my cheff cite,
callid Ierusalem, · my riche Royall Town,
Three strange kings have deceivd me. I am falsly disceyvid · by straunge kynges three;
Therfor my knyghtes · I warne you · without delacion 84
That ye make serche thurgh-out all my region,
Knights! kill all the children of 2 years old in Israel! with-oute ony tarieng my wille may be seen,
And sle all tho Children · with-out excepcion
Of to yeeres of age · that within Israell bene. 88

Watkyn, Messanger.

Watkyn. my lord, your commaundement · I haue fulfilled 8
I have done so. evyn to the vttermest · of my pore power;
And I wold shew you more · [2]so ye wold be contentid[2];
but I dare not · lest ye wold take it in Anger, 11
ffor if it liked you not · I am sure my deth were nere,
And therfor my lord I wole hold my peas.

herod.

I warne the, thu Traytour, that thu not seas 14
To shewe euery thyng thu knowist A-geyns our reuerence. 15

Messanger.

my lord, if ye haue it · in your remembraunce,
Those 3 strange kings that went to Bethlehem, have not come back to you, but gone home another way. ther were iij straunger kynges · but late in your presence,
that went to bedlem to offre[3] with due obseruaunce, 18
& promysed to come a-geyn by you without variaunce;
but by thes bonys ten · thei be to you vntrue,
for[4] homward an-other wey thei doo sue. 21

Herod.

Now, be my grett goddes · that be so full of myght,
I will be a-vengid vpon Israell · if thi tale be true.

Messanger.

That's the truth. that it is my lord · my trouth I you plight,
for ye founde me neuer false syn ye me knewe. 25

[1—1 *orig*. A now I] [2—2 *orig*. & it were your will]
[3 *orig*. make offryng] [4 thei be departid · and crosst through]

¶ ffor with-in my-self thus I haue concluded
ffor to a-voide a-wey all interrupcion,
Sythen thes thre kynges · haue me thus falsly deluded,
As in maner by froward collusion, 92
And a-geyn resortid hom · in-to ther region;
but yitt, mavgre ther hertes, · I shall avengid be
bothe in bedlem *and* in[1] provynces euerychone;
Sle all the Children · to kepe my liberte. 96

I'll be aveng'd on Bethlehem, &c, and slay all the children.

[1 in *alterd to* my *by a later hand*]

Primus Miles.

my lord, ye may be sure that I shall not spare
ffor to fulfille · your noble commaundement,
with sharpe sword · to perse them all bare,
In all Cuntrees · that be to you adiacent. 100

ij^dus Miles.

And for your sake to obserue your commaundement.

iij^us Miles.

not on of them all · our handes shall astert.

iiij^us Miles.

ffor we wole cruelly · execute your Iudgement, 103
with swerde *and* spere · to perse them thurgh the hert.

Herod.

I thanke you, my knyghtes · but loke ye make no tarieng! Don't tarry!
Do arme your self in stele · shynyng bright, Arm! and,
And conceyve in your myndes that I am your kyng, [leaf 148, back]
Gevyng you charge · þat with all your myght, 108 to preserve my title,
In conseruacion of my tytell of right,
that ye go *and* loke for myn aduauntage,
And sle all the Children · þat come in your sight kill all the children of 2 years old;
wiche ben within too yeer · of age. 112

¶ Now be ware that my byddyng ye truly obey,
for non but I shall reigne with equyte.
Make all the Children on your swordes to dey!
I charge you, spare not oon · for mercy nor pyte. 116 spare not one!

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Am not I lord *and* Kyng of the Cuntre?
The Crowne of all Ierusalem longith to me of right.
who-so-euer sey 'nay,' of high or lowe degre, 119
I Charge you, sle all suche þat come in your sight!

Ie Miles.

The soldiers promise to kill the children.

¶ My lord, be ye sure accordyng to your will,
like as ye charge vs be streigt commaundement,
All the children of Israell doughtles we shall kylle 123
Within to yeer of Age: this is our entent.

ij^de Miles.

my lord, of all Iurye we hold you for chef regent,
by titell of enheritaunce as your auncetours be-forn;
he that seith the contrary · be Mahound shalbe shent,
And curse the tyme that euer [he] was borne. 128

Herod.

¶ I thanke you, my knyghtes, · with hool affeccion,
Herod promises them rewards.
And whan ye come a-geyn · I shall you avaunce;
Therfor quyte you wele in feld *and* town,
And of all tho fondlynges make a delyueraunce. 132

[¶ here the knyghtes shall departe from herowd to Israell, *and* watkyn shall a-byde, seyng thus to herod:

[leaf 149]

Watkyn.

Now, my lord, I beseche you to here my dalyaunce,
Watkyn, Herod's messenger, asks to be knighted.
I wold aske you a bone · if I durst a-right,
But I were loth · ye shuld take ony displesaunce;
Now for Mahoundes sake · make me a knyght. 136

¶ ffor oon thyng I promyse you · I will manly fight,
And for to avenge your quarell · I dare vndertake,
though I sey it my-self · I am a man of myght, 139
And dare live *and* deye in this quarell for your sake;
for whan I com amonge them for fere thei shall quake,
And though thei sharme *and* crye, I care not a myght,

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but with my sharpe sworde ther ribbes I shall shake,
evyn thurgh the guttes · for anger & despight. 144

herowd.

¶ be thi trouthe, Watkyn · woldest thu be made a knyght;
thu hast be my seruaunt *and* Messanger many a day,
but thu were neuer provid in bataile nor in fight,
And therfor, to avaunce the so sodeynly, I ne may; 148
but oon thyng to the I shall say,
be-cause I fynde the true in thyn entent,
fforth with my knyghtes · thu shalt take the Way,
And quyte the wele · *and* thu shalt it not repent. 152

Herod bids Watkyn prove his valour in fight, and slay with his knights.

Watkyn.

¶ Now a largeys, my lord · I am right wele a-paid,
if I do not wele · ley my hed vpon a stokke;
I shall go shew your knyghtes · how ye haue seid, 155
And arme my-self / manly, *and* go forth on the flokke;
And if I fynde a yong child · I shall choppe it on a blokke;
though the moder be angry, the child shalbe slayn,
but yitt I drede no thyng more than a woman with a Rokke,
ffor if I se ony suche, be my feith I come a-geyn. 160

Watkyn is afraid of a woman with a distaff, [leaf 149, back]

herowd.

¶ what, shall a woman with a Rokke drive the a-way?
ffye on the traitour! now I tremble for tene.
I haue trosted the long *and* many a day;
A bold man *and* an hardy I went thu haddist ben. 164

Watkyn,[1] Messanger.

[1 Watkyn *later*]

So am I, my lord, *and* that shalbe seen
that I am a bold man *and* best dare a-byde;
And ther come an hundred women I wole not ffleen,
but fro morowe tyll nyght with them I dare chide; 168
¶ And therfor my lord · ye may trust vnto me,
for all the children of Israell your knyghtes *and* I shall kylle,

tho' he declares he is a bold man.

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I wyll not spare on), but dede thei shalbe 171
If the ffader *and* moder will lete me haue my wille.

Herowd.

Herod bids Watkyn tell his knights to slay.

Thu lurdeyn), take hed what I sey the tyll,
And high the to my knyght*es* as fast as thu can);
say, I warne them in ony wyse *þer* blood *þat* thei spille
A-bought in eu*ery* Cuntre, *and* lette for no man). 176

Watkyn).

¶ Nay, nay, my lord, we wyll let for no man),
though ther come a Thousand on a rought;
for y*our* knyght*es* · *and* I will kyll them all if we can),
but for the wyves, that is all my dought. 180

But Watkyn is afraid of the mothers.

And if I se ony walkyng a-bought,
I will take good hede till she be goon);
And assone as I aspye that she is oute,
by my feith in-to the hous I will go A-non). 184

Watkyn).

[leaf 150]

¶ And thus I p*ro*myse you, that I shall neu*er* slepe,
but eu*er*more wayte to fynde the children) alone,
And if the moder come In · vnder the benche I will crepe
And lye stille ther tyll she be goon); 188

He'll creep under a bench when the mother is in-doors, and then kill her children when she goes out.

than) manly I shall come out *and* hir children) sloon),
And whan) I haue don), I shall renne fast a-way.
if she founde hir child dede, *and* toke me ther alone,
be my feith I am sure we shuld make a fray. 192

herowd.

¶ Nay, harlott, a-byde stylle w*ith* my knyght*es*, I warne the,
tyll the children) be slayn) all the hooll rought;

He's not to be knighted unless he fights well.

and whan) thu comyst home a-geyn · I shall avaunce the
If thu quyte the like a man), whill thu art ought; 196
And if thu pley the coward, I put the owt of dought,
of me thu shalt neyther haue ffee nor adu*au*ntage;

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therfor I charge you the contre be well sought,
And whan) thu comyst home, shalt haue thi wage. 200

watkyn).

¶ Yis, sire, be my trouthe ye shall wele knowe
whill I am oute · how I shall aquyte me,
for I purpos to spare neither high nor lowe,
If ther be no man) · wole smyte me. 204
the most I fere · the wyues will bete me;
yitt shall I take good hert to me *and* loke wele a-bought,
And loke that your knyghtes be not ferre fro me,
For if I be alone I may sone gete a Clought. 208

Watkyn will kill all the children.

Herod.

¶ I say, hye the hens · that thu were goon),
And vnto my knyghtes · loke ye take the way,
And sey, I charge them that my commaundement be don)
In all hast possible without more delay; 212
And if ther be ony that will sey you nay,
Redde him[1] of his lyff out of hand a-non);
And if thu quyte the weell · vnto my pay,
I shall make þe a knyght aventurours whan) þu comyst home. [*et* exeat. 216

[leaf 150, back]
Every opponent is to be slain.

[1 him *later*]

Watkyn).

¶ Syr knyghtes, I must go forth with you—
Thus my lord commaunded me for to don),—
And if I quyte me weell whill I am amonge you, 219
I shalbe made a knyght aventures whan) I come home.
ffor oon) thyng I promyse you, I will fight a-non),
if my hert faile not whan) I shalbe-gynne;
the most I fere · is to come amonge women), 223
for thei fight like deuelles with Rokkes whan) þei spynne.

But Watkyn fears the mothers.

I^st Miles.

¶ Watkyn), I loue the · for thu art euer a man);
If thu quyte the weell in this grett viage,
I shall speke to my lord for the that I can),
that thu shalt no more be neither grome nor page. 228

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ij^me Miles.

I wyll speke for the that thu shalt haue better wage
If thu quyte the manly · a-monge the wyves,
ffor thei be as fers as a lyon in a cage 231
whan thei are broken ought · to reve men of ther lives.

[¶ her the knyghtes *and* watkyn walke a-bought the place tyll Mary *and* Ioseph be conveid in-to Egipt.—Dixit Angelus.

[*Scene* 2. *Bethlehem*.]

¶ Angelus.

The Angel bids Joseph flee with Mary and Jesus into Egypt.

¶ O Ioseph, ryse vp, *and* loke thu tary nought!
take mary with the · *and* in-to Egipt fflee,
ffor Iesu thi sone pursuyd is *and* sought
by kyng herowd, · the wiche, of gret Inyquyte, 236
[leaf 151] Commaundid hath thurgh bedlem Cite,
In his cruell *and* furyous rage,
To sle all the children that be in that Cuntre
that may be founde within to yeer of age. 240

At Christ's presence the Egyptian idols shall fall down.

¶ Ther shall he shewe in that region
diuerse myracles of his high regalye;
In all ther temples · the Mawmentes shall falle down
To shew a tokyn towardes the partie. 244
This child hath lordship, as prophetes do specifie,
And at his comyng, thurgh his myghty hond,
In despight of all Idolatrie, 247
euery oon shall falle · whan he comyth in-to the lond.

Ioseph.

Joseph says he will obey,

¶ O good lord, of thi gracious ordenaunce,
like as thu list for our jorney provide,

and trust in God.

In this viage with humble attendaunce,
As god disposeth *and* list to be our gyde; 252
Therfor vpon them bothe mekely I shall abide,
prayng to that lord to think vpon vs three,

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vs to preserue, wheder we go or Ryde
Towardes Egipte, from all aduercitie. 256

Mary.

¶ Now, husbond, in all hast I pray you go we hens, — Mary begs that they may go in haste.
ffor drede of Herowd, that cruell knyght!
Gentyll spouse, now do your diligens,
And bryng your asse, I pray you, a-non right, 260
And from hens let vs passe with all our myght,
Thankyng that lord so for vs doth provide, [leaf 151, back]
that we may go from herowd, þat cursid wight,
wiche will vs devour if that we abide. 264

Ioseph.

¶ Mary, you to do plesaunce without ony lett,
I shall brynge forth your asse with-out more delay;
fful sone, Mary, theron ye shalbe sett,
And this litell Child that in your wombe lay. 268 — Joseph bids her take her boy, and suckle him.
Take hym in your armys · Mary, I you pray,
& of your swete mylke lete hym sowke I-nowe,
Mawger herowd *and* his grett fray;
& as your spouse, mary, I shall go with you. 272

¶ This ferdell of gere · I ley vp my bakke,
Now I am redy to go from this Cuntre;
All my smale instrumentes is putt in my pakke;
[& exeant.
Now go we hens, Mary, · it will no better be; 276
ffor drede of Herowd · a paas I wyll high me;
lo, now is our geer · trussid · both more *and* lesse. — All is packt.
Mary, for to plese you with all humylite,
I shall go be-fore · *and* lede forth your asse. 280 — Joseph leads the ass.

[¶ Here mary *and* Ioseph shall go out of þe place *and* þe goddes shall falle, *and* than shall come in the women of Israel · with yong children in ther armys, *and* than the knyghtes shall go to them, sayng as foluyth:

[*Scene* 3. *Bethlehem.*]

I^me^ Miles.

The Soldiers ¶ Herke, ye wyffys, we be come *your* housholdes to visite;
though ye be neu*er* so wroth nor wood,
w*ith* sharpe swerd*es* that redely will byte, 283

come to kill all children under two, [1] y*our* children of to yeer age, in our cruell mood,
thurghe-out all bethleem to kylle *and* shed *ther* yong blood,

[leaf 152] As we be bound be the co*m*maundement of þe kyng.
who that seith nay, we shall make a flood
To renne in the stretis · by ther blood shedyng. 288

ij^me^ Miles.

¶ Therfor vnto vs · ye make a delyueraunce
Of your yong children, · and that a-none;

and will slay all who resist them. Or ell*es* be Mahounde we shall geve you a myschaunce;
Our sharpe swerd*es* thurgh y*our* bodies shall goon. 292

Watkyn.

Therfor beware, · for we will not leve oon
In all this Cuntre that shall vs escape;
I shall rather slee them eu*er*ychoon,
& make them to lye *and* mowe like an ape. 296

Prima mulier.

The Mothers denounce these Murderers, ¶ ffye on you, traito*urs* of cruell tormentrye,
wiche w*ith* y*our* swerd*es* of mortall violens,

Sec*un*da mulier.

Our yong children, that can no socour but crie,
wyll slee *and* devoure · in ther Innocens. 300

Tercia mulier.

Ye false traito*urs* · vnto god ye do grett offens
to sle *and* morder yong children · þat in þ*er* cradell slumber.

[1] alle *put before* your; *and* of *altered to* within *in a later hand.*

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iiij^a mulier.

but we women shall make a-geyns you resistens, — and declare they'll resist.
after our power, your malice to encomber. 304

Watkyn.

¶ Peas, you folysshe quenys! wha shuld you defende
A-geyns vs armyd men in this apparaile?
we be bold men, *and* the kyng vs ded sende
Hedyr in-to this Cuntre to hold with you bataile. 308

prima mulier.

ffye vpon the, coward, of the I will not faile — One Mother threatens Watkyn.
to dubbe the knyght · with my rokke rounde!
women be ferse when thei list to assaile,
Suche prowde boyes to caste to the grounde. 312

Watkyn.

Avaunt, ye skowtys, I defye you euery-chone,
ffor I wole bete you all · my-self a-lone.
[Hic occident pueros. — The Children are killd.

I^a mulier.

¶ Alas, alasse, good Gossyppes · this is a sorowfull payn, — [leaf 152, back]
To se our dere Children that be so yong, 316 — The Mothers call for vengeance on the Murderers
With these Caytyves thus sodeynly to be slayn;
A vengeaunce I aske on them all for this grett wrong.

ij^a mulier.

And a very myscheff mut come them a-monge,
wherso-euer thei be come or goon, 320
ffor thei haue kylled my yong sone Iohn.

iij^a mulier.

¶ Gossippis, a shamefull deth I aske vpon herowde our — and King Herod.
kyng,
that thus rygorously our children hath slayn.

iiij^a mulier.

I pray god bryng hym [1]to an Ille endyng[1], 324 — [1—1 and alle his bloods *erase-t*.]
And in helle pytte to dwelle euer in peyn

Watkyn.

Watkyn rebukes the Mothers. What, ye harlottes, I haue aspied certeyn
that ye be traytours to my lord the kyng,
& therfor I am sure · ye shall haue an Ille endyng. 328

I^a mulier.

¶ If ye abide, watkyn, you *and* I shall game
with my distaff that is so Rounde.

ij^a mulier.

And if I seas, thanne haue I shame
tyll thu be fellid down · to the grounde. 332

iij^a mulier.

They threaten to beat him, And I may gete the with-in my bounde,
with this staff I shall make the lame.

Watkyn.

Yee, I come no more ther, · be seynt Mahound,
ffor if I do · me thynketh I shall be made tame. 336

I^a mulier.

¶ A-byde, Watkyn · I shall make the a knyght.

Watkyn.

thu make me a knyght · that were on the newe!
and, though he brags, but for shame · my trouthe I you plight,
I shuld bete you bak *and* side tyll it were blewe; 340
but, be my god Mahounde that is so true,
[leaf 153] my hert be-gynne to fayle *and* waxeth feynt,
Or ell*es* be Mahound*es* blood · ye shuld it rue;
but ye shall lose *your* good*es* as traito*urs* atteynt. 344

I^a mulier.

¶ what, thu Iavell · canst not haue do?
thu *and* thi Cumpany shall not depart,
tyll of our distavys · ye haue take part:
therfor, ley on gossippes · *with* a mery hart, 348
And lett them not · from vs goo.

they beat him. [here thei shall bete watkyn, · *and* the knyght*es*

shall come to rescue hym, · *and* than) thei go to Herowd þus sayng:

[*Scene* 4. *Jerusalem.*]

I^me^ miles.

¶ Honorable prynce · of' gıett apparayle, 350 — The Soldiers tell Herod
thurgh Jer*usal*em *and* Jude · yo*ur* wyll we haue wrought;
ffull suerly harneysed · in armo*ur* of' plate *and* maile,
The Children) of' Israell · vnto deth we haue brought. — that they've killd

ij^me^ miles.

Syr, to werke yo*ur* co*m*maundement we lettid nought,
In the strete*s*, of' the children) to make a flood; — all the Children
We sparid neither' · for care nor thoughn. 356
Thurgh bethlem · to shede all the yong blood. — in Bethlehem.

Watkyn). — [*one stanza on a separate slip*]

In ffeyth, my lord · all the Children) be dede,
And all the men · out of the Cuntre be goon);
Ther' be but women), *and* thei crie in eu*er*y stede, 360 — The Mothers cry for vengeance on him.
'A vengeaunce take kyng herode · for he hath o*ur* children) sloon)'!
And bidde A myscheff' take hym both evyn) *and* morn):
ffor kyllyng of' ther children), on you thei crie oute,
And thus goth yo*ur* name all the Cuntre a-bought. 364

Herodes.

¶ Oute, I am madde · my wyttes be ner goon), — Herod laments;
I am wo for the wrokyng[1] · of' this werke wylde, — [[1] ? *for* workyng
ffor as wele I haue slayn) my ffrend*es* as my foon);
wherfor I fere · deth hath me begyled, 368
no*t*-wi*th*stondyng, syn) thei be all defyled,
& on þe yong blood of' bethlem · wrought wo *and* wrake,
yitt I am in no certeyn) of' that yong child;
Now for woo myn) herte gynneth to quake. 372 — his heart quakes;
¶ Alas, I am so sorowfull · *and* sett out[2] of Sadnes; — he is sad.
I Chille *and* Chever' for this Orrible chaunce; — [leaf 153, back]

[[2] in *has been substituted for* out, *by a later hand.*]

Herod orders his men to seek out Jesus.

I commaunde you all, as ye wole stond in my grace,
after this yong kyng · to make good enqueraunce; 376
And he þat bryngeth me tydynges · I shall hym auaunce.
now vnto my chamber · I purpose me this tyde,
And I charge you to my preceptes geve attendaunce
In ony place wher ye goo or Ryde. 380

Herod quakes, tears his robes in two,

¶ What out, out, allas! · I wene I shall dey þis day;
my hert tremelith *and* quakith for ffeer,
my Robys I rende a to · for I am in a fray
that my hert will brest a-sunder evyn heer. 384
my lord Mahound, I pray the with hert enteer
take my soule in-to thy holy hande,
ffor I fele be my hert · I shall dey evyn heer,
ffor my legges ffalter, I may no lenger stande. 388

and dies.

[here dieth herowde, · *and* Symeon shall sey as foluyth:

[*Scene* 5. *Jerusalem*]

Symeon.

Vacat ab hinc. [*in later hand*]

Simeon prays God for grace

¶ Now, god, that art both lok *and* keye
of all goodnesse *and* goostly gouernaunce,
So yeve vs grace thi lawys to obeye,
that we vn-to the · do no displesaunce; 392
lett thi grace of merciful haboundaunce
Vpon me shyne, that callid am Symeon,
So that I may without ony variaunce
Teche thi people · thi lawis euery-chon. 396

to teach the people.

He praises God for the Incarnation.

[leaf 154]

¶ ffrom the sterrid hevyn · lord, thu list come down
In-to the Closett of a pure virgyn,
Our kynde to take · for mannys saluacion.
Thi grett mercy, thu lowe lyst enclyne, 400
lyke as prophetys · by grace that is divyne
haue prophecied of the · sythe longe afforn;

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It is fulfilled, I knowe, be ther doctryne,
& of a chast maide · I wote wele thu art born). 404

¶ Now, good lord, hertly I the pray 405 Symeon prays that he may not die
here my requeste grounded vpon right;
Most blissed lord, lett me neuer dey
Tyll that I of the may haue a sight! 408
Thu art so gloryous, so blissed, *and* so bright,
that thi presence to me shuld be gret solas.
I shall not reste, but pray bothe day *and* nyght,
Tyll I may behold, o lord, thi swete face. 412 till he has seen Jesus.

[Scene 6. *Jerusalem*] *Sc. vi. Jerusalem.*

[Her shall our lady come forth holdyng Iesu in hir armys, *and* sey this language foluyng to Ioseph.

Maria.

¶ Ioseph, my Spouse · tyme it is we goo 413 Mary tells Joseph that they must offer 2 Doves in the Temple.
Vn-to the Temple to make an Offrynge
Of our swete sone; · the lawe commaundith so,
And ij yonge dowys · with vs for to bryng 416
In-to a prestes handes · with-oute tarieng.
I shall presente · for an obseruaunce
Our babe so blissed · wiche is but yonge;
With me to go · I pray you make purviaunce. 420

Ioseph. [leaf 154, back]

¶ Most blissed Spouse · me list not to feyne. 421
ffayn wold I plese you · with holl affeccion):
behold now, wyff · her are dowys tweyne Joseph brings the Doves, and says
Of wiche ye shull make an oblacion 424
With our child of full grett devocion).
Goth forth a-forn · hertly I you pray,
And I shall folue · voide of presumpcion he'll follow her humbly.
with true entent · as an old man may. 428

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[¶ here Maria *and* Ioseph go toward the temple *with* Iesu *and* ij dowes, *and* our lady seith vnto Symeon:—

Maria.

Mary asks Symeon to

¶ Heyll, holy Symeon · full of grett vertu, 429
To make an Offryng · I gan my-self purveye
Of my souereigne sone · that callid is Iesu,
with ij yonge dowes the lawe to Obeye; 432
Toward this temple · grace list me conveye,
Of godd*es* sone to make a presentacion;
take her offering. wherfore, Symeon · hertly I you pray,
In-to your hand*es* · take myn oblacion. 436

[¶ her shall symeon receyve of maria, Iesu *and* ij dowis, *and* holde Iesu in his armys expownyng nunc dimitt*is*, &c., seyng thus:—

Symeon.

Symeon accepts it, ¶ wolcome, lord · excellent of power; 437
And wolcome, Maria · *with* your sone souereigne!
Your oblacion · of hoolle herte *and* enteer
I receyue *with* these · dowys tweyn; 440
wolcome, babe! for Ioye what may I seyn?
[leaf 155] takes the babe Jesus in his arms, Atwen myn armys · now shall I the enbrace;
My prayer, lord, was not made in veyn,
ffor now I se thy celestiall face. 444
[here declare[th he[1]] nunc dimitt*is*.

¶ O blissed lord, after thi langage, 445
In parfight peas now lett thy seruaunt reste,
thanks God for the sight of Him, ffor why · myn eyen haue seyn thi visage,
& eke thyn helthe · thurgh my meke request. 448
Of the derk dungeon · let the gat*es* brest
be-fore the face · of thyn people alle.
thu hast brought triacle *and* bawme of the best,
with Souereigne Suger · geyn all bitter galle. 452

[[1] *or* they: MS. is torn.]

¶ I mene thi self, lord · gracious *and* benigne, 453 and blesses Him for coming on earth
That woldest come down from thyn high glorye
Poyson to repelle · thi mercy doth now shyne,
To chaunge thynges · that are transitory; 456
Thu art the light *and* the hevynly skye
To the relevyng of folk most cruell; to relieve His folk.
Thu hast brought gladnesse to our oratorye,
And enlumyned thy people of Israell. 460

[Here shall Anna, prophetissa, sey thus to Virgynes:

Anna, prophetissa.

¶ Ye pure Virgynes · in that ye may or can, 461 Anna bids the Virgins worship the boy Jesus.
with tapers of wex · loke ye come forth here
& worship this child · very god *and* man,
Offrid in this temple · be his moder dere. 464

[her, virgynes, as many as a man wyll, shall holde tapers in ther handes, · and the first seyth:

Prima virgo. [leaf 155, back]

As ye comaunde, we shal do our dever, [a different hand]
that lord to plese / echon for our partye,
he makyth vn[-to] vs so comfortable chere,
that we must nedes this babe magnifie. 468

Symeon.

Now, mary, I shall tell you how I am purposed: 469 Symeon resolves to go in procession
to worshipe this lord / I wil go procession;
ffor I se anna, with virgynes disposed,
mekly as nowe, to your sonys laudacion. 472

Maria.

blissed Symeon, with hertly affeccion,
as ye han seyd, I concent therto.

Ioseph.

In worshipe of our Child, with gret devossion, round the Temple in honour of Christ.
abought the tempill / in ordir let vs go. 476

Symeon).

Symeon bids the Virgins sing

ye virgynes alle / with feythfull intent 477
dispose your silf a song for to synge,
to worship this Child that is her present,
whiche to mankende gladnes list bryngé, 480
In tokyn) our hertes / withe[1] Ioye doth sprynge:
betwyn) myn) armys this babe shalbe born).
now, ye virgynis, to this lordes preysyng

[1 MS. wiche]

Nunc Dimittis in praise of Jesus.

syngyth nunc dimittis / of whiche I spak afforn). 484

[¶ here shal Symeon bere Iesu in his armys, goyng a procession) rounde aboute the tempill; *and* al this wyle the virgynis synge nunc dimittis, *and* whan) that is don), Symeon seyth:

Symeon).

Symeon shows how the wax, wick, and light of the taper are emblems of Christ's qualities.

¶ O Iesu, chef cause of our welfare, 485
In yone tapir therbe thing iij^e,
wax, week *and* light, whiche I shall declare
to the apporprid by moralite; 488
lord, wax betoknyth / thyn) humanyte,
& week betoknyth / thy soule most swete;

[leaf 156]

yone lyght I lykene / to the godhed of the,
brighter than phebus / for al his fervent hete. 492
Pes *and* mercy han set in the, her swete, 493
to slake the sharpnes, o lord of rigour,—

He declares the Boy to be very God and Man,

very god *and* man) / gun to-gedir mete.
In the tabirnacle / of thy modrys bower, 496
now shalt thu exile / wo *and* all langour,
& of mankende tappese infernall stryf.
Record of prophetes, thou shalt be redemptour,
and singuler repast of euerlastyng lyf. 500

and rejoices to behold Him.

My spretes Ioyen) // thou art so amyable, 501
I am nat wery / to loke on thi face;
our trewe entent / let it be acceptable
To the honor of the shewyd in this place. 504

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ffor thy *seruauntes* a dwelly*nge thou* shalt purchase,
brighter' than) berall outher' clere cristall;
the to worshipe as chef' welle of' grace,
On both my knees / now doun knele I shall. 508

Maria.

Now, Semyon), take me / my child, *that* is so bright, Mary asks Symeon for her Child.
Chef' lodesterre / of' my felicyte,
and all *that* longyth / to *the* lawe of' right
I shall obeye / as it lyth in me. 512

Symeon.

this lord, I take you / knelyng' on my kne, He, kneeling,
Whiche shall to blisse folk' ageyn) restore,
and eke be called tonne of' tranquylyte,
to yeve hem drynke / *that* han) thrustyd sore. 516
[her' she receyveth hir sone *thus* seyeng':

Maria.

Now is myn) offryng' to an ende conveyed; 517
wherfore, Symeon), hens I wole wende.

Symeon).

The lawes, Mary, ful well ye han obbeyed, [leaf 156, back]
In this tempill / w*ith* hert *and* mende: 520
nowe ferwell, lord, comfort to all mankende; and bids them farewell.
ffarwell, Maria *and* Ioseph, on you waytyng'.

Ioseph.

Selestiall socour' / our' sone mot you sende,
and for his high mercy // yeve you his blissyng'. 524
[¶ here maria *and* Ioseph goyng' from *the* tempill, seyng':

Maria.

husbond, I thenke you / of' your' Gentilnes 525 Mary thanks Joseph for his kindness.
that ye han showed onto me this day,

with our child, most gracious of godenes;
let vs go hens, hertly I you pray. 528

Ioseph.

Joseph promises to cherish his wife Mary.

go forthe afforn, my ovne wyf, I sey, 529
& I shall come aftir, stil vpon this ground.
ye shal me fynde plesant at euery assaye;
to cherysshe you, wyf, gretly am I bounde. 532

Symeon.

Symeon is glad he has seen Christ,

Nowe may I be glad in myn Inward mende,
for I haue seyn Iesu with my bodely eye,
wiche on a cros shall bey al men-kende,
slayn by Iwes at the mount of calvery; 536
and throwe devyn grace here I will provysye

and foretells Mary's suffering when her Son is on the Cross.

Of blissed mary · howe she shall suffre peyn,
whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deye; 539
A sharpe Sward of Sorowe shall cleve hir hert atweyn.

Anna, prophetissa, hertly I prey you nowe 541
doth your devir *and* your diligent labour,
and take these virgynis euerychon with you,
and teche hem to plese god of most honour 544

[leaf 157]

Anna, prophetissa.

lyke as ye say, I will do this hour.

Anna bids the Virgins honour Christ.

ye chast virgynis with all humylite,
Worshipe we Iesu, that shalbe our sauyour;
alle at ones come on, and folowe me, 548
[first hand again] & shewe ye summe plesur as ye can,
In the worshipe of Iesu, our lady, *and* seynt Anne. 550

Anna, prophet[issa] & [omnes] tripident.

Epilogue.

[*Epilogue.*]

¶ Poeta.

¶ Honorable souereignes, thus we conclude 551
Our mater that we haue shewid here in your presens,

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And though our eloquens be but rude,
we beseche you all, of your paciens 554 The Poet begs pardon for shortcomings,
To pardon vs of our offens;
ffor after *the* sympyll cunnyng that we can,
This mater we haue shewid to yo*ur* audiens, 557
In the worship*e* of our lady, *and* hir moder seynt Anne.

¶ Now of this pore p*r*ocesse we make an ende, 559
thankyng you all of yo*ur* good attendaunce;
and the next yeer, as we be p*ur*posid in our mynde, and promises that his fellows shall play the *Disputation of the Doctors* next year.
The disputacion of the doctou*r*s to shew in yo*ur* p*r*esens.
wherfor now, ye v*ir*gynes, er we go hens, 563
wit*h* all yo*ur* cumpany, you goodly avaunce,
Also ye menstralles doth yo*ur* diligens,
A-fore our dep*ar*tyng geve vs a daunce. 566

¶ ffinis.

Anno d*omi*ni Mill*esimo*[1], CCCCCxij. [? *later hand*]

[[1] ? MS]

¶ THE NAMYS OF THE PLEYERS.

The poete
kyng Herowde
j^te^ knyght
the ij^de^ knyght
iij^de^ knyght
iiij^th^ knyght
watkyn), Messanger
Symeon) the bysshope
Iosepḣ
Maria
Anna prophetissa
A virgyn)
Angelus
j^a^ mulier
ij^a^ mulier
iij^a^ mulier
iiij^a^ mulier

} *Summa* xvij.

Ihon Parfre ded wryte thys booke.[1]

[1] This line was not written at the same time as the writing above; it is in a different coloured ink.

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THE CONVERSION OF St PAUL.

(*In 7-line Stanzas, ababbcc.*)

[This play comes before the *Killing of the Children* in the composite Digby MS. as at present bound. The Festival of The Conversion of St Paul, January 25, also comes before that of Childermas or Innocents' Day, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28[1]; and before Candlemas Day, February 2. But as Mysteries were usually acted in the 'chronological order' of the facts they represented, that order is kept here.]

[1] The Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Legal year began at Christmas, till the end of the 13th century. Thenceforward till Jan. 1, 1753, it began on the 25th of March.

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[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.

Poeta, p. 27, 33, 40, 41.
Saulus, p. 27, 33, 46.
Caypha, p. 28, 42.
Anna, p. 28, 42.
Primus Miles, p. 29, 37, 41.
Secundus Miles, p. 29, 37, 41.
Servus, p. 30.
Stabularyus, p. 30.
Deus, p. 34.
Ananias, p. 35.
Spiritus Sanctus, 38.
Belyall, p. 43.
Mercury, another deuyll, p. 44.
Servus Sacerdotum, p. 49.
Angelus, p. 51.]

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[THE CONVERSION OF St PAUL.]

[*Digby MS.* 133, *leaf* 37, *in a third hand.*]

[1st *Station.*]

Poeta. [1]Myles Blomefylde.[1] *Prologus.*

Rex glorie, kyng[t] omnipotent, — May Christ and the Virgin Mary
Redemer of *the* world[d] by the pouer diuine,
and maria, *that* pure vyrgy[*n*] quene most excellen*t*,
wyche bare *that* blyssyd[d] babe, Ie*s*u, *that* for vs sufferd
payne, 4
vnto whoys goodnes I do inclyne,
besechyng *that* lord of hys pytous Influens,
to p*re*serue & gou*er*ne thys wyrshypfull audyens. 7 — preserve this audience!
¶ Honorable frend*es*, besechyng[t] yow of[t] lycens, 8
to p*ro*cede owr p*ro*cesse, we may, vnder yo*ur* correcc*i*on, — We're going to act *the Conversion of St. Paul.*
the conu*er*syon of[t] seynt paule, as *the* byble gyf[t] experyens,
whoo lyst to rede *the* booke · Actu*m* Appostolorum, 11
ther shall he haue *the* very notycyon;
but as we can, we shall vs redres,
Brefly w*ith* yowr fauo*ur* begynyng[t] owr p*ro*ces. 14 Daunce[2]

[here entryth saule, goodly besene in *the* best wyse / lyke an aunterous knyth, thus sayyng[t]: — *Sc. i. Jerusalem. Enter Saul.*

Saulus.

Most dowtyd[d] man, I am lyuy*ng* vpon the ground[d], 15 — I'm the most feard and most
goodly besene w*ith* many a riche garlement.
my pere on lyue I trow ys nott found[d],
thorow *the* world[d], fro *the* oryent to *the* occydent, 18
my fame ys best knowyn vndyr *the* fyrmame*n*t; — renownd man under the sky.
I am most drad of[t] pepull vnyu*er*sall,
they dare not dyspease my most noble. 21

[1—1] *In a later hand.* [2] Daunce *is in a later hand.*

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My name is SAUL,

¶ Saule ys my name, I wyll *tha*t ye notyfy, 22
whych conspyreth the dyscyplys wi*th* thret*es and* menac*es*,
be-fore *the* prync*es* of prest*es* most hye *and* noble,

and I get Christ's disciples punisht.

I bring them to pūnyshem*en*t for ther trespace. 25
we wyll them nott suffer to rest in no place;

[leaf 37, back]

For they go a-bou3te to p*r*eche *and* gyff exemplis,
To destroye our lawes, sinagoges, and templis. 28

By the god bellyall I schall make p*ro*gresse, 29
Vnto the p*r*inc*es* both Caypha And Anna,
wher I schall aske of them in suernes,

I'll pursue em thro Damascus and Lybia.

To p*er*sue thorow all dammask *and* liba, 32
And thus we schall soone aft*er* than
Bryng them *tha*t so do lyff in-to Ierusalem,
Both man and child that I fynd of them. 35

[Her cu*m*myth sale to caypha *and* anna, p*r*est*es* of *the* tempyll.

Saul asks the priests Caypha and Anna for letters to quell the Christian rebels.

Nobyll p*r*elat*es* and p*r*inc*es* of Regalyte, 36
Desyryng and askyng of yo*ur* benyngne wurthynes,
Yo*ur* letters *and* epystolys of most sou*er*ente,
To subdue rebellyons that wyll of frawardnes, 39
A-gaynst o*ur* lawes rebell or transgresse,
Nor wyll not inclyne but mak obiecc[*i*]on,
To pursue all such I wyll do p*ro*teccion. 42

Caypha.

Caypha and

To yo*ur* desyer we gyf p*er*fyth sentens, 43
Accordyng to yo*ur* petyc*i*ons that ye make postulac*i*on,
By-cause we know yo*ur* trewe delygens,
To p*er*sue all tho *tha*t do reprobac*i*on 46
A-gayns ow*ur* lawes by ony redarguac*i*on;
wherefor shortly we gyf in co*m*mandment
To put down them *tha*t be dy[s]obedyent. 49

Anna.

[leaf 38]

Anna give the letters,

And by thes letturs *tha*t be most reuerre*n*t, 50
Take them in hand, full agre *ther*-to,

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Constreyn) all rebellys by owur hole assent,
We gyf yow full power so to doo. 53
Spare not hardly for frend nor foo,
All thos ye fynd of *that* lyfe in thys realme
Bounde, loke ye bryng' them in-to Ierusalem. 56 and exhort Saul to bring all Christians bound to Jerusalem.

[Her saule resayuyth ther letters.

Saulus.

Thys precept here I take in hande, 57
To fullfyll after yowur wylles both,
wher I shall spare with-in *this* londe
nother man nor woman; to *this* I make an oth; 60 Saul swears he'll spare none,
But to subdue I wyll not be loth:
Now folow me, knytys *and* seruantes trewe,
In-to Damaske as fast as ye can sewe. 63 and bids his men follow him to Damascus.

Primus miles.

Vnto yourr commaundment I do obeysaunce; 64
I wyll not gaynsay nor make delacion,
But with good mynd *and* harty plesaunce
I shall yow succede *and* make perambulacion, 67 His knights promise
Thorow-oute damaske with all delectacion,
And all thoo rebell *and* make resystens,
ffor to oppres I wyll do my delygens. 70

Secundus miles.

And in me shalbe no neclygens, 71
But to thys precept my-self I shall applye
To do yourr behest with all conuenyens, to do his behest
With-owt eny frowardnes or eny obstynacy; 74
non shall appere in me but verely,
with all my mynd I yow insure,
To resyst tho rebelles I wyll do my cure. 77 and punish the Christian rebels.

Saulus.

Truly to me yt ys grett consolacion 78 [leaf 38, back]
To here thys report *that* ye do avaunns

ffor your sapyencyall wyttes I gyf commendacion,
Euer at my nede I haue founde yow constant; 81
But knytes *and* seruuantes *that* be so plesaunt,

Saul orders his horse to be brought.

I pray yow anon my palfray ye bryng,
To spede my Iurney *with*-owt lettyng. 84

[here goyth sale forth a lytyll a-syde for to make hym redy to ryde / the seruuant thus seyng:

seruus.

His man asks the Ostler for a bottle of hay, and scolds him.

How, hosteler, how, a peck of otys *and* a botell of haye;
Com of a pase, or I wyll to a-nother Inne;
What, hosteler, why commyst not thy way?
Hye *the* faster, I beshrew *thi* skynne. 88

Stabulary*us.*

The Ostler declares he's a gentleman's servant.

I am non hosteler nor non hostelers kynne,
But a Ientylmanys seruuant, I *thou* dost know;
Such crabyysh words do aske a blow. 91

Seru*us.*

I cry yow mercy, sir. I wyst well sum-what ye were, 92

'Well, you are a Gentleman, or a Knave.

ow*ther* a gentylman or a knaue. me thynkyth by your physnomy;
yf on loke yow in *the* face *that* neuer se yow ere
wold thynk ye were at *the* next dore by. 95

I thought you'd been an Ostler. I saw another Gentleman and you carrying a barrowful of dogs' turds;

In good fayth I wenyd yow had bene an hosteler verely;
I sye suche a-nother Ientylman *with* yow, a barowfull bare
of horsdowng *and* dogges tordes, *and* sych other gere, 98

And how yt happenyd a mervelous chance be-tyde: 99
Your felow was not suer of foote, *and* yet he went very brode,[1]

and down both of you slipt into a cow-turd, nose first.'

Butt in a cow tord both dyd ye slyde;
And as I wene your nose *ther*-in rode, 102
Your face was be-payntyd *with* sowters code;

[[1] *substituted for* wyde.]

I sey neu*er* sych a sy3t, I make god a vow, [leaf 39]
ye were so be-grymlyd *and* yt had bene a sowe. 105

Stabulari*us*.

In fayth *tho*u neu*er* syest me tyll *th*is day: 106 'Why, you never saw me before to-day!'
I haue dwellyd wit*h* my master thys vij 3ere *and* more;
ffull well I haue pleasyd hym, he wyll not say nay,
And mykyll he makyth of me therfore. 109

Seru*us*.

By my trowth *th*an be ye changyd to a new lore; 'Then you're translated! You're a first-rate servant.'
A *ser*uand ye are *and tha*t a good,
ther ys no better lokyth owt of a hood. 112

Stabul*arius*.

ffor soth *and* a hood I vse for to were, 113 'Go to! I wear a hood lined with silk.'
ffull well yt ys lynyd wi*th* sylk *and* chamlett;
yt kepyth me fro the cold *tha*t *the* wynd doth me not dere,
nowther frost nor snow *tha*t I therby do sett. 116

Seru*us*.

yea, yt ys a dobyll hood *and tha*t a fett;
he was a good man *tha*t made yt, I warant yow;
he was noth*er* horse ne mare[1], nor yet yokyd sow. 119

[Here com*m*yth *the* fyrst knyth to *the* stabyl grom, sayng:

Primus miles.

Now, stabyll grom, shortly bryng forth away 120 Saul's Knight bids the Ostler bring out his best horse.
The best horse, for owu*r* lorde wyll ryde.

Stabul*aryus*.

I am full redy; here ys a palfray,
There can no man a better bestryde: 123
He wyll co*n*ducte owu*r* lorde, *and* gyde

[1 *MS.* nare.]

Thorow the world he ys sure *and* abyll
To bere a gentyllman, he [is] esy *and* prophetabyll. 126

[Her *the* knyth cummyth to saule *with* a horse.

Primus miles.

Saul's knight brings him his horse,

Behold, *sir* saule, *your* palfray ys com̃, 127
full goodly besene, as yt ys yowr desyer
To take yow*ur* vyage thorow eu*ery* regyon.

[leaf 39, back]

Be nott in dowt, he wyll spede yo*ur* mater, 130

and says his servants 'll follow him anywhere.

And we as yo*ur* *seru*aun*tes* *with* glad chere
Shall gyf attendance; we wyll nott gaynsay,
But folow yow where ye go be nyȝt or day. 133

Saulus.

Vnto Damask I make my p*rog*ressyon, 134
To p*ur*sue all rebellyoũs beyng' froward *and* obstynate
Agayns our lawes be ony transgressyon.
with all my delygens · my-self I wyll p*re*pare, 137
Co*n*cernyng' my purpose to oppres *and* sep*ar*ate;
Non shall reioyce that doth offend,
But vtterly to rep*ro*ue *with* mynde *and* intende. 140

Saul starts on his journey.

[Her sale rydyth forth *with* hys *seru*ant*es* a-bowt *the* place, [&] owt of *the* pl[ace].

Caypha.

The priests, Caypha and

Now saule hath takyn hys w*ur*thy wyage 141
To p*ur*sue rebellyous · of what degre *the*i be;
He wyll non suffer to raygne nor haue passage
with-In all thys regyon we be in *ser*tayn: 144
wherefor I co*m*mende hys goodly dygnyte,
That he thus aluay takyth in hande
By hys power to gou*er*ne thus all thys lande 147

Anna.

Anna, praise

We may lyue in rest by hys consolac*i*on; 148
He defendyth vs, where-for we be bownde

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To loue hym intyrely *with our* hartt*es* affeccion,
And hono*ur* hym as champyon in eu*ery* stownde; 151 Saul as their champion.
ther ys non suche lyuyng' vpon *the* grownde,
That may be lyke[1] hym nor be hys pere,
Be est nor west, ferre nor nere. 154

Poeta—si placet.

Co*n*clusyo*n*. *Epilogue to Act I.*

ffynally of *th*is stacon thus we mak a co*n*clusyon), 155 Daunce [*in later hand*]
besechyng' thys audyens to folow *and* succede
wi*th* all yo*ur* delygens *th*is gen*e*rall p*r*ocessyon,
To vnderstande *th*is matter wo lyst to rede 158
The holy bybyll for *the* better spede;
Ther shall he haue *the* p*er*fyth intellygens,
And *th*us we comyt yow to crystys magnyfycens. 161

ffinis Istius stacio*n*is, et altera sequitur.

[*2nd Station.*]

Poeta. [leaf 40] *Act II. Prologue.*

Honorable frend*es*, we beseche yow of audyens, 162
To here o*ur* intencion *and* also o*ur* prosses
Vpon o*ur* matter : be yo*ur* fauorable lycens
A-nother p*ar*t of *the* story we wyll redres; 165
Here shalbe brefly shewyd wi*th* all o*ur* besynes
At thys pagent saynt poullys co*n*uercyon; St. Paul's Conversion is now to be playd.
Take ye good hede *and* ther-to gyf affeccion. 168

[Here co*m*myth saule rydyng' in wi*th* hys s*er*uant*es*.

Saul*us*. *Scene i. The Road to Damascus.*

My purpose to Damask fully I intende, 169
To pursewe the dyscypulys my lyfe I apply, Saul declares he'll persecute Christ's disciples.
ffor to breke down the chyrchys thus I co*n*descende.
Non I wyll suffer that [they] shall edyfey, 172
p*er*chaunce owur lawes than my3te ther-by,
And the pepull also turne *and* co*n*uerte,

[[1] *a late to put above.*]

whych shuld be gret heuynes vnto myn hart. 175

Saul vows he'll bring all the Christians bound to Jerusalem.

Nay, *that* shall nott be butt layd a-part. 176
the prynces haue gouyn me full potestacion.
All that I fynd *the*i shall nott start,
But bounde to Ierusalem, *with* furyous vyolacion, 179
Be-for cesar caypha, *and* annas p*re*sentacion,
Thus shalbe subduyd · tho wretchys of *that* lyfe
That non shall in-Ioy nother man chyde nor wyfe. 182

He's struck by lightning, and falls off his horse.

[Here co*m*myth a feruent w*ith* gret tempest[1], and saule faulyth down of hys horse: *that* done, godhed spekyth in heuyn).

De*us*.

Christ rebukes him.

Saule, saule, why dost *tho*u me pursue? 183
yt ys hard to pryke a-gayns *the* spore
I am *th*i savyo*ur* *tha*t ys so trwe,
whych made heuyn *and* erth *and* eche creature; 186
offende nott my goodnes I wyll *the* recure

[leaf 40, back]

Saulus.

Saul asks what Christ would have him do.

O lord, I am a-ferd, I trymble for fere,
what woldyst I ded, tell me here. 189

Deus.

Christ bids him go into the city close by.

A-ryse *and* goo *tho*u wyth glad chere 190
In-to the Cyte a lytyll be-syde,
And I shall *the* socor in eu*er*y dere
That no maner of yll xalbe-tyde, 193
And I wyll ther for the p*ro*uyde
by my grete goodnes what *tho*u shalt doo;
Hy *the* as fast thethe*r* as *tho*u mast goo. 196

Saul*us*.

Saul is lame and blind.

O mercyfull god, what aylyth me? 197
I am lame, my legg*es* be take me fro,
my sygth lykwyse I may nott see;

[1] A plate of sheet-iron, probably, to imitate thunder.—P. A. D.

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I can nott tell whether to goo: 200
my men hath forsake me also.
whether shall I wynde, or whether shall I pas?
lord, I beseche the, helpe me of thy grace. 203 Saul prays to God,

j^us^ miles.

Syr, we be here to help the in *thi* nede, 204
with all *our* affyance we wyll not seise.[1]

Saul*us*.

Than in Damask I pray yow me lede and bids his knight lead him into Damascus.
I god*es* name, accordyng' to my *pro*myse. 207

2us miles.

To put forth yow*ur* hand loke ye dresse,
Cu*m* on yo*ur* way, we shall yow bryng'
In-to *the* cyte w*ith*-owt taryng'. 210

[Here the knyght*es* lede forth sale in-to a place, *and* cryst apperyth to annanie, sayng': *Act II. sc. ii. Damascus.*

Deus.

Ananie, ananie: where art *tho*u, ananie? 211 Christ calls Ananias,

Ananias.

Here, lord, I am here trwly.[2] [leaf 41]

Deus.

Go thy way *and* make *th*i curse
As I shall assyng' *the* by myn aduysse, 214 and bids him go into Straight Street,
Into *the* strete, qui dicitur rectus,
And in a certayn house of warantyse,
ther shall ye fynd · saule in humble vyse, 217 where he shall find Saul,
As a meke lambe, *that* a wolf before was namyd; 218
Do my behest; be nothyng' a-shamyd.
He wantyth hys syth, by my punyshm*en*t co*n*strayned. blind.

[1] serue? MS. [2] In lines 212-24 the rymes get mixt.

prayeng' vnto me, I assure *tho*u shalt hym fynd, 221
w*ith* my stroke of pyte, sore ys he paynyde,
wantyng' hys sygth, for he ys truly blynyde.

Ananias.

Ananias is afraid to go to Saul,

lord, I am aferd, for aluay i*n* my mind 224
I here so myche of hys furyo*us* cruelte, 225
*tha*t for spekyng' of *th*i name to deth he will put me.

Deus.

nay, ananie, nay, I assure *the*
He wulbe glad of' thy cu*m*myng'. 228

Ananias.

A, lord, but I know of' a certayn
because he has brought God's Saints to death.

that thy seynt*es* in Ierusalem: to deth he doth bryng'.
many yllys of hym I haue be kennyng',
ffor he hath the pour' of' the pr*inces* alle,
To saue or spylle, do which he schall. 233

Deus.

Christ says that Saul is a chosen vessel, and shall be

be nothyng a-drad, he ys a chosen wessell, 234
To me assyngned by my godly eleccion.
He shall bere my name · be-fore the kyng*es* · *and* chylder of Israell.
by many sharpe shour*es* sufferyng' correcc*ion*, 237
a gret doctor of' benyngne conpleccion,
[leaf 41, back] The trwe precher of' the hye deuynete,
a pinnacle of the faith;

A very pynacle of *the* fayth, I ensure the. 240

Ananyas.

lorde, thy co*m*mandme*n*t I shall fullfyll; 241
Vn-to saule I wyll take my waye.

Deus.

Ananias is not to fear him.

be nothyng' i*n* dowte for good nor yll.
fare-well, Ananie, tell saule what I do say. 244

[et exiat De*us*.

Ananias.

Blyssyd lord, defende me as *tho*u best may;
Gretly I fere hys cruell tyra*n*ny;
But to do *th*i precept my-self I shall applye. 247

Ananias obeys,

[Here Ananias goth toward saule.

and goes to seek Saul.

Act II. sc. iii. Damascus.

j^us^ myles.

I maruayle gretly what yt doth mene, 248
To se ow*u*r master in thys hard stounde.
The wond*er* grett lythtys *that* were so shene,
smett hym doune of hys hors to *the* grownde, 251
And me thowt · that I hard a sounde
Of won spekyng · w*ith* voyce delectable,
Whych was to wonderfull myrable. 254

Saul's knights talk over his striking to the ground,

the voice speaking to him,

2us myles.

Sertenly thys lyȝt was ferefull to see, 255
The sperkys of fyer were very feru*en*t,
yt inflamyd so greuosely about *the* cou*n*tre,
That by my trowth I went we shuld a ben brent. 258
But now, serys, lett vs relente
Agayne to caypha *and* anna, to tell *th*is chau*n*ce,
How yt be-fell to vs thys greuau*n*s. 261

and the sparks of fire that they saw.

[Her saule ys in contemplacion.[1]

Saul*us*.

lord, of *th*i cou*n*fort moch I desyre, 262
*tho*u myȝty p*r*ince of Israell · kyng of pyte,
whyche me hast punyshyd as *th*i presoner,
That nother ete nor dranke · thys dayes thre; 265
But, gracyos lorde, of *th*i vysytacyon I thanke the.
Thy se*r*uant shall I be as long as I haue breth,
Thowgh I therfor shuld suffer dethe. 268

Saul desires comfort from God.

[leaf 42]
He has fasted 3 days.

[Here co*m*myth anania to saule, sayeng:

[1 MS. comtemplacion]

Ananias.

Ananias

Pease be in thys place *and* goodly mansyon; 269
who ys w*ith*-in? speke in crystys holy name!

Sa[u]l*us*.

I am here, saule! cu*m* in on godd*es* benyson!
what ys y*our* wyłł? tell w*ith*-owten blame. 272

Ananias.

tells Saul he's sent by God to him.

ffrom almyghty god, *ser*tanly to the sent I am,
and ananie men call me ȝher as I dwełł.

Saul*us*.

what wołd ye haue: I pray yow me tełł. 275

Ananias.

Gyfe me y*our* hand for y*our* awayle, 276

Ananias bids Saul be stedfast

for as I was co*m*maun*d*yd by hys g*ra*cyos sentens,
& bad the be stedfast for *tho*u shalt be hayle.
ffor thys same cause he sent me to *th*i presens; 279

and remember God's excellence.

Also he bad the remember hys hye excellens,
Be *the* same tokyn *tha*t he dyd *the* mete,
Toward *the* cyte when he apperyd in *the* strete. 282

¶ Ther mayst *tho*u know hys power celestyałł, 283
How he dysposyth euery thyng as hym lyst;

God is almighty,

no thyng may w*ith*stand hys myȝte essency: łł,

to lift up or cast down.

To stond vp-ryght, or els doun to thryste. 286
Thys ys hys pow*ur*, yt may not be myste,
ffor who *tha*t yt wantyth / lackyth a frende.
Thys ys *the* massage *tha*t he doth *the* sende. 289

[leaf 42, back]

Saulus.

Hys marcy to me ys ryght welcom; 290
I am ryght glad *tha*t yt ys thus.

The Holy Ghost appears.

[Hic aparebit sp*iri*tus s*anctus* sup*er* eu*m*.

Ananias.

Be of[t] good[e] chere *and* perfyte Iubylacion, — Ananias
Discendet super te spirytus sanctus, 293
whych hath with hys[1] grace illumynyd vs;
put fo[r]th *th*i hond *and* goo wyth me,
A-gayne to thy syght here I restore the. 296 restores Saul's sight.

Saulus.

Blyssyd lord[e], thankys to yow euer bee, 297 Saul blesses Christ for his sight,
The swame ys fallyn from my eyes twayne;
where I was blynyd *and* cowd nott see,
lord, *th*ou hast sent me my syght agayne. 300
ffrom sobbyng[t] *and* wepyng[t] I can not refrayne; — weeps, and
my pensyue hart, full of[t] contryccion
ffor my offenc*es*, my body shal haue punycyon; 303
And where I haue vsed so gret persecucyon, 304
Of *th*i descyplys thorow all Ierusalem, — vows that he'll help Christ's disciples.
I wyll [aid] *and* defende ther predycacyon,
That th[e]y dyd[e] tech on all *th*is reme. 307
wherefor, Ananie, at the watery streme, — He asks to be baptisd,
Baptyse me hartely I *the* praye, 309
A-mong[t] your numbyr, that I electe *and* chosen be may.

Ananias.

On to *th*is well of mych vertu, 311
we wyll vs hye with all our delygens.

Saul*us*.

Go yow be-fore, *and* after I shall sewe,
laudyng[t] *and* praysyng[t] our lord*es* benevolens; 314 praises God,
I shall neuer offend[e] hys myȝty magnyfycens,
But aluay obserue hys preceptys *and* kepe: — [leaf 43]
ffor my gret vnkyndnes my hart doth wepe. 317 and repents his sins.

Ananias.

knele ye down vpon thys grownde, 318
Receyuyng[t] thys crystenyng[t] with good[e] intent,

[1 MS. hys hys.]

whyche shall make yow hole of your dedly wound,
That was infecte with venom nocent. 321
Yt purgyth synne, and fendes poures so fraudelent
It putyth a-syde; where thys doth at-tayne,
In euery stede he may not obtayne. 324

Ananias baptizes Saul

¶ I crysten yow with mynd full perfyght, 325
reseyuyng yow in-to owur relygyon,
euer to be stedfast *and* neuer to flyt;
but euer constant, with-owt varyacyon. 328
now ys fulfyllyd all our obseruacyon,
concludyng thou mayst yt ken,
In nomine patris et filij et spiritus sancti. Amen. 331

in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;

Saulus.

I am ryght glad as foule on flyte, 332
That I haue receyuyd this blyssyd sacrement.

Ananias.

Com on your way, saule, for nothyng lett,
Take yow sum coumforth for your bodyes noryschment
ye shall abyde with the dyscyplys verament, 336
Thys many dayes in damask cyte,
Vn-tyll the tyme more perfyt ye may be. 338

bids him take food, and stay for a time in Damascus.

Saulus.

Saul will do as he is bid.

As ye commande, holy father, ananie, 339
I full assent at yow[r] request,
To be gydyd *and* rulyd as ye wyll haue me,
Evyn at your pleasur, as ye thynk best: 342
I shall not offend for most nor lest.
Go forth yowur way; I wyll succede
In-to what place ye wyll me lede. 345

Conclusyo.

Epilogue to Act II.

poeta.

Daufice

Thus saule ys conuertyd, as ye se expres, 346
The very trw seruant of our lord Iesu.

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non may be lyke to hys perfyȝt holynes,
So nobyll a doctor, constant *and* trwe. 349
Aftyr hys conuersyon neuer mutable, but styll insue
the lawys of god to teche euer more *and* more,
As holy scryptur' tellyd' who-so lyst to loke *ther*-fore. 352

¶ Thus we comyte yow all to *the* trynyte, 353
Conkludyng' thys stacion as we can or may,
vnder *the* correccyon of' them *that* letteryd' be;
How be yt vnable as I dare speke or say 356
The compyler here-of shuld' translat veray
so holy a story · but with fauorable correccyon
of my fauorable masters of *ther* benygne supplexion. 359

The Compiler begs learned men to correct his play.

ffinis istius secunde stacionis *et* sequitur tarcia.

[3rd *Station.*]

Act III.

Poeta.

Prologue.

The myght of the fadires potenciall deite 360
preserue thys honorable *and* wurshypfull congregacion
That here be present of hye *and* low degre,
To vnderstond thys pagent at thys lytyll stacion, 363
whych we shall procede with all our delectac[i]on.
yf yt wyll plese yow: to gyf audyens fauorable,
Hark wysely ther-to; yt ys good *and* profetable. 366

primus miles.

[leaf 44]
Scene i.
Jerusalem.

Nobyll prelates, take hede to owur sentens. 367
A wundyrfull chaunce fyll *and* dyd be-tyde
vn-to owr master saull when he departyd hens
In-to damaske purposyd to ryde. 370
A meruelous lyȝt fro thelement dyd glyde
whyche smet doun[1] hym to grunde both horse *and* man
with the ferfulest wether *that* euer I in cam. 373

Saul's Knights tell the Priests how Saul was struck off his horse,

2us miles.

It rauysshid' hym, and' his spirites did' be-nome: 374
A swete dulcet voyce spake hym vnto,

and a sweet voice spoke to him

[1] MS. doum.

And askyd wherfor he made suche persecucyon
A-geynst hys dyscyplys *and* why he dyd soo. 377

and bad him be baptizd by Ananias.

he bad hym in-to damaske to ananie goo,
And ther he shuld reseyue baptym truly;
and now clene a-geyns owur lawys he ys trwly. 380

Caypha.

Caypha won't believe in Saul's conversion,

I am sure thys tale ys not trw: 381
what! saule conuertyd from our law!
he went to damask for to pursue
All the dyscyplys that dyd with-draw 384
fro owur fayth: thys was hys sawe:
how say, ye, anna to thys mater? this ys a mervelos chans;
I can not beleve that thys ys of assurans. 387

Anna.

nor will Anna.

No, caypha, my mynde trwly do [I] tell, 388
that he wyll not turne in no maner wyse;
but rather to deth put *and* expell
all myscreauntes and wretchys that doth aryse 391
agaynst our lawes · by ony enterpryse:
say the trwth with-[owt] ony cause frawdelent,
or els for your talys ye be lyke to be shent. 394

j^us miles.

Saul's knight declares he's told the truth.

Ellys owur bodyes may put to payn): 395
all that we declare I sye yt with my nye,
nothyng offendyng but trwly do iustyfye.

[leaf 44, back]

Cayphas.

By the gret god, I do maruayle gretly: 398

Caypha vows vengeance against Saul.

and thys be trw that ye do reherse
He shall repent hys Rebellyous treytory,
That all shalbe ware of hys falsnes. 401
We wyll not suffer hym to obtayne dowtles,
ffor meny perellys that myght be-tyde
by hys subtyll meanys on euery syde. 404

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Anna.

The law ys commyttyd to owur aduysment, 405
wherfor we wyll not se yt decay,
but rather vphold yt help *and* augment,
That ony reprofe to vs fall may 408
of Cesar themprour by nyȝt or day
we shall to such maters harke *and* attende
accordyng to the lawes · our wyttes to spende. 411

The priest Anna declares they'll uphold their Law.

[[1] Here to enter a dyvel with thunder *and* fyre, *and* to avaunce hym sylfe, saying as folowyth; *and* hys spech spokyn, to syt downe in a chayre.

Act III. sc. ii. [leaf 45]

Diabolus.

Scene of the Devils in Hell, inserted.

belyall.

Ho, ho, be-holde me, *the* myȝte prince of *the* partes in-fernall, 412
Next vnto lucyfer I am in magestye;
By name I am nominate *the* god belyall,
non of more myȝte nor of more excellencye; 415
my powre ys princypall, *and* now of most soferaynte;
In *the* temples *and* synogoges who deneyth me to honore,
my busshopes thorow my motyon *the*i wyl hym sone devoure. 418

I am the God BELIAL, second only to Lucifer.

¶ I haue movyd my prelates cayphas *and* anna 419
to persew *and* put downe, by powre ryall
thorow *the* sytyes of damaske *and* liba,
All soch as do worship *the* hye god supernall, 422
ther deth ys conspyryd with-owt any fauoure at all,
my busshopys hathe chosyne won most rygorus
them to persew, howse name ys saulus. 425

I have set my Bishops Caypha and Anna to put down the Christians by means of Saul.

¶ ho, thus as a god most hye in magestye, 426
I rayne *and* I rule ouer creatures humayne
with souerayne sewte sowȝte to ys my deyte,

[1] The parts within brackets are by a later hand, and inserted on 3 separate leaves. The 14 lines between 411 and here are crossed through, but are given below, where they are rewritten, p. 46-7, l. 502-15.

mans mynd ys applicant, as I lyst to ordeyne, 429
my law styll encreasyth wherof I am fayne,
I long for news by my messenger Mercury! yet of[1] late I haue hard of[1] no newys truly,
wherfor I long tyll I speke with my messenger mercurye. 432

[leaf 45, back] Mercury appears, [Here shall entere a-nother devyll callyd mercury, with a fyeryng, commyng[1] in hast, cryeng *and* roryng, *and* shal say as folowyth :—

Marcury.

Ho, owȝt, owȝt! alas, thys sodayne chance! 433
and wails that Well may we bewayle this cursyd aduenture.

belyal.

Marcurye, what aylyse thou? tell me thy grevaunce.
ys ther any that hath wrowȝte vs dyspleasure? 436

mercury.

Dyspleasure I-nowgh therof ye may be sure;
the Devil's law 'll soon be put down. our law, at lengthe yt wylbe clene downe layd,
for yt decayth sore, *and* more wyl, I am a-frayd. 439

belyal.

Ho, how can that be? yt ys not possyble; 440
co[n]syder, thou foole, the long contynuance.
Belial 'll not believe it. decaye, quod a, yt ys not credyble;
of fals tydynges thou makyst here vtterance: 443
behold, how the peple hath no pleasaunce
Folk delight but in sin. but in syn, and to folow our desyere.
pryde *and* voluptuosyte ther hartes doth so fyre, 446
thowȝe on do swauer away from our lore, 447
yet ys our powre of[1] suche nobylyte
to have hym a-gayne, *and* twoo therfore,
that shal preferre the prayse of[1] owre maiestye. 450
what ys the tydynges? tell owt, lett vs see;
why arte thou amasyd so? declare afore vs
Why is Mercury troubled? what fury ys fallyn that troblyth the thus? 453

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Mercury. [leaf 46]

Ho! owȝt, owȝte! he *that* I most trustyd to, 454 'Because our special friend has turnd our cruel foe.
& he *that* I thowȝte wold haue ben to vs most specyall,
ys now of late turnyd, *and* our cruell foo;
our specyall frynd, our chosen saull, 457
ys be-*com*me *ser*uante to *the* hye god *eter*nall.
as he dyd ryde on our enemyes *per*secutyon,
he was sodenly strykyn by *the* hye *pro*vysyon, 460
& now ys baptysyd, *and* *pro*mys he hath made 461 Saul has been baptisd; and his faith in God cannot fade.'
neu*er* to vary, *and* soch grace he hath opteynyd
that ondowtyd hys fayth from hy*m* can-not fade;
wherfor to *com*playne I am *con*straynyd, 464
for moch by hym shuld we haue *pre*vaylyd.

belyal.

Ho! owȝt, owȝt! what haue we loste! Belial laments the loss of his darling Saul,
our darlyng most dere whom we lovyd moste: 467
but ys yt of trowth *that* *tho*u doyst here specyfye? 468

*mer*cury.

yt ys so, vndowȝtyd; why shuld I fayne?
for thowȝte I can do non *other* but crye.

[Here *the*i shal rore *and* crye, *and* *the*n belyal shal saye: and the Devils roar over it.

belyal.

owȝte, *th*is grevyth vs worse *th*an hell payne: 471
the *con*u*er*syon of[1] synner certayne
ys more payne to vs, *and* *per*secutyon,
than all *the* fùryes of[1] *the* Infernall dongyon. 474

Mercury. [leaf 46, back]

yt doyth not avayl vs thus to lament, 475
but lett vs *pro*vyd for remedy shortlye;
wherfor let vs both by on assent
go to *the* busshopys, *and* moue *the*m pryvelye, 478 Mercury says, 'Set on your Bishops to scheme his death.'
that by some sotyl meane *the*i may cause hy*m* to dye;
than shal he in our law make no dysturbau*n*ce,
nor here-after cause vs to haue more greuau*n*ce. 481

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belyal.

Wel sayd, mercurye, thy cowncel ys profytable. 482

Belyal approves Mercury's advice, and says Saul shall repent his desertion.

Ho, saul, thou shalt repent thy vnstablenes;
thou hadyst ben better to haue byn confyrmable
to our law; for thys deth, dowtles 485
yt ys conspyryd to reward thy falsnes.
thowgh on hath dyssayvyd vs, yet now a days
xx[ti] doyth gladly folow oure layes; 488
¶ some by pryde, some thorowgh envye: 489
ther rayneth thorow my myght so moch dysobedyaunce:

The Devils' power was never greater than now.

ther was neuer a-mong crystyans lesse charyte
than ys at this howre, *and* as for concupysence 492

[leaf 47]

rayneth as a lord thorow my violence;

Gluttony, Wrath, Covetousness prevail over all.

glotony *and* wrath euery man doth devyse,
& most now ys praysyd my cosyn covytyce. 495
¶ cum, mercury, let vs go *and* do as we haue sayd, 496
to delate yt any lenger yt ys not best.

mercury.

to bryng yt a-bowȝt, I wold be wel apayd,
tell yt be done let vs not rest. 499
[. . . . . .]

belyal.

They'll plot Saul's death.

go we than shortly; let vs departe,
Hys deth to devyse, syth he wyl not revart. 502

[Here thei shal vanyshe away with a fyrye flame *and* a tempest.

[leaf 44, back]

[Her apperyth saule in a[1] disciplis wede, sayng[1]:

Act III. scene iii. Damascus.

[2]Saulus[3].

That lord[2] that ys shaper of[1] see *and* of[1] sond[2], 503

Saul's Sermon.

and hath wrowth with hys word[2] all[2] thyng[1] at hys wyll[2],

God save you sitters and standers here!

saue thys [4]semely that here syttyth or stonde,
ffor hys meke marcy that we do not spyll. 506

[[1] hys]
[[2] The 14 lines following are printed from leaf 44, back, of the MS. They are collated here, for words, with the version of them on leaf 47, back.]
[[3] Saulus, and Diabolus (p. 43), in margin, omitted.] [[4] asemly]

grant me, good lordꝑ, thy pleasurꝑ to fulfyll, (*Saul's Sermon on the Seven Deadly Sins.*)
and send me suche speche that I *the* trwth say,
my entencions proph[i]table to meve yf I may. 509

¶ Welbelouydꝑ frend*es*, ther be vij mortall synnes, 510
whych be *prov*ydꝑ pryncypall *and* princ*es* of[1] poysonnes;
Pride, *tha*t of[1] bytternes all bale begynnes, Pride is the root of all sins
w*ith*-holdyng[1] all fayth, yt fedyth *and* foysonnes, 513
As holy scryptur beryth playn wyttnesse,—
Inicium *omni*um peccatoru*m* super*bya*[1] est,—
That often dystroyeth both most *and* lest.[2] 516

¶ Off all vyces *and* foly pride ys the Roote; 517 and folly. [leaf 48] [*the older hand* (2) *again*]
Humylyte may not rayn ner yet indure;
pyte, alak, that ys flower *and* boot, It banishes Humility and Pity.
ys exylyd wher pride hath socourꝑ,— 520
Om*n*is qui se exaltat humiliabiturꝑ,—
good lordꝑ, gyf[1] vs grace to vnderstond *and* per*seu*erꝑ,
Thys wurd as *tho*u bydyst to fulfyll euerꝑ. 523

¶ Who-so in pride beryth hym to hye, 524 Whoso is proud, he shall be brought low.
w*ith* mys[c]heff shalbe mekydꝑ, as I mak mensyon,
and I therfor assent *and* fully certyfy,
In text as I tell the trw entencyon 527
of p*er*fy3t goodnes *and* very locucyon:
noli tibi dico in altu*m* sap*ere* sedꝑ time;
Thys ys my consell, bere the not to hye, 530

¶ But drede alway synne *and* folye, 531 Put away Wrath, Envy, Covetousness, Sloth, Gluttony, Lechery.
wrath, enuy, couytys, and slugyshnes:
Exeu*n*t owt of[1] thy sy3t, glotony *and* lechery,
vanytye *and* vayneglory, and fals Idylnes: 534
Thes be the branchys of all wyckydnes:
who *tha*t in hym thes vyces do Roote,
He lackyth all grace, *and* bale ys *the* boote. 537

¶ lern) at my-self[1], for I am meke in hart: 538 Learn of Christ; he is meek of heart;
owr lorde to hys *se*ruant*es* thus he sayth:
ffor meknes I sufferydꝑ a spere at my hart;

[[1] subia (*sic*).] [[2] man & best.]

(*Saul's Sermon* continued.)

meknes all vyc*es* anullyth *and* delayeth; 541
rest to soulys yt shall fynd in fayth:
Discite a me, quia mitis sum, *et* corde humilis,
Et invenieti*s* requiem animabus vestris. 544

and ye shall find rest for your souls.

¶ So ow*ur* sauy*our* shewyth vs exampls of meknes, 545
Thorow grace of hys goodnes mekly ys groundys;
Trwly yt wyll vs saue fro *the* synnes sekenes,
ffor[1] pryde *and* hys pr*o*geny mekenes confoundys: 548

[leaf 48, back]

Quanto maior es, tanto humilia te in o*mni*b*us*:

Be lowly.

The gretter *tho*u art, the lower loke thu be;
Bere the neu*er the* hyer for *thi* degre. 551

Keep from Sensuality.

¶ ffro sensualyte of fleshe thy-self loke *tho*u lede, 552
vnlefully therin vse not thy lyfe:
whoso therin delyteth, to deth he must nede;
It consumyth natur, the body sleyth w*ith*-owt knyf. 555
also yt styntyth nott but manslaw*ter and* stryf,—

No unclean man shall inherit heaven.

Om*n*is fornicator aut i*m*mu*nd*us no*n* ha*b*et hereditatem
Christi,—
no*n* shall in heuyn) posses / that be so vnthryfty. 558

Flee Fornication. Speak not of it.

¶ ffle fornycacon, nor be no letchour, 559
but spare yo*ur* speche, *and* spek nott theron:
Ex habundancia cordis, os loquitur;
who movyth yt oft, chastyte louyth non; 562
of *the* hart*es* habundans *the* tunge makyth locu*cion*:
what manys mynde ys laboryd, therof yt spekyth,
That ys of suernes, as holy scryptur tretyth. 565

¶ wherfor I reherse thys w*ith* myn) owyn) mowthe,—
Caste viuentes, templu*m* Dei sunt,—

Keep your body pure, and your sight steady.

kepe clene yo*ur* body from synne vncuth;
stabyll yo*ur* syght*es*, *and* look ye not stunt, 569
ffor of a *ser*taynte I know at a brunt,—
Oculus est nuncius peccati,—

The eye is Folly's messenger.

That the Iey ys eu*er the* messenger of foly. 572

[1] MS. ffror.

seruus sacerdotum.

whate, ys not thys saule *that* toke hys vyage 573 The Priest's servant asks if this isn't Saul who was going to bind the Christians.
In-to Ier*usalem*[1], the dyscyplys to oppresse?
bounde he wold bryng' them, yf ony dyd rage
vpon cryst: *this* was hys processe: 576
To *the* prin*ces* of pr*e*stys, he sayde dowtles,
Thorow all damask *and* also Ier*usa*lem,
subdwe all templys *that* he founde of them. 579

Sa[u]lus. [leaf 49]

yes, *ser*taynly, saule ys my p*ro*per name, 580 Saul says 'Yes,
That had in powr the full dominion,—
To hyde yt fro you, yt were gret shame,
And mortall synne, as in my opynyon,— 583
vnder cesar *and* prist*es* of the relygyon,
And templys of' Iues *that* be very hedyous,
A-gayns almyghty cryst *that* Kyng' so p*re*cyous. 586

seruus sacerdotu*m.*

To Anna *and* caypha · ye must make yo*ur* recurse; 587
Com[2] on yo*ur* way, *and* make no delacion.

Saul*us.*

I wyll yow succede, for better or wors, and I'll go with you to the Priests.'
To the pryn*ces* of pr*ist*es wi*th* all delectacion. 590

[*Scene* 4.] *Act III. sc. iv. The Temple in Damascus.*

seruus sacerdotu*m.*

Holy pr*ist*es of hye potestac*i*on,
Here ys saule; lok on hym wysely:
he ys a-nother man than he was verely. 593

Saulus.

I am *the* ser*u*ant of Ihesu Almyghty, 594 Saul declares himself the servant of Jesus.
Creator *and* maker of see *and* sonnd,
whiche ys kyng' conctypotent of heuyn) glory,
Chef com*f*ort *and* solace: both to fre *and* bonde, 597

[1] ? *for* Damascus [2] MS. Con.]

A-gayns whos power nothyng' may stonde;
Emperowr he ys both of heuyn *and* hell,
whoys goodnes *and* grace al thyng' doth excell. 600

[recedit paulisper.

Caypha.

Caypha thinks the change in Saul has been wrought by conjuring.

Vn-to my hart thys ys gret admyracion, 601
That saule ys thus mervelously changyd;
I trow he ys bewytchyd by sum coniuracion,
or els the devyll on hym ys auengyd. 604
Alas, to my hart yt ys dessendyd,
that he ys thus takyn fro our relygyon:
How say ye, Anna, to thys conuercyon? 607

[leaf 49, back]

Anna.

ffull mervelously, as in my concepcion, 608
Thys wnderfull Case how yt be-fell;
To se thys chaunce so sodenly don,
vn-to my hart yt doth grete yll; 611
but for hys falsnes · we shall hym spyll;

Anna says they must put Saul to death,

by myn assent, to dethe we wyll hym bryng',
lest *that* more myschef · of hym may spryng'. 614

Caypha.

Ye say very trew, we myȝt yt all rewe; 615
But shortly in thys we must haue aduysement,
ffor thus a-gayns vs he may nott contynew;
perauentur than of Cesar we may be shent. 618

Anna.

or burn him.

nay, I had leuer in fyer he were brent,
Than of cesar we shuld haue dysp[l]easure
ffor sych a rebell · and subtyle fals treator'. 621

Caypha.

The gates must be guarded lest Saul escape.

we wyll command the gates to be kept aboute, 622
& the walles suerly on euery stede,
that he may not eskape no-where owȝte;
for dye he shall, I ensuer yow indede. 625

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Anna.

Thys traytour rebellyous, evyll mut he spede,
That doth this vnhappynes A-gayns all!
now euery costodyer kepe well hys wall. 628

seruus sacerdotum.

The gatys be shytt, he can-note skape; 629 So the gates are shut, and the priests exhorted to kill Saul.
Euery place ys kepte well and sure,
That in no wyse he may, tyll he be take,
gett owt of the cyte by ony coniecture. 632
vpon that caytyf' and fals traytour,
loke ye be auengyd with deth mortall,
& Iudge hym) as ye lyst to what end he shall. 635

[Scene 5.] *Act III. sc. v. Damascus.*

Angelus. [leaf 50]

Holy saule, I gyf yow monycyon: 636
The princes of Iues · entende sertayn An Angel warns Saul of his threatend death,
To put yow to deth · but by goddes provysyon
He wyll ye shall lyue lenger, and optayn; 639
And after thy deth thou shalt rayng'
Above in heuyn, with owr lordes grace:
Conuay yowr-self shortly in-to a-nother place. 642 and bids him go to another place.

Saulus.

That lordes pleasur euer mut be down, 643
both in heuyn) and in hell, as hys wyll ys.
In a beryng' baskett or a lepe, a-non Saul says he 'll escape over the wall in a basket.
I shall me co[n]uay with help of the dyscyplys: 646
for euery gate ys shett and kept with multytud of peple;
but I trust in owr lord, that ys my socour,
to resyst ther malyce and cruell furour. 649

Conclusyo.

[Epilogue.] *Epilogue.*

Poeta.

Thus leve we saule with-in the cyte, 650 Here we leave Saul.
The gates kep by commandment of caypha and Anna;

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The disciples let him down over the wall.

but the dyscyplys in *the* nyȝt ou*er the* wall, truly,
As the bybull sayeth · dim[i]seru*n*t eu*m* su*m*mitte*ns in*
sporta ;— 653

Saul goes to Jerusalem.

And saule after that, in Ier*usa*lem vera,
Ioyned hym-self, *and* ther accompenyed
wit*h the* dyscyplys, wher *the*i were vnfayned. 656

Thys lytyll pagent thus co*n*clud we 657

Pray excuse our lack of letters, and our simpleness!

as we can, lackyng lytturall scyens;
besechyng' yow all of hye *and* low degre,
owr sympylnes to hold excusyd, *and* lycens, 660

[leaf 50, back]

That of Retoryk haue no*n* intellygens;
Co*m*myttyng' yow all to owr lord Ihesus,
To whoys lawd ye syng',—Exultet celu*m* laudibus! 663

End of the Play.

ffinis co[*n*]u*er*cio*n*is sancti pauli.

[*Leaves* 51 to 94, *back, of the MS. contain* 2 *tracts*; 1. *English, beginning* 'De theorica tri*u*m supe*r*iorum. **Every one** of the 3 supe*r*iour plannete*s* (&c.)'; 2. *Italian, begins* 'Geomantia e una scientia breue da conosere per uirtu destrologia quelli cose che la persona uuole operare qual fine,' &c.]

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MARY MAGDALENE,[1]
IN TWO PARTS.

PART I, IN 20 SCENES.

(*In Rome, Bethany, Hell, Jerusalem, and beyond Jordan.*)

MARY'S FATHER CYRUS, AND HIS DEATH.
HER SEDUCTION BY LECHERY AND A GALLANT.
HER REPENTANCE, AND WIPING JESUS'S FEET WITH HER HAIR.
HER BROTHER LAZARUS'S DEATH, AND AGAINRISING.

Scene
1, Tiberius Cæsar, p. 55.
2, Mary's father Cyrus, p. 56.
3, Tiberius Cæsar, p. 59.
4, Herod, p. 59.
5, Pilate, p. 63.
6, Cyrus's death, p. 64.
7, The Devils in Council, p. 66.
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Scene
11, Mary in her Arbour, p. 76.
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PART II, IN 31 SCENES.

(*In Marcylle, Hell, Jerusalem, the Wilderness, and Heaven.*)

CHRIST'S APPEARANCE TO MARY AT HIS SEPULCHRE.
HER CONVERSION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF MARCYLLE.
HER FEEDING BY ANGELS, FROM HEAVEN, IN THE WILDERNESS.
HER DEATH.

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40, They take ship for the Holy Land, p. 119.
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43, The King sails for home, p. 125.
44, The Queen lives again, p. 126.
45, Mary receives the King and Queen, p. 127.
46, Mary in the Wilderness, p. 130.
47, Jesus in Heaven, p. 130.
48, Two Angels feed Mary, p. 131.
49, A Priest comes to Mary, p. 132.
50, Jesus & his Angels, p. 133.
51, Angels & Mary. Her death, p. 134.

[1] The *xal* for 'shal', *qwat* for 'what', &c., show the play to be in the East Midland dialect, probably about Lynn, Norfolk, or in Lincolnshire.

The metre is very irregular. It seems to have tried to get into 8- or 9-line stanzas, and to have done so now and then. Other stanzas, alternates, and couplets, also occur. The line-numbers show them to some extent. Part II is mainly in alternates. On p. 135, l. 2143, the writer names 'redurs', not hearers. But see l. 2133.

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[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

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[1] The page-numbers are meant to mark the Scenes where the Actors come in, not every time they speak.
[2] There is no ground in the Bible for making Mary Magdalene one with Mary the sister of Martha and Lazarus.
[3] Mary the mother of James, &c, and Mary Salome, are the same person, according to Biblical critics.

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[MARY MAGDALENE.]

[*In the second, and rather later hand.*]

[*PART I. Scene* 1.]

Part I. Scene 1.
Rome.

[leaf 95]

M. B. [*for* Miles Blomefylde.]

Inperator.

The Emperor.

I command sylyns in þe peyn of forfetur,
to all myn avdyeans present general.
of my most hyest *and* mytyest wolunte,
I woll it be knowyn to al þe word vnyversal,
That of heven *and* hell chyff rewlar am I,
to wos Magnyfycens non stondyt egall,
for I am soveren of al soverens subjugal
On-to myn empere, beyng in-comparable,
tyberyus sesar, wos power is potencyall.
I am þe blod ryall most of soverente;
of all emperowers *and* kynges my byrth is best,
& all regeouns obey my myty volunte;
lyfe *and* lem *and* goodes, all be at my request:
so of all soverens, my magnyfycens most mytyest
May nat be a-gayn-sayd of frend nor of foo;
But all abydyn lvgment *and* rewle of my lyst.
all grace vp-on erth from my goodnes commyt fro,
and þat bryng-is all pepell in blysse so;
for þe most worthyest, woll I rest in my sete.

Silence, all!

5 I am Chief Ruler of heaven and hell.

9 I am the incomparable Tiberius
10 Cæsar.

All lands obey me.

13

16 All rule by my pleasure.

18

serybyl.

¶ syr, from your person growyt moch grace. 20

Inperator.

now for þin answer, belyall, blysse þi face!
mykyl presporyte I gyn to porchase;
I am wonddyn in welth from all woo. 23
Herke þou, provost, I gyff þe in commandment,
all your pepull preserve in pesabyl possesson.
yff ony þer be to my goddes [dis]obedyent,

23 I am wrapt in wealth against [leaf 95, back] woe.

Provost, find out the Christians who disobey my

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Gods, and I'll kill em.

dyssever tho harlottes, and make to me declaracyon), 27
& I xall make all swych to dye,
Thos precharsse of crystys incarnacyon).

¶ Provost.

¶ Lord of all lordddes, I xall gyff yow In-formacyon).

Inperator.

¶ Lo, how all þe word obeyit my domynacyon); 31
that person) is nat born) þat dare me dysse-obey. 32

If any one disobeys my laws,

Syrybbe, I warne yow se þat my lawys
In all your partyys have dew obeysavns;
In-quere *and* aske, eche day þat davnnes,
yf in my pepul be fovnd ony weryoūs, 36
contrary to me in ony chansse,

or grumbles against my Gods, I'll murder him.

or with my goldyn) goddes grocth on) grone,
I woll marre swych harlottes with mordor *and* myschanse;
yff ony swyche remayn), put hem) in repreffe, 40
& I xall yow releff.

¶ Serybb.

¶ yt xall be don), lord, with-owtyn) ony lett or with-owt doth.

Inperator.

¶ lord *and* lad, to my law doth lowte;
is it nat so? sey yow all with on) showte. 44

[Here answerryt all þe pepul at ons, ȝa, my lord, ȝa.

¶ Inperator.

so, þe froward folkes, now am) [I] plesyd;

Set on wine and spices, and let's [leaf 96] make good cheer.

sett wyn) *and* spycys to my consell full cler.
Now have I told yow my hart, I am) wyll plesyd;
Now lett vs sett don) alle, *and* make good chyr. 48

Part I. Scene 2. The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany(?).

[*PART I. Scene* 2.]

[¶ Her entyr syrus, þe fader of mary mavdleyn)

syrus.

¶ Emperor, *and* ky[n]gges, *and* conquerors kene,
Erlys, *and* borons, and knytes þat byn) bold,

Berd*es* in my bow*er*, so semely to sene,
I com*m*av[*n*]d yow at onys my hest*es* to hold. 52
be-hold my p*er*son), glystery*n*g in gold, — I am Cyrus, glittering in gold.
semely be-syn) of all other men):
Cyr*us* is my name, be cleffys so cold,
I com*m*an*d* yow all, obedyent to beyn); 56 Let all obey me.
wo-so woll nat, in bale I hem) bryng,
And knett swyche cayftyys[1] in knott*es* of care.
thys castell of mavdleyn) is at my wylddyng, — This Castle of Maudleyn,
w*it*h all *þ*e co*n*tre, bothe lesse *and* more,[2] 60
& Lord of I*erusal*em, who agens me don) dare. — Jerusalem, and Bethany are mine.
Alle beteny at my beddyng be;
I am) sett in solas from) al syy*n*g sore,[2]
and so xall all my posteryte,
thus for to leuen) in rest *and* ryalte. 65
I have her a sone *þ*at is to me ful trew, 66 I have a most comely son,
no co*m*lyar creatu*r* of godd*es* creacyon),
to amyabyll dovctors full brygth of ble,
ful gloryos to my syth an ful of delectacyon).
Lazar*us* my son), in my resspeccyon). 70 [leaf 96, back] Lazarus, and 2 daughters, Mary and Martha.
Here is mary, ful fayr *and* ful of femynyte,
and martha, ful [of] bevte and of delycyte,
ful of womanly merrorys *and* of benygnyte,
*þ*ey haue fulfyllyd my hart w*it*h co*n*solacyon). 74
Here is a coleccyon) of cyrcu*m*stance, 75
to my cognysshon) nev*er* swych a-nothyr,
as be demonstracyon) knett inco*n*tynens,
save[3] a-lonly my lady, *þ*at was *þ*er mother.
Now Lazar*us*, my sonne, whech art *þ*er brothyr, 79 After my death, I give Lazarus, the Lordship of Jerusalem; Mary, the Castle of Maudleyn; Martha, Bethany.
The lordshep of I*erusal*em I gyff *þ*e aft*er* my[4] dysses,
and mary, thys castell, a-lonly, an non) othyr;
& martha xall haue beteny, I sey exprese:
thes gyft*es* I gravnt yow w*it*h-owtyn les, 83
whyll *þ*at I am) in good mynd. 84

[1 ? caytyfys.] [2 The rymes require 'mare, sare'.
[3 MS. Of *crost thro, and* save *added*.] [4 MS. mo.]

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lazar*us*.

Lazarus thanks his father Cyrus for his gifts,

¶ Most reuerent' father! I thank yow hartely 85
of' yow*er* grett kyndnes shuyd on)-to me!
ye haue gravntyd swych a lyfelod', worthy
Me to restreyn) from) all nessesyte. 88

and prays God for grace to live well.

now, good lord', & hys wyll it' be
gravnt me grace to lyue to thy plesow*a*ns,
& a-ȝens hem) so to rewle me,
Thatt we may have Ioye wit*h*-owtyn weryau*n*s. 92

[leaf 97]

Mary mav*dleyn*.

Mary Magdalene praises God,

Thatt god of' pes and pryncypall cov*n*sell, 93
More swetter is þi name þan hony be kynd'!

and thanks her father Cyrus for his gifts.

we thank yow, fathyr, for yo*u*r gyft*es* ryall,
owt of' peyn*es* of' pov*er*te vs to on)-bynd'; 96
thys is a p*reser*uatyff from) streytnes, we fynd',
from) wordly labors to my cov*m*fortyng';
for thys lyfflod is abyll for þe dowtt*er* of' a kyng', 99
thys place of' plesavns, þe soth to seye. 100

martha.

Martha also praises and thanks her father,

O ye good' fathyr of' grete degre, 101
thus to dep*ar*te wit*h* yo*u*r ryches,
co*n*sederyng' ow*er* lowlynes *and* humylyte,
vs to save from) wordly dessetres:
ȝe shew vs poynt*es* of' grete Ientylnes, 105
so mekly to meyntyn) vs to yo*u*r grace.

and prays that he may see God's face in heaven.

hey in heuen) a-wansyd' mot yow be
In blysse, to se þ*a*t lord*es* face,
whan) ye xal hens passe! 109

cyr*us*.

¶ Now I reioyse wit*h* all my mygtht*es*; 110
to enhanse my chyldryn), it was my delyte:

Cyrus orders wine and spices.

now wyn) *and* spycys, ȝe Ientyll knytt*es*,
on-to þes ladys of ientylnes. 113

[Here xal þey be *serv*yd wit*h* wyn) *and* spycys.

[*PART I. Scene* 3.]

Part I. Scene 3.
Rome.

Inperator.

¶ syr provost', *and* skrybe, Iugges of' my rem, 114 — Tiberius Cæsar resolves to send orders to Herod
my massenger I woll send in-to ferre cuntre,
On)-to my sete of' Ierusalem,
On)-to Herowdes, þat regent þer ondyr me, 117
and on)-to pylat, Iugges of' þe covntre: — [leaf 97, back]
myn) entent I woll hem) teche.
take hed', þou provost', my precept wretyn) be, 120
& sey I cummavnd' hem), as þey woll be owȝt wrech,
yf' þer be ony in þe cuntre, ageyn) my law doth prech, — to search out rebels against him, the Emperor, or his Gods,
or ageyn) my goddes ony trobyll telles, 123
that' thus agens my lawys rebelles,
as he is regent', and' in þat reme dwelles,
& holdyth hys crovn) of' me be ryth, 126
yff þer be ony harlettes þat a-gens me make replycacyon,
Or ony moteryng' aȝens me make with malynacyon.
[*end of speech left out.*] — [and kill em.]

provost'.

¶ syr, of' all thys they xall have in-formacyon,
so to vp-hold' ȝower renovn) *and* ryte. 130

[Inperator.]

now, massenger, with-owtyn) taryyng',
Have here gold' on)-to þi fe; 132 — He bids his Messenger start.
so bere thes lettyrs to Herowdes the kyng',
& byd hem) make In-quyrans in euery cuntre,
as he is Iugge in þat cuntre beyng'.

nvncyus.

¶ soueren), your arend' it' xall be don) ful redy 136
In alle þe hast' þat I may; — The Messenger says he'll haste.
for to fullfyll your byddyng'
I woll nat spare nother be nyth nor be day. 139

[¶ Here goth þe masenger to-ward herowdes.

Part I. Scene 4. Jerusalem.

[leaf 98]

[*PART I. Scene* 4.]

Herowd*es*.

In þe wyld wanyng word, þes all at onys! 140
no noyse, I warne yow, for greveyng of me!

HEROD, 'I'll hurl off any one's head who speaks.

yff yow do, I xal hovrle of yow*er* hed*es*, be mahond*es* bon*es*,
as I am) trew kyng to mahond so fre. 143
help, help, þ*at* I had a swerd!
fall don), ye faytou*rs*, flatt to þe grovnd! 145

Off hats! Stand barehead, you beggars!

Heve of yo*ur* hod*es* *and* hatt*es*, I cu*m*mavnd yow alle:
stond bare hed, ye beggars! wo made yow so bold?
I xal make yow know yo*ur* kyng ryall:
thus woll I be obeyyd thorow al the wor[l]d; 149
& who-so wol nat, he xal be had in hold;
& so to be cast in carys cold, 151
that w*er*kyn) ony wondyr a-ȝens my magnyfyce*ns*. 152

Look at my rubies and green pearl!

be-hold these ryche rubyys, red as ony fyr,
wit*h* þe goodly grene perle ful sett a-bowgth:

What king is equal to me?

what kyng is worthy or egall to my pow*er*?
or in thys word, who is more had in dowt 156
than is þe hey name of herowd*es*, kyng of I*erusal*em,
Lord of alapye, assye, *and* tyr,
of abyron), berȝaby, *and* bedlem)? 159
all thes byn) ondyr my gov*er*noun*s*. 160
Lo, all þes I hold wit*h*-owtyn) reprobacyon);

None but the Emperor Tiberius.

No ma*n* is to me egall, save a-lonly þe emp*er*ow*er*
tyberyus, as I have In p*ro*vostycacyon). 163

[leaf 98, back] Speak, Philosophers!'

How sey þe phylyssov*er*ys be my ryche reyne? 164
Am) nat I þe grettest gov*er*now*er*?
Lett me ondyr-stond whatt can ye seyn). 166

phelysofyr.

¶ Soueren, *and* it plece yow I woll expresse: 167
ye be þe rewlar of þis regyon),
& most worthy sovereyn) of nobylnes
That eu*er* in Iude barre domynacyon): 170

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Bott, syr, skreptour gevytt informacyon), 171 'The Scripture tells of a Child of great renown,
& doth rehersse it werely,
that chyld xal remayn of grete renovn),
& all þe word of hem shold magnyfy,— 174 in the glory of whose rising, kings shall walk.
et ambulabunt gentes in lumine, et reges
In splendore[1] ortus tui. 176

Herowdes.

¶ and whatt seyst thow?

secundus phy[losofyr.]

¶ the same weryfyyt my bok, as how 178
as þe skryptour doth me tell
of a myty duke xal rese *and* reyn), This Child, a mighty Duke, shall rule all Israel,
whych xall reyn) *and* rewle all Israell.
no kyng a-ȝens hys worthynes xall opteyn), 182 and excel all kings.'
the whech in profesy hath grett eloquence,—
non) avferetur septrum Iuda, et dux de 184
femore eius, donec veniet Imitendus est.

Herowdes. [leaf 99]

A, owȝt, owȝt, now am [I] grevyd all with þe worst! 186
ȝe dastardus! ye doggés! þe dylfe mote yow draw! 'The Devil tear you, dogs!' says Herod;
with fleyyng flappes I byd yow to a fest.
A swerd, a swerd! þes lordeynnes wer slaw! 189
ye langbaynnes, loselles, for-sake ȝe þat word!
þat caytyff xall be cawth, *and* suer I xall hem) flaw; 'I'll catch that Caitiff, and slay him.'
for hym), many mo xal be marry with mordor. 192

I^us miles.[2]

¶ My sovereyn) lord, dysse-may yow ryth nowt! Herod's knights tell him not to mind these Philosopher-fools' talk.
they ar but folys, þer eloquens wantyng,
for in sorow *and* care sone þey xall be cawt;
a-ȝens vs þey can) mak no dysstonddyng. 196

ij^us miles.

¶ my lord, all swych xall be browte before your avdyens,
and leuyn) ondyr your domynacyon),

[1 MS. spelndore.] [2 MS. milis.]

or ell*es* da*m*myd to deth w*ith* mortal sentense,
yf' we hem) gett onde*r* ow*er* gubernacyon). 200

Herowd*es*.

Herod is comforted by his knights' counsel,

¶ now thys is to me a gr*a*cyows exsortacyon), 201
& grettly reioysyth to my spryt*es* in-dede;
thow þes sott*es* a-ȝens me make replycacyon),
I woll suffer no*n* to spryng' of' þ*a*t kenred; 204
some woys in my lond shall sprede,
prevely or pertely in my lond a-bowth:

[leaf 99, back] and makes sure he'll be able to catch Christ.

whyle I haue swych men), I nede nat to drede,
But þ*a*t he xal be browt' on)de*r*, w*ith*-owtyn) doth. 208

[¶ Her co*m*myt' þe emp*er*ow*er*s [masengr] thus sayyng' to herowd*es*:

Masengr.

Tiberius Cæsar's Messenger hails Herod,

¶ Heyll, prynse of' bovntyows-nesse! 209
Heyll, myty lord of' to magnyfy!
Heyll, most' of' worchep of' to expresse!
Heyll, reytyus rewlar in þi regensy! 212
My sofereyn), tyberyu*us*, chyff' of chyfalry,
Hi*s* soveren) sond hath sent to yow here:
He desyrth ȝow, *and* preyyt' on) eche p*ar*ty,
to fulfyll hi*s* co*m*mavndme*n*t and desyr*e*. 216

and gives him his Master's letters.

[¶ Here he xall take þe lettyrs on)-to þe kyng'.

Herawd*es*.

¶ Be he sekyr I woll natt spare 217
for [to] complyshe hi*s* cu*m*mavnddme*n*t,

Herod promises to kill all rebels,

w*ith* scharp swerdd*es* to perce þe bare,
In all covntres w*ith*-in thys regent', 220
for hi*s* love, to fulfyll hi*s* in-tentt:
non swych[1] xall from) ow*er* handys stertt,
for we woll fulfyll hi*s* ryall Iuggeme*n*t,
w*ith* swerd *and* spere to perce thorow þe hartt. 224

and orders the letter to be taken to Pilate.

but', masengr, reseyve thys lett*er* wyth,
and berytt on)-to pylatt-ys syth.

[' MS. swych swych.]

mesenger. [leaf 100]

My lord, it xall be don) ful wygth;
In hast' I woll me spede. 228

[*PART I. Scene 5.*]

Part I. Scene 5. Jerusalem.

Pylatt.

¶ now ryally I reyne In robys of' rych[e]sse, 229 Pilate proclaims his power as Judge of Jerusalem,
kyd *and* knowyn) both ny *and* ferre,
for Iuge of' I*erusal*em, þe trewth to expresse,
Ondyr the emp*er*ow*er* tyberi*us* cesar. 232
þ*er*for I rede yow all, be-warre
ye do no p*re*gedyse a-ȝen) þe law,
for and ȝe do, I wyll yow natt spare
tyl he haue Iugment' to be hangyd *and* draw; 236 and declares he'll hang and draw all who offend the Laws.
for I am) pylat pr[o]mmyssary *and* pres[e]dent',
alle renogat robber Inp*er*-rowpent',
to put hem) to peyn), I spare for no pete.
my s*er*-jaunt*es* semle, q*uat* sye ye? 240
of' þis rehersyd, I wyll natt spare.
plesau*n*tly, s*er*rys, avnswer to me,
for in my herte I xall haue þe lesse care. 243

I^us s*er*iu*n*t.

¶ as ye haue seyd, I hold' it' for þe best', 244 His servants promise to back him.
yf' ony swych a-mong vs may we know.

ij^us s*er*jaw*n*t'.

¶ for to gyff' hem Iugme*n*t I holdd yt best',
& so xall ye be dred' of' hye *and* low. 247

pylat.

¶ A, now I am) restoryd to felycyte. 248

[Her comyt þe emprore*s* mase*n*ger to pylat. [leaf 100, back]

Mase*n*ger.

Heyll, ryall in rem in robis of' rychesse!
Heyl, present þou prynsys pere! Tiberius Cæsar's letters are deliverd to him.
Heyl, Iugge of' I*erusal*em, þe trewth to expresse!
Tyberyu*s* þe emprow*er* sendyt wrytyng' herre, 252

and prayyt yow, as yow be his lover dere,
Of þis wrytyng to take a-vysement
In strenthyng of his lawys cleyr,
as he hath set yow In þe state of Iugment. 256

[Her pylat takyt þe lettyrs with grete reverens.

pylat.

Pilate declares he will uphold Tiberius Cæsar's laws,

Now, be martes so mythy, I xal sett many a snare, 257
His lawys to strenth in al þat I may;
I rejoyse of his renown and of his wylfare;

and gives the Messenger gold.

& for þi tydynggs, I geyff þe þis gold to-day. 260

masenger.

a largeys, ȝe lord, I crye þis day; 261
for þis is a ȝeft of grete degre.

pylat.

Masenger, on-to my sovereyn þou sey,
On þe most specyall wyse recummend me. 264

[Her a-voydyt þe masengyr, and syrus takyt his deth.

Part I. Scene 6. The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.

[*PART I. Scene 6.*]

syrus.

A! help! help! I stond in drede, 265
syknes is sett onder my syde!

Cyrus is stricken with death, [leaf 101]

A! help! deth wyll a-quyte me my mede!
A! gret gode! þou be my gyde; 268
How I amn trobyllyd both bak and syde,

and asks to be helpt to his deathbed.

now wythly help me to my bede.
A! this rendyt my rybbys! I xall never goo nor ryde!
the dent of deth is hevyar þann led. 272
A! lord, Lord! what xal I doo þis tyde?

He prays to God for mercy,

A! gracyows god! have ruth on me,
In thys word no lengar to a-byde.

and blesses his children.

I blys yow, my chyldyrn, god mot with vs be! 276

[Her a-voydyt syrus sodenly, and than [comyt] sayyng, lazarus.

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[Lazarus.]

Alas, I am sett in grete hevynesse! 277
þer is no tong my sorow may tell,
so sore I am browth in dystresse;
in feyntnes I falter, for [þ]is fray fell; 280
thys dewresse wyl lett' me no longar dwelle,
But god of' grace sone me redresse.
A! how my peynes don) me repelle!
Lord, with-stond þis duresse! 284

Lazarus grieves greatly for his father Cyrus's death.

mary magleyn.

the in-wyttissymus[1] god þat euer xal reyne, 285
be his help, an sowlys sokor!
to whom) it is most nedfull to cum-playn),
he to bry[n]g vs owȝt of' ower dolor, 288
he is most' mytyest' governowr',
from) soroyng', vs to restryne. 290

[1 L. infinitissimus]

Mary Magdalene prays God to bring them out of their sorrow.

martha.

[leaf 101, back]

A! how I am sett' in sorowys sad, 291
That' long' my lyf y may nat in-devre!
thes grawous peynes make me ner mad'!
vndyr clower is now my fathyris cure, 294
þat sumtyme was here ful mery *and* glad'.
Ower lordes mercy be his mesure,
& defeynd' hym) from) peynes sad'! 297

Martha thinks her troubles 'll soon end her life;

lazarus.

now, systyrs, ower fatherys wyll we woll[2] exprese: 298
thys castell is owerys, with all þe fee.

[2 fulfylle *crost out.*]

martha.

as hed *and* governower, as reson) is,
and' on) þis wyse abydyn) with yow, wyll wee; 301
we wyll natt desevyr, whatt so be-falle.

but she and Mary 'll live with Lazarus, and obey him.

maria.

Now, brothyr *and* systyrs, wel-cum ȝe be.
& ther-of' specyally I pray ȝow all. 304

Part I. Scene 7.
† Where.

[*PART I. Scene 7.*]

[Her xal entyr þe kyng of þe word, [þen þe kyng of] þe flesch, *and* [þen] þe dylfe, *with* þe seuen dedly synn*es*, a bad angyll an an good angyl, þus seyyng þe word.

[The King of the World.]

The World says he is the first potentate next to Heaven,

I am þe word, worthyest þ*a*t euyr god wrowth, 305
& also I am) þe prymatt portatur
next heueyn), yf† þe trewth be sowth,—
& that I Iugge me to skrypt*ur* ;— 308
& I am) he þ*a*t lengest† xal Induer,
and also most of† domynacyon) ;

[leaf 102]

yf† I be hys foo, woo is abyll to recure,

and guides the Wheel of Fortune.

for þe whele of† fortune w*ith* me hath sett h*is* se*n*tur.

In him rests the order of the Seven Metals knit each to a Star:—

¶ in me restyt þe ordor of† þe met†ell*es* seuyn), 313
þe whych to þe seuen) planytt*es* ar knett† ful sure ;
gold *per*teyny*ng* to þe so*n*ne, as astronomer nevyn) ;
sylvyr, to þe mone whyte *and* pure ; 316
Iryn), on)-to þe maris þ*a*t long may endure ;
þe fegetyff m*er*cury, on-to m*er*curyu*s* ;

as Copper to Venus, Tin to Jupiter, Lead to Saturn ;—

copyr, on)-to venus red In h*is* merro*ur* ; 319
the frangabyll tyn), to Iubyter, yf† ȝe can) dyscus ; 320
On) þis planyt saturne, ful of† rancur,
þis soft† metell led, nat of† so gret puernesse :

wherewith the Seven Princes of Hell are enricht.

Lo, alle þis rych tresor w*ith* þe word doth indure 323
the vij prynsys of† hell of† gret bowntosnesse.
now, who may p*r*esume to com) to my hono*ur* ?

pryde.

Pride and

ȝe worthy word, ȝe be gronddar of† gladnesse, 326
to þem) þ*a*t dwellyng† ondyr yow*er* domynacyon). 327

covetyse.

Covetousness praise him.

& who-so wol nat, he is sone set a-syde,
wher-as I couetyse take mynystracyon).

mundus.

of† þ*a*t I pray yow make no declareracyon) ; 330
make swych to know my sov*er*reynte,

& than) þey xal be fayn) to make supplycacyon)
yf' þat þey stond In ony nesessyte. 333

[Her xal entyr þe kyng*e* of flesch wit*h* slowth, gloteny, lechery. [leaf 102, back]

flesch.

I, kyng' of' flesch, florychyd in my flowers, 334 The King of the Flesh has delights in his flowers,
Of' deyntys delycyows I have grett domynacyon),
so ryal a kyng' was neuyr borne In bowrys,
nor hath more delyth ne more delectacyon), 337
for I haue co*m*fortat ywys to my co*m*fortacyon),
dya, galonga, ambra, *and* also margaretton), galingale (?),
alle þis is at my lyst a-ȝens alle vexacyon); 340
alle wykkyt thyng*es* I woll sett a-syde, 341
clary, pepur long', wit*h* granor*um* paradysy, Grains of Paradise and Cinamon;
ȝenȝybyr *and* synamom) at euery tyde;
lo, alle swych deyntyys delycyus vse I; 344
wit*h* swyche deyntyys I have my blysse.
who woll covett more game *and* gle,
my fayer' spowse lechery to halse *and* kysse, 347 and in his spouse Lechery, his knight Gluttony, and
Here ys my knyth gloteny, as good reson) is,
wit*h* þis plesavnt' lady to rest' be my syde;
Here is slowth, anothyr goodly of' to expresse: his friend Sloth.
A more plesavnt' co*m*peny doth no-wher a-byde. 351

luxuria.

O ye prynse, how I am) ful of' ardent' lowe, 352
wit*h* sparkyll*es* ful of' amerowsnesse;
wit*h* yow to rest', fayn) wold' I a-prowe,
to shew plesavns to yo*ur* Ientylnesse. 355

þe flesch.

O ȝe bewtews byrd', I must' yow kysse, He kisses Lechery, and
I am) ful of' lost' to halse yow þis tyde. 357 desires her.

[Here xal entyr þe prynse of dyll*es* In a stage, and Helle ondyr-neth þat stage, þus seyy*n*g þe dylfe. [leaf 103]

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[Satan, The Prince of the Devils.]

Prince Satan is a

Now I, prynse pyrked prykkyd in pryde, 358
satan ower sovereyn, set with euery cyrcumstanse,
for I am a-tyred in my tower to tempt yow þis tyde;

King, with Wrath and Envy in his retinue.

as a kyng ryall I sette at my plesavns, 361
with wroth [*and*] Invy at my ryall retynawns;
the bolddest in bower I bryng to a-baye;
Mannis sowle to be-segyn *and* bryng to obeysavns,

He strives to ruin men, body and soul, because they gaind what Lucifer lost.

ȝa [with] tyde *and* tyme I do þat I may, 365
for at hem I haue dysspyte þat he xold haue þe Ioye
That lycyfer, with many a legyown, lost for þer pryde;
þe snares þat I xal set, wher never set at troye,
so I thynk to besegyn hem be every waye wyde; 369
I xal getyn hem from grace, wher-so-euer he abyde,
That body *and* sowle xal com to my hold,
Hym for to take. 372

He calls his Knights to council,

Now my knythtes so stowth, 373
with me ye xall ron In rowte,
My consell to take for a skowte,
whytly þat we wer went for my sake. 376

wrath.

how to make Mary Magdalene

with wrath or wyhylles we xal hyrre wynne. 377

envy.

sin,

or with sum sotyllte sett hur in synne.

dylfe.

com of þan, let vs be-gynne
to werkyn hur sum wrake. 380

[leaf 103, back]

[Her xal þe deywl go to þe word with his compeny.

satan.

Heyle word, worthyest of a-bowndans! 381
In hast we must a conseyll take;

and serve the Devils.

ye must aply yow with all your afyavns,
A woman of whorshep ower servant to make. 384

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mundus.

satan, *with* my *consell* I wyll þe a-wansse, — The King of the World asks Satan to his tent,
I pray þe cu*m* vp on)-to my tent'.
were þe kyng of' flesch her *with* *his* a-semla*un*vs!
Masenge*r*, a-non) *þat* þu werre went' 388
thys tyde! 389
sey þe kyng' of' flesch *with* grete renown, — and sends for the King of the Flesh.
with *his* *consell* *þat* to hym) be bown),
In alle þe hast' *þat* eu*er* they mown),
co*m* as fast as he may ryde. 393

masenger. [*Sensuality.*]

My lord, I am *your* *servant'* sensvalyte, 394 — World's Messenger, Sensuality,
your masege to don), I am of' glad chyr;
Ryth sone In *presens* ȝe xal hym) se,
your wyl for to fulfylle her. 397

[Her he goth to þe flesch, thus seyynge.

Heyl, lord in lond, led *with* lykyng'! 398
Heyl, flesch in lust', fayyrest' to be-hold'! — tells the Flesh
Heyl, lord *and* ledar of' empror' *and* kyng'!
þe worthy word, be wey *and* wold',
Hath sent for yow *and* *your* *consell*. — he is wanted at Satan's Council.
satan) is sembled' *with* *his* howshold';
your cov*n*seyl to haue, most' fo[r] a-weyle. 404

flesch. — [leaf 104]

Hens! In hast, *þat* we *þer* wh[e]re! 405 — Flesh hastes away
lett vs make no lengar delay!

senswalite.

gret myrth to *þer* hert*es* shold' yow arere,
be my trowth, I dare safly saye. 408

[Her comyt þe kyng*e* of flesch to þe word, *þus* seyynge. — to World,

[flesch.]

Heyl be yow, soverens lefe *and* dere! — and greets the Kings.
why so hastely do ȝe for me send'?

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mundus.

A! we ar' ryth glad we haue yow here.
Ower covnsell to-gethyr to comprehend. 412
Called on by World, Now, satan), sey your devyse. 413

satan.

Satan opens the debate on Mary Magdalene. Serys, now ye be set, I xal yow say: 414
syrus dyyd þis odyr day;
Now mary his dowctor, þat may,
of' þat castel beryt þe pryse. 417

mundus.

sertenly, serys, I yow telle, 418
If she keeps vertuous, she'll be able to destroy Hell. yf' she in vertu stylle may dwelle,
she xal byn) abyll to dystroye helle,
but yf' your covnseyll may othyrwyse devyse. 421

flesch.

Therefore Lechery now, þe lady lechery, yow must' don) your attendans,
for yow be flower fayrest' of' femynyte;
yow xal go desyyr servyse, *and* byn) at hur' atendavns,
must seduce her. for ȝe xal sonest' enter ȝe beral of' bewte. 425

lechery.

serys, I abey your covnsell in eche degre; 426
strytt waye þethyr woll I passe.

satan.

The Evil Spirits shall tempt her. spirits malyngny xal com to þe,
Hyr' to tempt' in euery plase. 429
The 6 now here now alle þe vj þat her' be,
[leaf 104, back] wysely to werke, hyr fawor to wynne,
10 entyr hyr person) be þe labor of' lechery, 432
shall help to bring her to Hell. þat she at þe last' may com to helle.
¶ How, how, spirits malyng'; þou wottyst' what I mene!
Cum owȝt, I sey! herysf' nat what I seye? 435

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bad angyll.

syrrus, I obey your covnsell In eche degree; 436 — The Bad Angel
strytt waye þethyr woll I passe;
speke soft, speke soft, I trette hyr to tene, — starts to tempt Mary.
I prey þe pertly make no more noyse. 439

[Her xal alle þe vij dedly synnes be-sege þe castell tyll [they] A-gre to go to Ierusalem. lechery xall entyr þe castell with þe bad angyl, þus seyynge lechery.

[*PART I. Scene* 8.] — *Part I. Scene 8. The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.*

[**Lechery**, or *Luxuria*.]

Heyl, lady most lavdabyll of alyauvns! 440
Heyl, oryent, as þe sonne In his reflexite!
Myche pepul be comfortyd be your benyng afyavns, — Lechery greets Mary Magdalene, and praises her angelic beauty.
Bryter þan þe bornyd, is your bemys of bewte,
most debonarius, with your aungelly delycyte! 444

Marya.

owat personne be ȝe þat þus me comende[1]? — [[1] MS. comendydc]

luxurya.

your servant to be, I wold comprehende.

mary.

your debonarius obedyauns ravyssyt me to trankquelyte! — Mary is flatterd,
now, syth ye desyre In eche de-gree, 448
to receyve yow I have grett delectacyon);
ȝe be hartely welcum on-to me! — welcomes Lechery,
your tong is so amyabyll devydyd with reson). 451

Luxurya. — [leaf 105]

now, good lady, wyll ȝe me expresse, 452
why may þer no gladdnes to yow resort?

mary.

for my father, I haue had grett heuynesse; — and tells her she is nigh dead, for her father's death.
whan I remembyr, my mynd waxit mort. 455

luxsurya.

Lechery cheers Mary up, and advises her to amuse herself.

ȝa lady, for all þat, be of good comfort, 456
for swych obusyouns may brede myche dysese;
swych desepcyouns, potyt peynes to exsport,
prynt yow in sportes whych best doth yow plese. 459

mary.

for-sothe ye be welcum to myn hawdyens,
ye be my hartes leche; 461

So Mary bids Lazarus and Martha good-bye.

brother lazarus, *and* it be yower pleȝauns, 462
& ȝe systyr martha also in substawns,
Thys place I commend on-to your governons,
and on-to god I yow be-take[1]. 465

lazarus.

now, systyr, we xal do your intente, 466
in thys place to be resydent
whyle þat ȝe be absent,
to kepe þis place from wreche. 469

Part I. Scene 9. A Tavern in Jerusalem

[*PART I. Scene 9.*]

[Here takyt mary hur wey to Ierusalem with Luxsurya, and þey xal resort to a taverner, þus seyy[n]g þe taverner.

[Taverner.]

I am a taverner wytty *and* wyse, 470
that wynys haue to sell gret plente.

The Taverner declares he's the best in Jerusalem.

of all þe taverners I bere þe pryse
that be dwellyng with-inne þe cete; 473

[leaf 105, back]

of wynys I haue grete plente,
both whyte wynne *and* red þat [ys] so cleyr: 475

He sells Malmsey, Claret,

Here ys wynne of mawt *and* Malmeseyn, 476
clary wynne *and* claret, *and* other moo,

Guelder

wyn of gyldyr and of galles, þat made at þe grome,[?]

and Guyenne wine, and Vernage.

wyn of wyan *and* vernage, I seye also;
Ther be no better[2], as ferre as ȝe can goo. 480

[1] The rym wants 'beteche'. [[2] MS. bertter.]

luxsu[r]ya.

lo, lady, þe comfort *and* þe sokow*er*, 481
go we ner *and* take a tast',
thys xal bryng' yo*ur* spryt*es* to fawor.
Tav*er*ner', bryn)g vs of' þe fy*n*nest' þou hast'. 484 Lechery orders some of the best wine,

tav*er*ner'.

here, lady, is wyn), a re-past' 485
to man), *and* woman a good restoratyff';
ȝe xall nat thynk yo*ur* mony spent in wast',
from) stodyys *and* hevynes it woll yow relyff'. 488 to cheer them up.

mary.

I-wys ȝe seye soth, ȝe grom) of' blysse;
to me ȝe be covrtes *and* kynde. 490

Her xal entyr a galavnt þus seyyng

galav*n*t. [*Curiosity*, a Dandy.]

Hof, hof', hof', a frysch new galav*n*t, 491 A smart Gallant comes, and
ware of thryst, ley þat a-doune!
what'! weue ȝe, syrrys, þat I were a marchant',
be-cavse þat I am) new com) to town)? 494 [1 MS. rowned]
with sum praty tasppyster' wold' I fayne rown)[1]; 495 [leaf 106] wants a pretty Barmaid to chat to.
I haue a shert of' rey*n*n*es* with slevys peneaw*n*t,
a lase of' sylke for my lady constant'.
a! how she is bewtefull *and* ressplendant'! 498 His love is a beauty.
whan) I am) from) hyr' pr*es*ens, lord, how I syhe! 499
I wol a-wye sovereyns; *and* soiett*es* I dys-deyne.
In wynt*er* a stomachyr, In som*er* no*n* att al; He wears no stomacher in summer,
My dobelet *and* my hossys eu*er* to-gether a-byde; 502
I woll, or euen), be shavyn), for to seme ȝyng'; 503
with her' a-ȝen) þe her, I love mych pleyyng'; and likes his hair against a girl's.
that makyt me Ileȝant' *and* lusty in lykyng';
thus I lefe in þis word'; I do it for no pryde. 506

luxsurya.

lady, þis man is for ȝow, as I se can; 507
to sett yow I sportt*es* *and* talkyng' þis tyde.

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mary.

Mary bids the Taverner call the Gallant in.

cal hym In, taverner', as ȝe my loue wyll han,
& we xall make ful mery yf' he wolle a-byde 510

taverner'.

How, how, my mastyr' coryossyte? 511

coryoste.

what is your wyll, syr? what wyl ȝe with me?

taverner'.

Her' ar Ientyll women dysyor' your presens to se,
& for to dryng' with yow thys tyde. 514

coryoste.

He comes, and makes love to Mary Magdalene,

A dere dewchesse, my daysyys Iee! 515
splendavnt of' colour, most of' femynyte,
your sofreyn) colours set with synseryte!
[leaf 106, back] conseder' my loue in-to yower alye,
or elles I am) smet with peynnes of' perplexite! 519

mari.

Why, sir, wene ȝe þat I were a kelle? 520

corioste.

calls her his Princess and Sweetheart,

nay, prensses parde, ȝe be my hertes hele,
so wold' to god ȝe wold' my loue fele.

mari.

qwat cavse þat ȝe love me so sodenly? 523

corioste.

and says he can't help loving her.

o nedys I mvst', myn) own) lady,
your person), ittis so womanly,
I can) nat refreyn), me swete lelly. 526

mari.

sir, curtesy doth it yow lere. 527

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corioste.

Now, gracyus gost', with-owtyn pere
Mych nortur is þat ȝe conne; 529 He asks Mary to dance with him.
But wol yow dawns, my own dere? 530

mary.

sir, I asent In good maner; She agrees,
go ȝe be-fore; I sue yow ner';
for a-man at alle tymys beryt reverens. 533

corioste.

Now, be my trowth, ȝe be with other ten; 534
felle a pese, taverner', let vs sen, and will take sope-in-wine with him.
soppes in wyne, how love ȝe? 536

mari.

As ȝe don, so doth me;
I am ryth glad þat met be we; She begins to love him;
my loue, In yow gynnyt to close. 539

coryoste.

Now, derlyng dere, wol yow do be my rede? 540 [leaf 107]
we haue dronkyn *and* ete lytyl brede.
wyll we walk to a-nother stede? 542

mari.

Ewyn at your wyl, my dere derlyng! 543 nay, will go to the end of the world with him, and die for his sake.
thowe ȝe wyl go to þe wordes eynd,
I wol neuer from yow wynd,
to dye for your sake. 546

[Here xal mary & þe galont a-woyd. & þe bad angyll goth to þe word, þe flych, & þe dylfe, þus sayyng þe bad angyl.

[*PART I. Scene* 10.] *Part I. Scene* 10. *Hell!*

[Bad Angyl.]

a lorges, a lorges, lorddes alle at onys! 547 The Bad Angel tells the Devils of Mary Magdalene's fall.
ȝe haue a servant fayer *and* afyabylle,
for she is fallyn in ower grogly gromys;
ȝa, pryde callyd corioste, to hur is ful lavdabyll, 550

and to hur' he is most preysse-abyll, 551

She has granted Curiosity all he askt.

for she hath gravnttyd hym al his bones;
she thynkyt his person so amyabyll,
to her' syte he is semelyar' þan' ony kyng in trones. 554

diab[o]lus.

a! how I tremyl *and* trott for ȝese tydynges! 555
she is a soveryn servant' þat hath hur' fet in synne.

The Devil sends Lechery back to keep Mary in sin.

go thow agayn', *and* ewer be hur gyde;
þe lavdabyll lyfe of' lecherry let' hur neuer lynne,
for of' hur' al helle xall make reioysseyng'. 559

Here goth þe bad angyl to mari a-gayn.

rex diabolus.

Satan and the World, and the Flesh, bid one

fare-well, fare-well, ȝe to nobyl kynges þis tyde, 560
for hom' in hast' I wol me dresse.

[leaf 107, back]

mundus.

another fare-well.

fare-well, satan', prynsse of' pryde!

flesch.

fare-well, sem[l]yest' all sorowys to sesse! 563

[Here xal satan go hom to his stage, *and* mari xal entyr In-to þe place alone, save þe bad angyl *and* al þe seuen dedly synnes xal be conveyyd in-to þe howse of symont leprovs, þey xal be a-rayyd lyke vij dylf: þus kept closse, mari xal be in an erbyr, þus seyynge.

Part I. Scene 11. *Jerusalem. An Arbour.*

[*PART I. Scene* 11.]

mari.

Mary Magdalene thinks of her darling lovers,

A! god be with my valentynes, 564
My byrd' swetyng', my lovys so dere!
for þey be bote for a blossum of' blysse;
me mervellyt sore þey be nat here, 567

and will rest in the Arbour till one comes to her.

but I woll restyn' in þis erbyr'
A-mons thes bamys precyus of' prysse,
Tyll som' lover wol apere,
that me is wont to halse *and* kysse. 571

Her xal mary lye doun, *and* slepe in þe erbyr.

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[*PART I. Scene* 12.]

Part I. Scene 12. *Bethany. The House of Simon the Leper.*

symond leprus.

Thys day holly I po. in rememberowns 572
to solas my gestes to my power,
I haue ordeynnyd a dyner of substawns,
My chyff freyndes þerwith to chyr; 575
In-to þe sete I woll a-pere,
ffor my gestes to make porvyawns,
for tyme drayt ny to go to dyner,
and my offycyrs be redy with þer ordynowns. 579
¶ so wold to god I myte have a-queyntowns 580
of þe profyth of trew perfytnesse,
to com) to my place *and* porvyowns;
it wold rejoyse my hert in gret gladnesse; 583
for ȝe report of hys hye nobyll-nesse
rennyt in contreys fer *and* ner;
Hys precheyng is of gret perfythnes,
of rythwysnesse, *and* mercy cleyr. 587

Simon has orderd a grand dinner.

[leaf 108]

He wishes he could get the Prophet to come to it,

for His preaching is of Righteousness and Mercy.

Her entyr · symont in-to ȝe place, þe good angyll þus seyynge to Mary.

[*PART I. Scene* 13.]

Part I. Scene 13. *Mary's Arbour in Jerusalem.*

[good angyll.]

woman, woman, why art þou so on-stabyll? 588
ful bytterly thys blysse it wol be bowth;
why art þou a-ȝens god so veryabyll?
wy thynkes þou nat god made þe of nowth?
In syn) *and* sorow þou art browth, 592
fleschly lust is to ȝe full delectabyll;
salue for þi sowle must be sowth,
and leve þi werkes wayn) *and* veryabyll. 595
Remembyr, woman, for þi pore pryde, 596
How þi sowle xal lyyn) in helle fyr!
¶ A! remembyr how sorowful ittis to a-byde
with-owtyn) eynd in angur *and* Ir[e]! 599
remembyr þe on)[1] mercy make þi sowle clyr!
I am) þe gost of goodnesse þat so wold ȝe gydde.

The Good Angel warns Mary to seek healing for her soul,

which else shall lie in the fire of hell.

[1] ? MS. may be cu) = cum.

[leaf 108, back]

mary.

Mary Magdalene laments her sin; and asks who shall deliver her. She resolves to seek Christ.

A! how þe speryt' of' goodnesse hat promtyt me þis tyde,
And' temtyd me with tytyll of' trew perfythnesse.
A-las! how betternesse In my hert doth a-byde! 604
I am) wonddyd with werkes of' gret dystresse. 605
A! how pynsynesse potyt' me to oppresse,
that' I haue synnyd on) euery syde.
O lord! wo xall put' me from) þis peynfulnesse? 608
A! woo xal to mercy be my gostly gyde?
¶ I xal porsue þe prophett', wherso he be,
for he is þe welle of' perfyth charyte; 611
be þe oyle of' mercy he xal me relyff.
with swete bawmys I wyl sekyn) hym) þis syth,
and sadly folow his lordshep in eche degre. 614

Part I. Scene 14. Bethany. Simon's House.

[*PART I. Scene* 14.]

[Here xal entyr þe prophet with his desyplys, þus seyyng symont leprus.

[symont leprus.]

Christ enters, and Simon beseeches Him to dine with him.

Now ye be welcom), mastyr, most' of' magnyfycens, 615
I be-seche yow benyngly ȝe wol be so gracyows
yf' þat it' be lekyng' on)-to yower hye presens
thys daye to com) dyne at' my hows. 618

Iesus.

god a mercy, symont', þat þou wylt' me knowe! 619
Jesus says he will, and enters Simon's house.

I woll entyr þi hows with pes *and* vnyte;
I am) glad for to rest'; þer grace gynnyt' grow;
for with-inne þi hows xal rest' charyte, 622
And þe bemys of' grace xal byn) Illumynows. 623
[leaf 109]
But' syth þou wytyst' saff' a dyner' on) me,
with pes *and* grace I entyr þi hows.

symond.

Simon thanks him,

I thank yow, master, most' benyng *and* gracyus, 626
that' yow wol cf' your hye soverente;
to me Ittis a Ioye most' speceows,

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with-Inne my hows *þat* I may yow se!
now syt to *þe* bord, mastyrs alle. 630 and bids all sit down to table.

[Her xal mary folow a-longe, *with* *þis* lamentacyon.

mary.

O I, cursyd cayftyff, *þat* myche wo hath wrowth 631 Mary Magdalene reproaches herself for her sin,
A-ȝens my makar, of mytes most;
I have offendyd hym *with* dede *and* thowth,
But in *his* grace is all my trost, 634 but trusts in God's grace.
Or elles I know well I am but lost,
body *and* sowle damdpnyd perpetuall.
ȝet, good lord of lorddes, my hope perhenuall, 637
with *þe* to stond In grace *and* fawour to se,
thow knowyst my hart *and* thowt in especyal; He knows her heart.
therfor, good lord, after my hart reward me. 640

[Her xal mary wasche *þe* fett of *þe* prophet *with* *þe* terres of hur yys, whypyng hem *with* hur herre, *and* *þan* a-noynt hym *with* a precyus noyttment. She washes Christ's feet with her tears, wipes them with her hair, and anoints them

Iesus dicit.

symond, I thank ȝe speceally 641 Jesus says,
for *þis* grett r[e]past *þat* her hath be;
But, symond, I telle *þe* fectually [leaf 109, back]
I have thynges to seyn to *þe*. 644

Symond.

Master, qwat your wyll be, 645 "Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee:
and it plese yow, I well yow her,
seyth your lykyng on-to me,
& al *þe* plesawnt of your mynd *and* desyyr. 648

Iesus.

symond, *þer* was a man in *þis* present lyf, 649 A man had 2 poor debtors.
the wyche had to dectours well suer,
þe whych wher pore, *and* myth make no .estoratyf,
But stylle in *þer* dett ded in-duour; 652
þe on owȝt hym an hondyrd pense ful suer, One owd him 100 pence, the other 50; and
& *þe* other fefty, so be-fell *þe* chause;
& be-cawse he cowd nat *his* mony recure, 655

he forgave them both.

they askyd hym) for-ȝewnesse; *and* he for-ȝaf' in substans:
but, symont', I pray ȝe, answer me to þis sentens, 657

Which was most beholden to him?"

whych of' þes to personnes was most' be-holddyn) to þat man?

Simon:

symond.

"The one that owd him most!"

Master, *and* it pleȝe your hey presens,
He þat most owȝt hym), as my reson) ȝef' can). 660

Jesus:

Iesus.

"Thou hast judgd rightly.

Recte ivdicasti! þou art a wyse man 661
and þis quesson) hast' dempte trewly.
yff' þu In þi concyens remembyr can),
ȝe to, be ȝe dectours þat I of' specefy. 664

Ye two are the debtors: [leaf 110]

But', symond, be-hold þis woman in al wyse,
How she with teres of' hyr better wepyng'
she wassheth my fete, *and* dothe me servyse,
and anoy[n]tyt' hem with onymentes, lowly knelyng', 668

this woman has washt my feet with her tears, anointed them, and wiped them with her fair hair.

& with her her, fayer *and* brygth shynnyng',
she wypeth hem) agayn) with good In entent';
¶ But', symont', syth that I entyrd þi hows, 671

Thou didst neither.

To wasshe my fete þou dedyst' nat aplye,
Nor to wype my fete þou wer' nat so faworus;
wherfor In þi conscyens þou owttyst' nat to replye. 674

Woman, I forgive thee, and make thee whole in soul!"

But, woman, I sey to þe werely,
I for-geyffe þe þi wrecchednesse,
And hol In sowle be þou made þerby! 677

Mary Magd.:

maria.

"Blessed be thou, Lord of Life!

O blessyd be þou, lord of' euer-lastyng' lyfe! 678
& blyssyd be þi berth of' þat puer vergynne!
Blyssyd be þou, repast' contemplatyf',
A-ȝens my seknes, helth, *and* medsyn)! 681
and for þat I haue synnyd In þe synne of' pryde,

I will clothe me in Humility,

I wol en-abyte me with humelyte;
A-ȝens wrath *and* envy, I wyl devyde

Patience and Charity."

Thes fayer vertuys, pacyens *and* charyte. 685

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Iesus. [leaf 110, back]

Woman), in contrysson) þou art' expert', 686 Jesus bids Mary
And in þi sowle hast' Inward mythe
That' sumtyme were In desert',
and from) therknesse hast' porchasyd' lyth; 689
thy feyth hath savyt' þe, *and* made þe bryth;
Wherfor I sey to þe, "vade In pace." 691 depart in peace.

[With þis word vij dyllys xall de-woyde frome þe woman, and the bad angyll enter into hell with thondyr. 7 Devils go out of her into Hell.

[Maria.]

O þou gloryus Lord! þis rehersyd for my sped, 692 She thanks Jesus.
sowle helth attes tyme for-to recure.
Lord, for þat I was In whanhope, now stond I In dred',
But þat þi gret mercy with me may endure; 695
My thowth þou knewyst' with-owtyn) ony dowth;
now may I trost' þe techeyng' of' Izaye in scryptur,
Wos report' of' þi nobyllnesse rennyt fer' abowt. 698

Iesus.

Blyssyd be þey at alle tyme, 699 He tells her to
that sen me nat', *and* have me in credens;
With contrysson) þou hast' mad a recumpens,
þi sowle to save from) all dystresse;
be war', *and* kepe þe from) alle neclygens, be careful;
and after þou xal be pertener of' my blysse. 704 and she shall partake of his bliss.

[Here devodyte Iesus with his desipylles, þe good angyll reioysynge ofe mawdleyn. [leaf 111]

bonus angelus.

Holy god, hyest of omnipotency, 705 The Good Angel
The astat of good governouns to þe I recummend,
Humbylly be-secheyng' þyn) Inperall glorye, prays Jesus to
In þi devyn) vertu vs to comprehend'. 708
¶ and delectabyll Iesu, soverreyn) sapyens,
Ower feyth we recummend' on)-to your purpete,
Most mekely prayyng' to your holy aparens,
Illumyn) ower ygnorans with your devynyte! 712 enlighten their ignorance.

The Good Angel

ye be clepyd Redempcyon of sowlys defens, 713
whyche shal ben obscuryd be þi blessyd mortalyte.
O lux vera, gravnt vs ȝow*er* lucense,
that w*ith* þe spryte of errou*r* I nat seduet be! 716

prays the Holy Spirit and the Trinity that

And sperytu*s* alme, to yow most benyne,
thre p*er*sons In trenyte, and on god eterne,
Most lowly ow*er* feyth we co*n*syngne,

they may come to bliss.

þat we may co*m* to yo*ur* blysse gloryfyed from malyngne,
& w*ith* yo*ur* gostely bred to fede vs, we desyern. 721

Part I. Scene 15. Hell.

[*PART I. Scene* 15.]

Rex deabol*us*.

A, owt, owt, *and* harrow! I a*m* hampord w*ith* hate! 722
In hast wyl I set on Iugment to se;

[leaf 111, back] The King of the Devils calls up Belfagour and Belzabub, to judge the

w*ith* thes betyll browyd bycheys I a*m* at debate.
How! belfago*ur* *and* belȝabub! co*m* vp here to me! 725

[**Here aperytte to dyvllys be-fore þe master.**

secun*d*u*s* diabol*us*.

Here, lord, here! q*wa*t wol ȝe?

tercius diabol*us*.

the Iugme*n*t of harlott*es* here to se,
settyng In Iudycyal lyke a state. 728

Bad Angel who faild with Mary Magdalene.

How, thow bad angyll! a-pere before my g*rac*e!

spi*ritu*s malign*us*.

as flat as fox, I falle before yo*ur* face.

I^us^ Diabol*us*.

thow theffe, wy hast þou don alle þis trespas,
to lett þen woma*n* þi bond*es* breke? 732

mali[g]n*us* spi*ritu*s.

the speryt of g*rac*e sore ded hyr smyth,
& temptyd so sore þat Ipocryte.

I^us^ diabol*us*.

He's to be beaten on his buttocks,

ȝa! thys hard balys on þi bottokkys xall byte!
In hast on þe I wol be wroke. 736

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cum vp, ȝe horsons, *and* skore a-wey þe yche! 737
& with thys panne ȝe do hym) pycche!
cum of, ȝe harlottes, þat yt wer don)! 739

and so are all the other 7 Devils who came out of Mary.

[Here xall þey serva all þe seuyne as þey do þe freste.

Primus Deabolus.

Now have I a part of my desyer': 740
goo In-to þis howsse, ȝe lordeynnes here,
& loke ye set yt on) a feyer',
& þat xall hem) a-wake. 743

[Here xall þe tother deylles sette þe howse one a fyere, and make a sowth, *and* mari xall go to lazar *and* to martha.

[leaf 112] The other Devils set fire to the house [? whose.]

I^us diabolus.

So, now have we well afrayyd þese felons ffals! 744
They be blasyd both body *and* hals!
Now to hell lett vs synkyn) als,
to ower felaws blake. 747

[*PART I. Scene* 16.]

Part I. Scene 16. *The Castle of Maudleyn, Bethany.*

mari mavgleyn.

O brother, my hartes consolacyown)! 748
O blessyd In lyffe, *and* solytary!
the blyssyd prophet, my comfortacyown),
He hathe made me clene *and* delectary,
the wyche was to synne a subiectary. 752

Mary Magdalene tells Lazarus how Jesus cleansd her of sin,

Thys kyng' cryste consedyryd his creacyown);
I was drynchyn) In synne deversarye
tyll þat lord relevyd me be his domynacyown),
grace to me he wold never de-nye; 756
thowe I were nevyr so synful, he seyd 'revertere'!
O, I synful creature, to grace I woll a-plye;
the oyle of mercy hath helyd myn) Infyrmyte.

and bade her 'Turn again.'

martha.

now worchepyd be þat hey name, Iesu, 760
the wyche In latyn) is callyd savyower!
fulfyllyng' þat word ewyn) of dewe,
[illegible]full *and* seke he is sokour. 763

Martha says

He is the succour of all sinners.

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Lazarus.

[leaf 112, back] Lazarus welcomes his sister Mary Magdalene.

systyr, ȝe be welcum on)-to yower towere! 764
glad In hart of yower obessyawnse,
wheyl þat I leffe, I wyl serve hym) with honour,
that ȝe have forsakyn) synne *and* varyawns. 767

mary Mavdeleyn.

She prays Christ to give them grace to serve Him ever.

Cryst, þat is þe lyth *and* þe cler daye, 768
He hath on)-curyd þe therknesse of þe clowdy nyth.
of' lyth þe lucens *and* lyth veray,
Wos prechyng' to vs is a gracyows lyth,
Lord', we be-seche þe, as þou art' most' of myth, 772
Owt' of' þe ded slep of' therknesse de-fend vs aye!
gyff' vs grace ewyr to rest' In lyth,
In quyet *and* In pes to serve þe nyth and day! 775

[Here xall lazar take his deth, þus seyynge.

[Lazarus.]

Lazarus is stricken with death, and calls to his sisters for help.

A, help, help, systyrs! for charyte! 776
a-las! dethe is sett at my hart;
a! ley on) handes! wher ar' ȝe?
a! I faltyr *and* falle! I wax alle on)-quarte! 779
A! I bome a-bove; I wax alle swertt!
A, good Iesu, thow be my gyde!
A! no lengar now I reverte!
I yeld' vp þe gost', I may natt' a-byde! 783

[leaf 113]

mary Mavdeleyn.

Mary Magdalene comforts him.

O good brother, take covmforth *and* myth, 784
and' lett non) heuynes In ȝower hart' a-byde;
Lett a-way alle þis feyntnesse *and* fretth,
& we xal gete yow leches, ȝower peynes to devyde. 787

martha.

Martha says they'll go for Christ.

A! I syth *and* sorow, *and* sey, a-las! 788
thys sorow ys a-poynt to be my confusyon).
Ientyl syster, hye we from) þis place,
for þe prophe[t] to hym hatt grett delectacyon); 791

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good brother', take somme comfortacyon),
for we woll go to seke yow cure. 793

[**Here goth mary** *and* **martha**, *and* **mett with Iesus, þus seyynge.**

[*PART I. Scene* 17.]

Part I. Scene 17. Beyond Jordan.

[*Mary & Martha.*]

O lord Iesu, ower mellefluous swettnesse, 794
thowe art grettest lord In glorie,
Lover to þe lord In all lowlynesse!
Comfort þi creatur þat to þe crye! 797 Mary and Martha tell Jesus that Lazarus is sick,
be-holde yower lover, good lorde, specyally,
How Lazar' lyth seke In grett dystresse!
He ys þi lover, lorde, suerly;
on-bynd hym), good lord, of' his heuynesse! 801 and ask Him to heal him.

Iesus.

of' all In-fyrmyte, þer is non to deth, 802
for of' all peynnes þat is Inpossyble.
To vndyr'-stond be reson), to know þe werke, 804
the Ioye þat is in Ierusallem heuenly,
Can) never be compylyde be covnnyng' of' clerke, [leaf 113, back]
to se þe Ioyys of' þe fathyr In glory, 807
the Ioyys of' þe sonne whych owth to be magnyfyed,
And of' þe therd person, þe holy gost' truly,
& alle iij but on) In heuen) gloryfyede. 810
Now, women, þat arn In my presens here, Jesus bids them go home.
of' my wordys take a-wysement; His grace shall be sent to Lazarus.
go hom) a-ȝen to yower brothyr Lazere;
my grace to hym) xall be sent'. 814

mary Mavdeleyn.

O thow gloryus lorde, here present, 815 They thank Him,
We yelde to þe salutacyon)!
In ower weyys we be expedyent';
now, Lorde, vs defende from) trybulacyon)! 818

[**Here goth mary** *and* **martha homvard,** *and* **Iesus devodyte.** and go home to Bethany.

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Part I. Scene 18. The Castle of Maudleyn, and the Sepulchre in Bethany.

[*PART I. Scene* 18.]

Lazar*us*.

A! In woo I waltyr, as wawys In þe wynd! 819
A-wey ys went all my sokour!
A! deth, deth, þou art on)-kynd!
A! a! now brystyt' myn) hartt! þis is a sharp shower!
fare-well, my systyrs, my bodely helth! 823

Lazarus bids his sisters fare-well, and dies.

[**mortuis est.**

mary *Mavdeleyn*.

Iesu, my lord, be yower sokowr',
And he mott be yower gostes welth! 825

prim*us* miles.

goddes grace mott be hys governour, 826
In Ioy euerlastyng' for' to be!

[leaf 114]

secund*us* miles.

A-monge alle good sowlys send hym) favour
as þi power' ys most' of' dygnyte! 829

martha.

Martha says

Now syn) þe chans is fallyn) soo 830
that deth hath drewyn) hym) don) þis day,
we must' nedys ower devyrs doo,
to þe erth to bryng' hym) with-owt delay. 833

they must bury Lazarus.

mary *Mavdeleyn*.

Mary adds, 'with Wepers clad in black.'

as þe vse is now, *and* hath byn) aye, 834
with wepers to þe erth yow hym) bryng';
alle þis must be donne as I yow saye,
Clad In blake, with-owtyn) lesyng'. 837

prim*us* miles.

gracyows ladyys of' grett honour, 838
thys pepull is com) here In yower syth,
wepyng' *and* welyng with gret dolour
be-cavse of' my lordes dethe. 841

Neighbours come weeping.

The grave is made ready.

[**Here þe one knygth make redy þe stone, and other bryng in þe wepars arayyd in blak.**

primus miles.

Now, good fryndes þat here be, 842 — Lazarus is laid in his tomb.
Take vp thys body with good wyll,
& ley it In his sepoltur semely to se.
good lord, hym) save from) alle maner ille! 845

[Lay hym In.
Here al þe pepyll resort to þe castell, þus seyynge Iesus.

[*PART I. Scene* 19.]

Part I. Scene 19. Beyond Jordan.

[*Iesus.*]

Tyme ys comyn), of very cognysson). 846
My dyssyplys, goth with me, — Jesus bids his Disciples go into Judea with him,
for to fulfyll possybyll peticion).
go we to-gether In-to Iude, 849
Ther lazar, my frynd, is he; — [leaf 114, back]
gow we to-gether as chyldyurn of lyth;
and, from) grevos slepe, sawen) heym) wyll we. — to save Lazarus from sleep.

Dissipulus.

Lord, it plese yower myty volunte, 853
thow he slepe, he may be savyd be skyll.

Iesus.

That is trew, *and* be possybilyte;
therfor of my deth shew yow I wyll. 856
¶ My fathyr, of nemyows charyte, — He tells them how his Father sent him,
sent me, his son), to make redemcyon), — born of a pure Virgin,
wyche was conseyvyd be puer verginyte,
And so In my mother had cler Incarnacyon); 860
and þerfor must I suffyr grewos passyon)
ondyr povnse pylat, with grett perplexite,
betyn), bobbyd, skoernyd, crownnyd with thorne: — to be beaten, and crownd with thorns.
Alle þis xall be þe soferons of my deite. 864
¶ I, therfor, hastely folow me now,
for Lazar is ded verely to preve; — And that Lazarus is dead.
whe[r]for I am) Ioyfull, I sey on)-to yow,
that I knowlege yow þer-with, þat ye may it beleve. 868

[Here xal Iesus com with his dissipules; *and* one Iew tellyt martha.

Part I. Scene 20. Bethany.

[*PART I. Scene* 20.]

[*Iew.*]

A! martha, Martha! be full of gladnesse! 869
for þe prophett ys comyng, I sey trewly,
with his dyssypylles In grett lowlynesse;
[leaf 115] He shall yow comfortt with his mercy. 872

Martha runs to greet Christ, and says,

[**Here martha xall ronne a-ȝene Iesus, þus seyynge.**

[*Martha.*]

a, Lord! me, sympyl creatur, nat denye! 873
thow I be wrappyd In wrecchydnesse!
Lord, *and* þou haddyst byn her, werely
My brother had natt a byn ded; I know well thysse. 876

If he'd been there, her brother 'ud not have died. Jesus says that

Iesus.

Martha, docctor! on-to þe I sey, 877
thy brother xall reyse agayn.

martha.

yee, lord, at þe last day;
that I be-leve ful pleyn. 880

Iesus.

all who believe in him shall have everlasting life.

I am þe resurreccyon of lyfe, þat euer xall reynne; 881
& whoso be-levyt verely In me
Xall have lyfe euerlastyng, þe soth to seyn.
martha, be-levyst thow þis [truly]? 884

martha.

ȝe, forsoth, þe prynsse of blysch! 885
I be-leve In cryst, þe son of sapyens,
whyche with-owt eynd ryngne xall he,
To redemyn vs freell from ower Iniquite. 888

[**Here mary xall falle to Iesus, þus seyynge mary.**

[leaf 115, back]

mary M.

Mary tells Jesus that if he had been with em, their brother had not died.

O þou rythewys regent, reynyng in equite, 889
þou gracyows lord, þou swete Iesus!
And þou haddyst byn her, my brothyr a-lyfe had be.
good lord, myn hertt doth þis dyscus. 892

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Iesus.

Wher have ȝe put hym)? sey me thys. 893 Jesus orders

mary M.

In his mo[nu]ment, lordȝ, is he.

Iesus.

to that place ȝe me wys;
Thatt grave I desyre to se. 896
take of þe ston) of þis monvment! the stone to be taken off
The agrement of grace, her shewyn) I wyll. 898 Lazarus's tomb.

martha.

A, lordȝ, yower preseptt fulfyllydȝ xall be; 899
thys ston) I remeve with glad chyr. Martha takes it off.
gracyows lordȝ, I aske þe mercy,
thy wyll mott be fullfyllydȝ here. 902

[**Here xall martha put ofe þe grave-stone.**

Iesus.

Now, father, I be-seche thyn) hey paternyte, 903 Jesus prays to his Father,
that my prayour be resowndable to þi fathyrod In glory,
to opyn) þeyn) erys to þi son) In humanyte!
nat only for me, but for þi pepyll verely, 906
That þey may be-leue, *and* be-take to þi mercy.
fathyr! for þem) I make supplycacyon).
gracyows father! gravnt me my bone!
Lazer! Lazer! com) hethyr to me! 910 [leaf 116] and bids Lazarus come to him.

[**Here xall lazar a-ryse, trossyd with towelles, In a shete.** Lazarus rises from his tomb,

Lazar.

A! my makar, my savyowr! blyssyd mott þou be! 911 and blesses Jesus.
Here men may know þi werkes of wondyr!
Lord, no thy[n]g ys on)-possybyll to the,
for my body *and* my sowle was departyd asonder! 914
I xuldȝ a[1]-rottyt, as doth þe tondyr [[1] a = have]
fleysch from) þe bonys a[1]-consumyd a-way. 916

Lazarus proclaims God's goodness.

Now is a-loft', þat late was ondyr! 917
the goodnesse of' god hath don) for me here;
for he is bote of' all balys to on)-bynd',
that blyssyd' lord þat here ded a-pere. 920

The folk say they believe in Jesus.

[Here all þe pepull, *and* þe Iewys, mari, *and* martha with one woys sey þes wordes: we be-leve in yow savyowr, Iesus, Iesus, Iesus!

[Iesus.]

of' yower good' hertes I have ad-vertacyounes, 921
where thorow, In sowle holl made ȝe be;
be-twyx yow *and* me be never varyacyounes,
Wherfor I sey, "vade In pace." 924

He bids them depart in peace.

[Here devoydyt Iesus with his desypylles; mary, *and* martha, *and* lazare, gone home to þe castell; *and* here [the kyng of Marcylle] be-gynnyt hys boste.

PART II.

Scene 21. *Marcylle.*

[*PART II. Scene* 21.]

[Kyng of Marcylle.]

[leaf 116, back] The King:—'Why don't ye bend low to me, ye blabber-lipt bitches?

A-wantt, a-want þe, on-worthy wrecchesse! 925
Why lowtt ȝe nat low to my lawdabyll presens,
ye brawlyng' breelles, *and* blabyr-lyppyd bycchys,
obedyenly to obbey me with-owt of-fense? 928
I am a sofereyn) semely, þat ye se butt seyld'; 929
non swyche onder sonne, þe sothe for to say;
whanne I fare fresly *and* fers to þe feld',
my fomen fle for fer of' my fray.
ewen) as an enperower I am) onored ay, 933
Wanne baner gyn) to blasse, *and* bemmys gyn) to blow.

I'm the Head of all Heathendom,

Hed am) I heyest' of' all hethennesse holld'! 935
both kyngges *and* cayseres, I woll þey xall me know,
Or elles þey bey the bargayn), þat ewer þey wer' so bold.

King of Marcylle!

¶ I am) kyng' of' marcylle, talys to be told'; 938
Thus I wold' it wer' knowyn) ferre *and* ner'.
Ho sey contraly, I cast heym) In cares cold',
and he xall bey the bargayn) wondyr dere. 941

I have a lovely wife.

I have a favorows fode, *and* fresse as the fakown), 942
she is full fayer In hyr femynyte; 943

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whan) I loke on) þis lady, I am) lofty as the lyon);
In my syth, 945
of' delycyte most' delycyows, 946 She's the most delicious creature alive.'
of' felachyp most' felecyows,
of' alle fodys most' favarows,
o! my blysse! In bevteus brygth! 949

regina. [leaf 117]

O of' condycyons, and most onorabyll! 950 The Queen of Marcylle thanks the King for his praise of her.
Lowly I thank yow for þis recummendacyon)! 951
the bovnteest, *and* the boldest onder baner bryth!
no creatur so coroscant to my consolacyon)!
whan) the regent be resydent, ittis my refeccyon; 954
yower dilectabyll dedes devydytt me from) dyversyte;
In my person I privyde to put me from) polucyon);
To be plezant to yower person, ittis my prosperyte. 957

rex.

now godamercy, berel brytest of' bewte! 958 He declares she's the Beryl of Beauty,
godamercy, rubu rody as þe rose!
ye be so ple[s]avnt' to my pay, ȝe put me from peyn.
now, comly knygthys, loke þat ȝe forth dresse
both spycys *and* wyn her' In hast. 962 and orders wine and spices.

[Here xall þe knygtes gete spycys *and* wynne, *and* here xall enter a dylle In orebyll a-ray, þus seyynge.

[*PART II. Scene* 22.] *Part II. Scene 22. Marcylle.*

[*A Dylle.*]

Owȝt! owȝt! harrow I may crye *and* yelle, 963 A yelling Devil tells how Christ has harrowd Hell.
for lost is all ower labor! wherfor I sey, alas!
for of' all holddes þat ever hort non) so as hell. 965
ower barres of' Iron) ar all to-brost! stronge gates of' brasse!
the kyng' of' Ioy enteryd In þer-at, as bryth as fyr'ys blase!
for fray of' his ferfull baner', ower felashep fled asondyr;
whan) he towcheyd it, with his toukkyng' þey brast as ony glase, 969 He broke their iron gates like glass
and rofe asonder, as it byn) with thondor'. 970
now ar' we thrall, þat fres' wher fre, 971 [leaf 117, back]

Be þe passon) of' his manhede.

'Christ's Cross has destroyd Hell's work,

O[n] a crosce on) hye hangyd was he,
whych hath dystroyd ower labor *and* alle ower dede. 974

and emptid Limbo of Adam, &c.

He hath lytynnyd lymbo, *and* to paradyse ȝede. 975
þat wondyr-full worke werkytt vs wrake:
Adam) *and* abram), *and* alle hyr' kynred',
Owȝt of' ower preson), to Ioy wer' þey take: 978
all þis hath byn) wrowth syn) freyday at noñe; 979
brostyn) don) ower gates þat hangyd wer' full hye.

He's risen, and gone into Galilee.

Now is he resyn), his resurreccyon is don),
And is procedyd In-to galelye. 982
with many a temtacyon) we tochyd hym) to a-trey,
to know whether he was god or' non).

He's wiped our eye,

ȝe[t], for all ower besynes, bleryd is ower eye, 985
for with his wyld' werke he hath wonne hem) everychon.
now for þe tyme to come 987

and we shall lose our victims.

þer xall non) falle to ower chanse,
But at his deleverans,
And' weyyd be rythfull balans, 990
And' ȝowyn) be rythfull doñe.

I'll go to Hell.'

I telle yow alle, In fine to helle wyll I gonne. 992

[leaf 118]

[Here xall enter þe iij mariis a-rayyd as chast women, with sygnis of' þe passion pryntyd' vp-one þer breste, þus seyynge Mawdleyn.

Part II. Scene 23. Jerusalem, and the Sepulchre.

[*PART II. Scene* 23.]

[*Mavdlyn.*]

Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, lament Christ's death.

Alas! alas! for þat ryall bem)! 993
A! þis percytt my hartt worst' of' all;
for here he turnyd a-ȝen) to þe woman of' Ierusalem),
And for wherynesse lett þe crosse falle. 996

M[ꝛy] Jacobe.[1]

Thys sorow is beytter ar' þan) ony galle; 997
for here þe Ievys spornyd hym) to make hym) goo;

[1] This Mary was supposed to be the supposed Virgin Mary's sister, the wife of Alpheus, the mother of the Apostle James, &c., and Christ's Aunt. She is always identified with Mary Salome, who is here a distinct person.

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and þey dysspyttyd þer kyng' ryall:
that clyvytt myn) hart *and* makett me woo. 1000

M. salome.

yt ys In-tollerabyll to se or to tell, 1001 Mary Salome grieves with them.
for ony creature, þat stronkg' tourmentry.
O lord! þou haddyst a mervelows mell!
yt is to hedyows to dyscry. 1004

[al þe maryys with one woyce sey þis folowyng.

[Maryys.]

Heylle, gloryows crosse! þou baryst þat lord on) hye, The 3 Maries hail the Cross,
whych be þi mygth deddyst lowly bowe don),
mannys sowle to bye from) all thraldam),
that euer-more In peyne shold' a-be, 1008
Be record of' davyt, with myld' stevyn), and pray God to come down.
Domine, inclina celos tuos, et dessende! 1010

M. magdleyn. [leaf 118, back]

Now to þe monument lett vs gon), 1011 They will go to the Sepulchre
wher as ower lord *and* savyowr layd' was,
to a-noynt hym) body *and* bone,
To make a-mendes for ower trespas. 1014
Ho xall put don) þe led' of' þe monvment,
thatt we may a-noy[n]tt his gracyus wovndes? and anoint Christ's wounds.
with hartt *and* my[n]d to do ower Intentt,
with precyus bamys, þis same stovnddes. 1018

M. salome.

Thatt blyssyd body with-In þis bovndes 1019
here was layd with rvfull mones;
Never creature was borne vp-on) gronddes
þat mygth sofer' so hediows a peyne at onys. 1022

[Here xall a-pere ij angelus In whyte at þe grave. Two angels appear to them at the Tomb.

[I^me^] angelus.

ȝe women presentt, dredytt yow ryth nowth? 1023
Iesus is resun, and is natt here.

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The Angels say that Christ shall appear to his disciples

Loo! here is þe place þat he was In-browth. 1025
go, sey to his dysypylles *and* to peter he xall a-pere.

ij^m angelus.

in Galilee.

In galelye, with-owtyn ony wyre, 1027
þer xall ye se hym, lyke as he sayd.
goo yower way, *and* take comfortt *and* chyr,
for þat he sayd, xall natt be delayyd. 1030

[Here xall þe maryys mete with peter *and* Ihone.

Part II. Scene 24. The Road to Jerusalem.

[leaf 119]

[*PART II. Scene* 24.]

M. mavdlyn.

Mary Magdalene tells Peter and John that Christ's body is carrid away.

o peter *and* Ihon! we be be-gylyd!
ower lordes body is borne a-way!
I am aferd ittis dyffylyd!
I am so carefull, I wott natt whatt to saye. 1034

Peter.

of þes tydynggys, gretly I dysmay! 1035
I woll me thether hye with all my myth.
They resolve to go to the Sepulchre,
now, lord defend vs as he best may!
of þe sepulture we woll have a syth. 1038

Ihon.

¶ A! myn Invard sowle stondyng In dystresse,— 1039
þe weche of my body xuld have a gyde,—
for my lord stondyng In hevynesse,
lamenting his sufferings
whan I remembyr his wovndes wyde! 1042

Peter.

The sorow *and* peyne þat he ded drye 1043
for ower offens *and* abomynacyon!
& also I for-soke hym In hys turmentry;
I toke no hede to his techeyng *and* exortacyon. 1046

[How peter *and* Ihon go to þe sepulcur, *and* þe maryys folowyng.

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[*PART II. Scene* 25.]

Part II. Scene 25. The Sepulchre.

[Peter.]

A! now I se *and* know þe sothe! 1047
but, gracyus lord, be ower protexcyon!
Here is nothyng left butt a sudare cloth,
þat of þi beryyng xuld make mencyon. 1050

Ihon.

I am a-ferd of wykkytt opressyon; 1051
where he is be-cum, it can-natt be devysyd;
butt he seyd, after þe iij^d day he xuld have resurrexon.
Long be-forn, thys was promysyd. 1054

St. John says that Christ [leaf 119, back] promist to rise ere the 3rd day.

M. magdleyn.

Alas! I may no lengar a-byde, 1055
for dolour *and* dyssese þat In my hartt doth dwell.

Ius angelus.

woman! woman! wy wepest þou? 1057
wom sekest þou with dolar thus?

M. magdleyn.

A! fayn wold I wete, *and* I wyst how,
wo hath born a-way my lord Iesus. 1060

Mary Magdalene asks the Angel, Who has carrid off her lord, Jesus?

[Hic aparuit Iesus.

Jesus appears,

[Iesus.]

woman! woman! wy syest thow? 1061
wom sekest þou? tell me þis.

and asks Mary whom she seeks.

M. magdlyn.

A, good syr! tell me now
yf þou have born awey my lord Iesus, 1064
for I have porposyd In eche degre 1065
to have hym with me werely,
the wyche my specyall lord hath be,
and I his lover *and* cavse wyll phy. 1068

She asks him if he has borne away her lord Jesus.

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Iesus.

He calls her Mary. O mari! 1069

M. magdleyn.

She knows him, A, gracyus master *and* lord! yow it is þat I seke! 1070

and wants to anoint Lett me a-noynt yow with þis bamys sote.
Lord! long hast þou hyd þe from my spece,

and kiss him. Butt now wyll I kesse þou, for my hartes bote. 1073

Iesus.

Jesus bids Mary not to touch him. Towche me natt, mary! I ded natt asend 1074
to my father In deyyte, *and* on-to yowers;
[leaf 120] Butt go sey to my brotheryn, I wyll pretende
To stey to my father In heu[n]ly towers. 1077

M. magdleyn.

She at first thought he was the gardener. whan I sye yow fyrst, lord, verely 1078
I wentt ye had byn symovd, þe gardener.

Iesus.

Jesus says he is the Gardener of man's Heart, so I am, for-sothe, mary:
mannys hartt is my gardyn here; 1081
þer-In I sow sedys of vertu all þe ȝere;

whence he plucks the Weeds of Vice. þe fowle wedes *and* wycys, I reynd vp be þe rote.
whan þat gardyn is watteryd with terys clere,
than spryng vertuus, *and* smelle full sote. 1085

M. Magdleyn.

O, þou dere worthy emperowere, þ :: hye devyne! 1086
to me þis is a Ioyfull tydyng,
And on-to all pepull þat after vs xall reyngne, 1088
thys knowlege of þi deyyte,
to all pepull þat xall obteyne
and know þis be posybyl[it]e. 1091

Iesus.

He will appear to all sinners who seek him. I woll shew to synnars, as I do to þe, 1092
yf þey woll with veruens of love me seke.

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be stedfast, *and* I xall ev*er* wit*h* þe be,
and wit*h* all tho þ*a*t to me byn) meke. 1095

[Here a-voydyt I*esus* sodenly, þus seyy*n*g mary M.

O, systyr! þ*us* þe hey *and* nobyll Inflventt g*r*ace 1096 Mary says that Christ's appearing
Of' my most blessyd lord I*esus*, I*esus*, I*esus*! [leaf 120, back]
He a-peryd o*n*-to me at þe sepulcur þ*er* I was!
þ*a*t hath relevyd my woo, *and* moryd my blysche! 1099 has relievd her woe.
itt*is* In-nvmerabyll to expresse,
Or for ony tong' for to tell,
of' my Ioye how myche itt*es*,
so myche my pey*n*n*es* itt doth excelle. 1103

M. salome.

Now lett vs go to þe sette, to ow*er* lady dere, 1104 Mary Salome proposes to tell Christ's Mother and his disciples.
Hyr to shew of' h*is* wellfare,
and also to dyssypylle*s* þ*a*t we have syn) here:
þe more yt xall rejoyse þem) from) care. 1107

M. Iacob.

Now, systyr magdley*n*, wit*h* glad chyr; 1108
so wold', þ*a*t good lord, we myth wit*h* hym) mete!

I*esus*.

To shew desyrows hart*es* I am) full nere; Jesus appears to them,
wom*en*, I a-pere to yow, *and* sey 'awete.' 1111

salome.

Now, g*r*acyu*s* lord, of' yow*er* nymyos charyte,— 1112
Wit*h* hombyll hart*es* to þi pr*e*sens co*m*playne,—
gravntt vs þi blyssyng' of' þ hye deyte,
gostly ow*er* sowlys for to sostey*n*ne. 1115

I*esus*.

alle tho byn) blyssyd' þ*a*t sore refrey*n*ne: 1116 blesses them,
we blysch yow, father, *and* son), and holy gost',
all sorow *and* care to co*n*stryne, [leaf 121]
Be ow*er* pow*er* of' myt*es* most'. 1119

In nomine patrys ett felii et spiritus sancti, amen!

and bids them tell his Disciples to go into Galilee.

goo ye to my brethryn, *and* sey to hem þer, 1121
þat þey procede *and* go In-to gallelye;
& þer xall þey se me, as I seyd be-fore,
bodyly, with here carnall yye. 1124

Here Lesus devoydytt a-ȝen.

magdleyn.

Mary blesses Christ,

O þou gloryus lord of heuen regyon, 1125
now blyssyd be þi hye devynyte,
thatt ever thow tokest In-carnacyon
thus for to vesyte þi pore servantes thre. 1128

and will fulfil his hest.

þi wyll, gracyows lord, fulfyllyd xall be
As þou commavndyst vs In all thyng;
Ower gracyows brethryn we woll go se,
with hem to seyn all ower lekeyng. 1132

Here devoyd all þe iij maryys; *and* þe kynge ofe marcyll xall be-gynne a sacryfyce.

Part II, Scene 26. Palace of Marcyll.

[*PART II. Scene* 26.]

rex mercyll.

The King of Marcyll proposes to sacrifice to his Gods,

Now, lordde*s* *and* ladyys of grett a-prise, 1133
a mater to meve yow is in my memoryall,
þis day to do a sacryfyce
with multetude of myrth be-fore ower godde*s* all, 1136

specially

with preors In a-specyall be-fore his presens,
eche creature with hartt de-mvre. 1138

[leaf 121, back]

Regina.

To þat lord curteys *and* keynd, 1139

to Mahound.

mahond, þat is so mykyll of myth,
with mynstrelly *and* myrth In mynd,
lett vs gon ofer In þat hye kyng's syth. 1142

Here xall enter an hethene preste *and* his boye.

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[*PART II. Scene* 27.]

Part II. Scene 27. Marcyll. The Temple.

presbyter.

now, my clerke, Hawkyn, for loue of me 1143
Loke fast mynȝ awter wer a-rayd;
goo ryng a bell to or thre!
lythly, chyld, it be natt delayd, 1146
for here xall be a grett solemnyte.
loke, boy, þou do it with a brayd! 1148

The Priest bids his boy get the altar ready, and ring the bells.

clericus.

whatt, master, woldyst þou have þi lemman to þi beddes syde?
thow xall a-byde tyll my servyse is sayd. 1150

The boy says, "Do you want your wench?

presbyter.

boy! I sey, be sentt coppynȝ, 1151
no swyche wordes to þe I spake.

boy.

wether þou ded or natt, þe fryst Iorny xall be mynȝ,
for, be my feyth, þou beryst wattes pakke; 1154
but, syr, my master grett morell, 1155
ye have so fellyd yower bylly with growell,
þat it growit grett as þe dywll of hell.
onȝ-shaply þou art to see! 1158
whanȝ women comme to here þi sermonȝ,
pratyly with hemȝ I canȝ houkkynȝ,
with kyrchonȝ and fayer marycnȝ.
þey love me better þanȝ ȝe, 1162
I dare sey *and* þou xulddes ryde, 1163
þi body is so grett *and* wyde,
þat never horse may þe a-byde,
exseptt þou breke his bakk asovndyr. 1166

But I'll have first turn.

Your belly's as big as the Devil's.

I can houk Kirchon and [leaf 122] Marion: they love me better than you.

You're so fat that you'd break a horse's back."

presbyter.

A! þou lyyst, boy, be þe dyvll of hell! 1167
I pray god mahond mott þe quell!
I xall whyp þe tyll þi ars xall belle!
On þi ars com mych wondyr. 1170

The Priest declares he'll flog the Boy.

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boy.

The Boy calls the Priest the Devil's uncle.

A fartt, mast*er*, *and* kysse my gre*n*ne! 1171
þe dyvll of' hell was þi e*m*me;
þis kenred is a-spro*n*gyn) late.
Loo, mastyrs, of' swyche a stokke he cam). 1174

pres*by*ter.

mahovnd*es* blod, pr*e*cyows knave! 1175
stryppys on) þi ars þou xall have,
& rappys on) þi pate! 1177

bete hym.

rex dicitt.

The King asks to hear the service.

Now, prys*tes* *and* clerkys, of' þis tempyll cler, 1178
yow*er* *ser*vyse to sey, lett me se.

pres*by*ter.

A, soveryn) lord, we shall don) ow*er* devyr.

The Priest calls for his book, &c.

boy, a boke a-no*n* þou bry*n*g me! 1181
now, boy, to my awter I wyll me dresse; 1182
O*n* xall my westme*n*t *and* myn) aray.

boy.

The Boy says a mocking non-sensical service.

now þan), þe lesson) I woll expresse,
lyke as longytt for þe *ser*vyse of' þis day:— 1185
¶ '**Leccyo mahow*n*dys, viri fortissimi sarasenor*um*,**

[leaf 122, back]

glabriosu*m* ad glvma*n*du*m* glvmardinor*um*,
gormo*n*dor*um* alocor*um*, sta*m*patina*n*tu*m* cursor*um*,
Cow*n*tht*es* fulcatu*m*, co*n*grvryandu*m* tersor*um*, 1189
mursu*m* malgor*um*, Mararaʒor*um*,
skartu*m* sialpor*um*, fartu*m* cardiculor*um*,
slavndri strovmppu*m*, corbolcor*um*,
snygu*er* snago*er* werwolffor*um*, 1193
standgardu*m* lamba beffettor*um*,
strowtu*m* stardy strangolcor*um*,
rygor dagor flappor*um*,
castratu*m* ratyrybaldor*um*, 1197

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Howndes *and* hogges, In hegges *and* helles, 1198 May snakes and toads be your bells; and all the lot of you die on the gallows!
snakes *and* toddes mott be yower belles;
ragnell *and* roffyn), *and* other, In þe wavys,
gravntt yow grace to dye on) þe galows.' 1201

presbyter.

Now, lordes *and* ladyys, lesse *and* more, 1202 The Priest bids them all kneel,
knele all don) with good devocyon);
yonge *and* old, rych *and* pore,
do yower oferyng' to sentt mahownde, and offer to St Mahomet,
& ye xall have grett pardon), 1206 and get pardon.
þat longytt to þis holy place;
& receyve · ȝe xall my benesown),
and stond In mahowndes grace. 1209 [leaf 123]

rex dicitt.

mahownd, þou art of' mytes most', 1210 The King prays Mahomet
In my syth a gloryus gost;
þou comfortyst me both In contre *and* cost'
with þi wesdom *and* þi wytt; 1213
for truly, lord, In þe is my trost'. 1214
good lord, lett natt my sowle be lost! not to let his soul be lost.
all my cownsell well þou wotst.
Here In þi presens as I sett, 1217 He offers a gold besant for himself and his Queen.
thys besawnt of' gold, rych *and* rownd, 1218
I ofer ytt for my lady *and* me,
þat þou mayst be ower covnfortes In þis stownd.
sweth mahovnd, remembyr me! 1221

presbyter.

now, boy, I pray þe lett vs have a song'! 1222 The Priest bids his Boy sing
Ower servyse be note, lett vs syng', I say.
cowff vp þi brest, stond natt to long',
be-gynne þe offyse of' þis day. 1225

boy.

I home *and* I hast, I do þat I may, 1226 The Boy hums, and then they both sing.
with mery tvne þe trebyll to syng'.

synge both.

presbyter.

The Priest slangs his Boy, — Hold vp! þe dyvll mote þe a-fray,
for all owȝt of rule þou dost me bryng! 1229

and shows the King, &c., his relics, — butt now, *ser* kyng, quene, *and* knyth,
be mery In hartt everychon);
for here may ye se relyk*es* brygth,

Mahomet's neck-bone, and [leaf 123, back] — mahown*des* own nekke bon),— 1233
And ȝe xall se er ewer ye gon)
whatt-so-mewer yow be-tyde;
& ye xall kesse all þis holy bon);—

eyelid — Mahown*d*ys own yee-lyd, 1237
ȝe may have of þis grett store, 1238
& ye knew þe cavse wherfor,

that'll blind em, — ytt woll make yow blynd for ew*er*-more.
þis same holy bede, 1241
Lordd*es* *and* ladyys, old *and* ynge, 1242
mahown*d* þe body(?), *and* dragon) þe dere;

while Golias'll send em to Belial. — golyas so good, to blysse may yow bryng, 1244
w*ith* belyall, In blysse ew*er*-lastyng,
þ*a*t ye may þ*er* In Ioy syng
be-fore þ*a*t co*m*ly kyng,
þ*a*t is ow*er* god In fere. 1248

Part II. Scene 28. Jerusalem. Pilate's House.

[*PART II. Scene* 28.]

pylatt.

Pilate asks his servants about the death of Jesus, who was killd unjustly, — Now, ȝe serjaunt*es* semly, q*wa*t sey ȝe? 1249
ȝe be full wetty me*n* In þe law;
of ȝe dethe of Ie*s*u I woll awysyd be;
Ow*er* soferyn) sesar þe soth mvst ned*es* know. 1252
Thys Ie*s*u was a ma*n* of grett ve*r*tu, 1253
And many wondyrs In hi*s* tyme he wrowth;
He was put to dethe be cawsys on)-tru,

[leaf 124] — wheche mat*er* stekytt In my thowth; 1256
& ȝe know well how he was to þe erth browth,
wacchyd w*ith* knygths of grett aray.

has risen again, and taken away Joseph of Arimathea. — He is resyn) agayn), as be-fore he tawth,
& Ioseph of baramathye he hath takyn) awey. 1260

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[Primus] serjantt.

soferyn) Iuge, all þis is soth þat ȝe sey; 1261
But all þis mvst be curyd be sotylte,
& sey how his dysypylles stollyn) hym) away;
And þis xall be þe answer, be þe asentt of me. 1264

The servants tell Pilate to report, in a letter to Cæsar, that Jesus's disciples stole his body.

secundus serjantt.

so it is most lylly for to be; 1265
yower covncell is good *and* commendabyll;
so wryte hym) a pystyll of specyallte,
& þat for vs xall be most prophytabyll. 1268

pylatt.

now, masengyr, In hast hether þou com)! 1269
on) masage þou mvst, with ower wrytyng,
to þe soferyn) emperower of rome.
but fryst þou xall go to herodes þe kyng,
And sey how þat I send hym) knowyng
of crystes deth, how it hath byn) wrowth.
I charge þe make no lettyng
tyll þis letter to þe emperower be browth. 1276

Pilate bids his messenger bear his letter to the Emperor, but first to tell Herod about it.

Nvncyus pylatus. [leaf 124, back]

My Lord, In hast yower masage to spede 1277
On-to þat lordes of ryall renown),
Dowth ȝe nat, my lord, it xall be don) In-dede;
now hens woll I fast owt of þis town). 1280

The Messenger promises to make haste.

Her goth þe masenger to Herodes.

[*PART II. Scene* 29.]

Part II. Scene 29. King Herod's Palace.

nvncyus.

Heyll! soferyn) kyng onder crown)! 1281
þe prynsys of þe law recummende to yower heynesse,
& sendytt yow tydynges of crystes passon),
As In þis wrytyng doth expresse. 1284

Pilate's Messenger shows his letter to Herod.

Herodes.

¶ A! be my trowth, now am) I full of blys! 1285
þes be mery tydynges þat þey have þus don)!

Herod is glad of the news, and to be at one with Pilate.

now certes I am glad of þis;
for now ar we frendes, þat afore wher fon). 1288
hold a reward, masenger, þat thow wer gon),
& recummend me to my soferens grace;
shew hym) I woll be as stedfast as ston),
ferr *and* nere, *and* In every place. 1292

Here goth þe Masenger to þe emperower.

Part II. Scene 30. Rome. The Emperor's Palace.

[*PART II. Scene* 30.]

nvncyus.

The Messenger greets the Emperor and gives him Pilate's letters.

Heyll! be yow sofereyn), settyng In solas! 1293
Heyll! worthy with-owtyn) pere!
Heyll! goodly to gravntt all grace!
Heyll! emperower of þe word ferr *and* nere! 1296
soferyn), *and* it plese yower hye empyre, 1297
[leaf 125] I have browth yow wrytyng of grett a-prise,
wyche xall be pleseyng to yower desyre,
from) pylatt yower hye Iustyce. 1300
He sentt yow word with lowly In-tentt,
In ewery place he kepytt yower cummavndement,
as he is bovnd be his ofyce. 1303

emperower.

The Emperor orders his Judges to attend,

A, welcum masenger of grett pleȝeavns! 1304
þi wrytyng a-non lett me se!
my Iugges anon gyffe a-tendans,
To onderstond whatt þis wrytyng may be, 1307
wethyr it be good ar ony deversyte,
Or elles natt for myn) awayll;
Declare me þis In all þe hast. 1310

and explain Pilate's letter.

provost.

The Provost says

syr, þe sentelles[1] we woll dyscus, 1311
& it plese yower hye exseleyns,
the In-tentt of þis pystull is þus:
pylatt recummendytt to yower presens, 1314
And of a prophett is þe sentelles,[1]

the letter is about the Prophet Jesus,

[1] ? *read* sentens.

whos name was callyd Iesus.
He is putt to dethe with vyolens,
for he chalyngyd to be kyng' of' Iewys; 1318
perfor he was crucyfyed to ded', 1319
And syn) was beryyd', as pey thowth reson);
also he cleymyd' hym-sylf son) of' pe godhed'.
pe therd nygth he was stollyn) away with treson), 1322
with his desypylles pat to hym had dyleccyon), 1323
so with hym) away pey 3ode.
I merveyll how pey ded with pe bodyys corupcyon);
I trow pey wer fed with a froward' fode. 1326

who was crucified because he claimd to be King of the Jews,

[leaf 125, back]

and whose body was stolen by his Disciples.

Imperator.

crafty was per connyng', pe soth for to seyn). 1327
thys pystyll I wyll kepe with me yif' I can);
also I wyll have cronekyllyd' pe 3er' *and* pe reynne,
pat never xall be for-gott, who-so loke per-on). 1330
masengyr', owt of' pis town) with a rage!
Hold' pis gold' to pi wage,
mery for to make. 1333

The Emperor says the fact shall be chronicled.

nvncyus.

fare-well, my lord' of' grett renown),
for owt of' town) my way I take. 1335

Here entyr mawdleyne with hyr dysypyll, pus seyynge.

[*PART II. Scene* 31.]

Part II. Scene 31. *Jerusalem.*

mavdlyn.

A! now I remembyr my lord pat put was to ded' 1336
with pe Iewys, with-owttyn) gyltt or treson):
pe therd nygth he ros be pe myth of' his godhed';
vp-on) pe sonday had his gloryus resurrexcyon); 1339
And now is pe tyme past' of' his gloryus asencyon);
He steyyd' to hevyn), *and* per he is kyng':
A! his grett kendnesse may natt fro my mencyon).
¶ of Alle maner tongges he 3af vs knowyng', 1343
for to vndyrstond' every langwage; 1344
Now have pe dysyllpylles take per passage

Mary Magdalene speaks of Christ's death and resurrection,

and the Gift of Tongues. His disciples have gone abroad to preach the Gospel.

[leaf 126]

to dyvers contreys her *and* ȝondyr,
to prech *and* teche of hiſ hye damage:
full ferr ar my brothyrn de-partyd asondyr. 1348

Part II. Scene 32. Heaven.

[*PART II. Scene* 32.]

Her xall hevyne opyne *and* Iesus xall shew [hymſelf.]

Iesus.

Jesus says he has rested in the Moon,

O, þe on-clypsyd sonne, tempyll of salamon! 1349
In þe mone I restyd, þat never chonggyd goodnesse;
In þe shep of noee, fles of Iudeon;
she was my tapyrnakyll of grett nobyllnesse, 1352
she was þe paleys of phebus brygthnesse,

the vessel of Purity,

she was þe wessell of puer clennesse,
wher my godhed ȝaff my manhod myth,

his Mother,

My blyssyd mother, of demvre femynyte 1356
for mankynd, þe feynddes defens, 1357

Queen of Jerusalem and Empress of Hell.

quewne of Iherusalem, þat heuenly cete,
empresse of hell, to make resystens.
she is þe precyus pyn full of ensens; 1360
the precyus synamver, þe body thorow to seche;
she is þe mvske a-ȝens þe hertes of vyolens,
þe Ientyll Ielopher a-ȝens þe cardyakylles wrech; 1363

No tongue can express her goodness.

The goodnesse of my mother, no tong can expresse,
ner no clerke, of hyr, hyr Ioyys can wryth. 1365
Butt now of my servantt I remembyr þe kendnesse;

[leaf 126, back] He will send Raphael to bid Mary Magdalene go to Marcylle, and convert it.

with heuenly masage I cast me to vesyte,—
Raphaell, myn angell, In my syte;— 1368
to mary Mavdleyn decende In a whyle,
Byd her passe þe se be my myth,
And sey she xall converte þe land of marcyll. 1371

angelus.

O gloryus lord, I woll resortt 1372
to shew your servant of yower grace.
she xall labor for þat londes comfortt,
from heuynesse þem to porchasse, 1375

tunc decendet angelus.

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[*PART II. Scene* 33.]

Part II. Scene 33. Jerusalem. Mary Magdalene's House.

¶ Abasse þe novtt, mary, In þis place; 1376
Ower lordes preceptt þou must full-fyll,
to passe þe see In shortt space
On-to þe lond of marcyll. 1379
Kyng and quene converte xall ȝe, 1380
And bynd a-myttyd as an holy apostylesse;
Alle þe lond xall be techyd alonly be the;
goddes lawys on-to hem ȝe xall expresse. 1383
þer-for hast yow forth with gladnesse,
goddes commavddement for to fullfylle. 1385

The Angel Raphael tells Mary to go to Marcyll, convert the land, and be an Apostoless.

mari Mawdleyn.

[leaf 127]

He þat from my person vij dewlles mad to fle, 1386
be vertu of hym alle thyng was wrowth;
to seke thoys pepyll I woll rydy be.
as þou hast commavnddytt, In vertv þey xall be browth.
¶ with þi grace, good lord, In deite, 1390
Now to þe see I wyll me hy,
sum sheppyng to asspy.
Now spede me, lord, In eternall glory!
now be my spede, allmyty trenite! 1394

She says she is ready to go,

and starts to find a ship to sail in.

[*PART II. Scene* 34.]

Part II. Scene 34. Coast of Judea.

Here xall entyre a shyp with a mery song.

shep-man.

stryke! skryke! lett fall an ankyr to grownd! 1395
Her is a fayer haven to se!
connyngly In, loke þat ye sownd;
I hope good harbarow have xal wee! 1398
loke þat we have drynke, boy þou. 1399

The Shipman bids his men anchor,

boy.

I may natt for slep, I make god a wow;
þou xall a-byde ytte, *and* þou wer my syer. 1401

shepman.

why, boy, we ar rydy to go to dyner. 1402
xall we no mete have?

and asks his boy for their dinner.

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[leaf 127, back]

boy.

The Boy declares he can't get the dinner, he's so bad with the cramp;

Natt for me be of' good chyer,
thowe ye be sor hongord tyll ȝe rave, 1405
I tell yow plenly be-forn); 1406
for swyche a cramp on) me sett is,
I am) a poynt to fare þe worse;
I ly *and* wryng' tyll I pysse,
And am) a poyntt to be for-lorn). 1410

þe master.

now, boy, whatt woll þe þis seyll? 1411

boy.

but a fair damsel's coming to help him.

Nothyng' butt a fayer damsell;
she shold' help me, I know it well,
Ar elles I may rue þe tyme þat I was born). 1414

þe master.

Be my trowth, syr boye, ȝe xal be sped'; 1415
I wyll hyr bryng' on)-to yower bed;
now xall þou lern) a damsell to wed,
she wyll nat kysse þe on) skorn). 1418

The Shipman beats the boy.

bete hym.

þe boy.

A skorn), no, no, I fynd it hernest! 1419
the dewlle of' hell motte þe brest',
for all my corage is now cast';
alasse! I am) for-lorn)! 1422

mav[d]leyn).

Master of' þe shepe, a word with the. 1423

[leaf 128]

master.

The Master tells Mary Magdalene

All redy, fayer woman, whatt wol ȝe?

mary [maudleyn.]

of' whense is thys shep? tell ȝe me;
and yf' ȝe seyle with-in a whyle. 1426

master.

that his ship sails at once to Marcylle.

We woll seyle þis same day, 1427
yf' þe wynd' be to ower pay.

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þis shep þat I of' sey,
is of' þe lond of' marcyll. 1430

Mary [maudleyn.]

syr, may I natt with yow sayle? 1431
& ȝe xall have for yower awayle.

master.

Of' sheppyng' þe xall natt faylle; They sail,
for vs þe wynd is good *and* saffe. 1434
yond *per* is þe lond of' torke, see Turkey
I wher full loth for to lye.

now xall þe shep-men syng.

of' þis cors we thar nat a-baffe, 1437
yender is þe lond of' satyllye. 1438 and Satalye,
¶ stryk! be-ware of' sond'!
cast a led, & In vs gyde!
of' marcyll, þis is þe kynggs lond'. 1441 and land Mary Magdalene at Marcylle.
go a lond, þow fayer woman, þis tyde,
to þe kynggs place; yonder may ȝe se.
sett of', sett of' from) lond'!

þe boy. [leaf 128, back]

All redy, master, at thyn) hand'. 1445

Her goth þe shep owt of þe place.

Mary [Maudleyn.]

O Iesu! þi mellyfluos name 1446
Mott be worcheppyd with reverens!
lord! gravnt me vyctore a-ȝens þe fyndes flame, She prays Christ to grant her
And yn þi lawys gyf' þis pepyll credens. 1449 power to show
I wyll resortt be grett convenyens, 1450 forth his Godhead.
On) his presens I wyll draw ner'
of' my lordes lawys to she[w] þe sentens,
bothe of' his godhed *and* of' his power'. 1453

Here xall mary entyr be-fore þe kynge.

[*PART II. Scene* 35.] *Part II. Scene 35. Marcylle. The King's Palace.*

Now, þe hye kyng' crist', mannes redempcyon), 1454
mote save yow, ser kyng', regnyng' In equite,

Mary Magdalene in Jesus's name begs the King of Marcylle to let her dwell there.

& mote gydde yow yow þe [way] toward sauasyon),
Iesu, þe son of þe mythty trenite,
That was, *and* is, *and* ev*er* xall be, 1458
for m*an*n*es* sowle þe reformacyon);
In h*is* name, lord, I be-seche þe,
w*ith*-In þi lond to have my m*an*cyon). 1461

rex [King of Marcylle.]

[leaf 129]

The King abuses Jesus and her,

Iesu! Iesu! q*wa*t deylle is hym)? þ*a*t? 1462
I defye þe *and* þyn) a-penyon)!
thow false lordeyn), I xal fell þe flatt!
who made the so hardy to make swych rebon)? 1465

mary.

syr, I co*m* natt to þe for no decepcyon), 1466
But þ*a*t good lord crist' hether me co*m*passyd';
to receyve hys name, itt*is* yow*er* refeccyon),
and þi forme of' mysbele[f] be hym) may be losyd'. 1469

rex.

asks who Jesus is,

And whatt is þ*a*t lord þ*a*t thow speke of' her'? 1470

Mary.

Id' est' salvator, yf' thow wyll ler',
þe secu*n*de per*son*) þ*a*t hell ded conquar',
& þe son) of' þe father In trenyte. 1473

Rex.

of what power,

And of' whatt pow*er* is þ*a*t god þ*a*t ȝe reherse to me?

Mary

He mad hevyn) *and* erth, lond *and* see,
[1]and all þis he mad of' nowthe. 1476

Rex.

woma*n*, I pray ȝe answer me. 1477

and how he was made.

whatt mad god' at þe fyrst be-gynnyng'?
thys p*ro*cesse ondyrstond wol we,
that wold' I lerne; Itt*is* my plesyng'. 1480

[[1] MS. & and all.]

mary.

(Iesu, mercy![1])

syr, I wyll declare al *and* sum, 1482 [leaf 129, back] Mary tells the King how God created the world. On Sunday he made the Heavens,

what from) god frystˢ ded procede:

He seyd, 'In principio erat verbum,'

& with þat he provydᵉ his grett godhedᵉ; 1485

He mad heuen) for ower spede,

wher-as he sytth In trones hyee.

His mynystyrs next, as he save nede,

His angelus *and* archangylles all the compeny. 1489 Angels and Archangels.

vp-on) þe fiyst day god mad all þis, 1490

as it was pleȝyngˢ to his Intent.

on þe munday he wold natt mys 1492 On Monday, the sun, moon, stars and sky.

To make sonne, mone, *and* sterrys & þe fyrmament;

The sonne to be-gynne his cors In þe oryentˢ, 1494

& ever labor with-owtȝn) werynesse,

& kepytt his covrs In-to þe occedentˢ.

The twysday, as I on)dyrstond þis, 1497 On Tuesday he sat on the waters, and made sea and land.

grett grace for vs he gan) to In-cresse;

þat day he satt vp-on) wateris,

as was lykyng to his goodnesse, 1500

As holy wrytt berytt wettnesse. 1501

þat tyme he made both see *and* londᵉ,

All þat werke ofˢ grett nobyll-nesse,

as it was pleȝyngˢ to his gracyus sondᵉ. 1504

On) þe weddysday, ower lord ofˢ mythe 1505 [leaf 130] On Wednesday he made fish and fowl.

made more at his pleȝyngˢ;

fysche In flod, *and* fowle In flyth;

And all þis was for ower hellpyngˢ. 1508

On) the thorsday, þat nobyll kyngˢ On Thursday beasts.

mad dyverse bestes grett *and* smale;

He yaff hem) erth to ther fedyngˢ,

and bad hem) cressyn) be hylle *and* dale. 1512

And on) þe fryday, god mad man), 1513 On Friday, man, in his own likeness.

as it pleȝett his hynesse mostˢ,

[1] 'Iesu mercy' is at the bottom of the page, in the margin.

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after his own) semelytude than,
and ȝaf hem) lyfe of' þe holy gost'. 1516

On Saturday, he blest his works and bad 'em multiply; and

O[n] þe satyrday, as I tell can),
All his werkys he gan) to blysse;
He bad them) multyply *and* Increase than),
as it was pleȝyng' to his worthynesse. 1520

on Sunday he rested.

And on) þe sonday, he gan) rest take, 1521
as skryptur declarytt pleyn),
þat al shold' reverens make
to hyr makar þat hem) doth susteyn), 1524
vp-on) þe sonday to leuen) In his servyse,
& hym) alonly to serve, I tell yow pleyn). 1526

rex.

The King says his Gods did these things,

Herke, woman, thow hast many resonnes grett; 1527
I thyngk, on)-to my goddes aperteynyng' þey beth.
but þou make me answer son, I xall þe frett,
& cut þe tonge owt of' þi hed'. 1530

[leaf 130, back]

Mary.

syr, yf' I seyd' amys, I woll retur[n] agayn). 1531
leve yower encomberowns of' perturbacyon),
& lett me know what yower goddes byn),
And how þey may save vs from) trevbelacyon. 1534

rex.

and orders all to go to their Temple.

Hens to þe tempyll þat we war', 1535
and þer xall thow se a solom) syth.
Com on) all, both lesse *and* more,
thys day to se my goddes myth. 1538

Here goth þe Kynge with all his a-tendavnt to þe tempyll.

Part II. Scene 36. The Temple at Marcylle.

[*PART II. Scene* 36.]

Loke now, qwatt seyyst thow be þis syth? 1539
How pleȝeavnttly þey stond, se thow how!

The King of Marcylle prays his God to speak to Mary Magdalene.

lord, I besech þi grett myth,
speke to þis *chris*etyn) þat here sestt þou. 1542
¶ speke, god lord', speke! se how I do bow!

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Herke, þou pryst! q*wa*t menytt all this?
what! speke, good lord! speke! w*ha*t eylytt þe now?
speke, as thow artt bote of all blysse! 1546

prysbit*er*.

lord, he woll natt speke whyle *chris*eten her is. — The God won't speak while a Christian's near.

Mary.

syr kyng, *and* it pleze yow*er* gentyllnesse, 1548 — Mary asks leave to try her God,
gyff me lycens my prayors to make
on-to my god In heven blysch,
su*m* merakyll to shewyn for yow*er* sake. — to show a miracle for the King's sake.

Rex.

pray þi fylle, tyll þen knees ake. 1552

mary.

Domin*us*, illuminacio mea, qu*em* timebo! — She prays,
Domin*us*, pr*o*tecector vite mee, a quo trepedabo! — [leaf 131]

Here xal þe mament tremyll *and* quake. — and the Idol quakes.

Now, lord of lord*es*, to þi blyssyd name sanctificatt, — She prays again to God to show his power.
most mekely my feyth I recu*mmen*d. 1556
pott don þe pryd of mam*entes* violatt!
lord, to þi lov*er* þi goodnesse descend; 1558
lett natt þ*er* pryd to þi poste pr*e*tend,
wher-as is rehersyd þi hye name Ihesus.
good lord, my pr*e*or I feythfully send;
Lord, þi rythwysnesse here dysc*us*! 1562

Here xall co*m*me a clowd from*e* heven*e*, *and* sett þe te*m*pyl On*e* a fyer, *and* þe pryst *and* þe cler[k] xall synke; *and* þe kyng*e* gothe home, þ*us* seyyng*e*, — The Temple is set on fire, and the Priest sinks.

[Rex.]

A! ow3t! for angur I am þ*us* deludyd. 1563 — [leaf 131, back]
I wyll be-wreke my cruell tene.
alas! w*ith*-In my-sylfe I am co*n*cludytt.
þou woman, co*m*me hether *and* wete whatt I mene; — The King tells Mary that if she can make his wife with child,
My wyff *and* I to-gether many 3erys have byn,
& nev*er* myth be co*n*ceyvyd w*ith* chyld, 1568

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he'll obey her God.

yf þou for þis canst fynd a mene,
I wyll a-bey þi god, *and* to hym be meke *and* myld. 1570

Mary.

Now, syr, syn þou seyst so, 1571
to my lord I pr[a]ye *with* reythfull bone;
be-leve In hym *and* In no mo,
& I hope she xall be conceyvyd sone. 1574

Rex.

Now he is sick, and will go to bed.

A-woyd, awoyd, I wax all seke, 1575
I wyll to bed þis same tyde.
I am so wexyd *with* ȝen sueke,
þat hath ner to deth me dyth. 1578

Here þe Kynge goth to bed In hast, *and* mary goth In-to an olde logge *with*-owt þe gate, *þus* seyynge.

mary.

Mary prays to Christ to send her food and drink.

Now, cryst, my creatur, me conserve *and* kepe, 1579
þat I be natt confunddyd *with* þis reddure!
for hungor *and* thurst, to þe I wepe;
lord, demene me *with* mesuer! 1582
as þou savydyst daniell from þe lyounes rigur,
Be abacuk þi masengyr, relevyd *with* sustynovns,
good lord, so hellpe me *and* sokore,
lord, as ittis þi hye pleȝeawns. 1586

Part II. Scene 37. Heaven; then, outside Marcylle Palace.

[*PART II. Scene* 37.]

Iesus.

My grace xall grow, *and* don decend 1587
to mary my lover, *þat* to me doth call,
Hyr assatt for to a-mend;
she xall be relevyd *with* sustinons corporall. 1590

Jesus bids Angels feed Mary, and take her to the King's chamber.

now, awngelus, dyssend to hyr In especyall,
And lede hyr to þe prynssys chambyr ryth.
bed hyr axke of his good be weyys pacyfycal;
and goo yow be-fore hyr *with* reverent lyth. 1594

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Primus angelus.

Blyssyd lord, In þi syth 1595 The Angels come down
we dyssend on)-to mary.

ij^us angelus.

We dyssend^d from) yower blysse bryth;
On)-to yower cummavndement we aplye. 1598 to Mary Magdalene,

Tunc dissenditt angelus.

primus dyxit.

mary, ower lord wyll comfortt yow send^d: 1599
he bad, to þe kyng^t ye xuld^d take þe waye, and tell her that Jesus bids her go to the King of Marcylle,
hym) to a-say, yf^t he woll condesend^d;
as he is slepyng^t, hem) to a-saye. 1602

ij^us angelus.

Byd hym) releve yow to goddes pay, 1603 [leaf 132]
And we xal go be-fore yow with solem) lyth; while they walk before her with lights,
In a mentyll of^t whyte xall be ower araye; clad in mantles
The dores xall opyn) a-ȝens vs be ryth. 1606 of white,

Mary.

O, gracyus god, now I vndyrstond^d! 1607
thys clothyng^t of^t whyte is tokenyng^t of^t mekenesse. tokens of meekness.
now, gracyus lord, I woll natt wond^d,
yower preseptt to obbey with lowlynesse. 1610 Mary will obey.

Here goth mary, with þe angelus be-fore hyre, to þe Kynggs bed, with lythys berynge, þus seyyng mary.

[*PART II. Scene* 38.]

Part II. Scene 38. Marcylle. The King's Palace.

[Mary.]

thow froward Kyng^t, trobelows *and* wood^d, 1611 Mary bids the King share some of his goods with her, and turn from his evil ways.
that hast at þi wyll all worddes wele,
Departe with me with sum of^t þi good^d,
that am) In hongor, threst, *and* cold^d! 1614
god^d hath þe sent warnyngys felle;
I rede þe torne, *and* amend^d þi mood^d;
Be-ware of^t þi lewdnesse, for þi own) hele! She warns the Queen too, and puts on the Angel's garment.
And^d thow qwen), tvrne from) þi good^d. 1618

Here mari woydyt; *and* þe angyll *and* mary chong[e] hyr clotheynge, þus seyynge þe Kynge.

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[Kyng.]

The King of Marcylle [leaf 132, back]

A! þis day is comȝ! I amȝ mery *and* gladd; 1619
The sonȝ is vp, *and* shynyth bryth.

says that in his sleep a fair Woman in white,

A mervelows shewyng', In my slep I hadd,
That sore me trobelydd, þis same nyth: 1622
A fayer woman I saw In my syth,
All In whyte was she cladd;

led by an angel, appeard to him,

Led she was with anȝ angyll bryth,
to me she spake with wordes sad. 1626

regina [The Queen of Marcylle.]

I trow, fromȝ goodd þat þey werȝ sentt; 1627
Inȝ ower hartes we may have dowte;
I wentt ower chambyr shollde a brentt,
for þe lyth þat þer was all a-bowth. 1630

and, as the Queen adds, bade them help the needy with their goods.

to vs she spake wordes of' dredd,
that we xuldd help þemȝ þat haue nede,
with ower godes, so god ded byd,
I tell yow with-owtynȝ dowthe. 1634

rex.

Now, semely wyff, ȝe sey ryth well. 1635

The King sends a knight to fetch the Woman.

A knyth a-nonȝ with-owtynȝ delay!
now, as þou hast bynȝ trew as stylle,
goo fett þat woman be-fore me þis daye. 1638

Miles.

my sovereynȝ lordd, I take þe waye; 1639
she xall comȝ at ower pleseawns.
yower soverynȝ wyll I wyll goo saye,
ittis almesse hyr to a-wawns. 1642

[leaf 133] **thunc transiunt miles ad mariam.**

Part II. Scene 39. Marcyll. Outside the Palace; then, inside.

[*PART II. Scene* 39.]

sped well, good woman! I amȝ to þe sentt, 1643
yow for to speke with þe Kyng'.

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Maria.

gladly, ser, at hys Intentt', — Mary comes gladly.
I comme at his own) pleȝeyng'. 1646

Tunc transytt maria ad regem.

The mythe *and* þe powere of' þe heye trenyte, 1647 — Mary greets the King,
the wysdom) of' þe son), mott governe yow In ryth!
the Holy gost mott with yow be!
what is yowre wyll? sey me In sythe. 1650 — and asks what he wants.

Rex.

thow fayer woman, ittis my delyth, 1651 — He says,
þe to refresch is myn) Intentt',
with mete *and* mony, *and* clothys for þe nyth, — to give her food and money.
And' with swych grace as god hathe me lentt. 1654

Maria.

Than) fullfylle ȝe goddes cummavndement, 1655 — Mary bids him help the poor,
pore folk In mysch[ef], þem) to susteyn).

Rex.

Now, blyssyd woman, reherse here presentt,
the Ioyys of' yower lord' In heven). 1658

Mary.

¶ A! blyssyd' þe ower, *and* blyssyd' be þe tyme, 1659 — and blesses the time in which he turnd to God.
þat to goddes lawys ȝe wyll gyff credens,
to yower selfe ȝe make a glad' pryme
A-ȝens þe fenddes Malycyows violens. 1662
from) god' a-above, comit þe In-fluens, — [leaf 133, back]
Be þe Holy gost In-to þi brest sentt down),
for to restore þi of'-fens, 1665
þi sowle to bryng' to ewerlastyng' salvacyon.
Thy wyffe, she is grett with chyld';
Lyke as þou desyerst, þou hast þi bone. 1668 — She tells him his wife is great with child.

Regina.

A! ȝe! I felytt ster In my wombe vp *and* down); 1669 — The Queen feels the child quick within her.
I am) glad' I have þe In presens.
O blyssyd' womman, rote of' ower savacyon),
þi god woll I worshep with dew reverens. 1672

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Rex.

The King asks Mary her name,

Now, fay*er* wo*m*man, sey me þe sentens, 1673
I be-seche þe, whatt is þi name?

Mary.

ser, a-ȝens þ*a*t I make no resystens,
Mary mavdleyn) w*ith*-owtyn) blame. 1676

rex.

and thanks her,

O! blyssyd mary, ryth well is me 1677
þ*a*t ewer I have abedyn) þis daye.
now thanke I þi god, *and* specyally ȝe,
And so xall I do whyle I leve may. 1680

mary.

ȝe xall thankytt pet*er*, my mast*er*, w*ith*-owt delay. 1681
He is þi frend, stedfast *and* cler;
[leaf 134] To allmythy god he halp me pray,
and he xall crestyn) yow from) þe fynd*des* pow*er*, 1684
In þe syth of god an hye.

rex.

now suerly ȝe answer me to my pay;
I am) ryth glad of þis tyddyng*es*.

and gives her possession of all his goods,

Butt, mary, In all my good*es* I sese yow þis day, 1688
for to byn) at yow*er* gydyng,

to do what she likes with till he comes home from being baptised by St. Peter.

And þem) to rewlyn) at yow*er* pleȝeyng 1690
Tyll þ*a*t I co*m*me hom) a-gayn).
I wyll axke of yow neythyr lond nor rekynyng,
But I here delev*er* yow power pleyn). 1693

regina.

Now, worshepfull lord, of a bone I yow pray, 1694
And it be pleȝeyng to yow*er* hye dygnite.

Rex.

Madam), yow*er* dysyer on)-to me say.
what bone is þ*a*t ȝe desyer of me? 1697

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regina.

Now, worshepfull sovereyn), In eche degre, 1698 — The Queen begs that she may go with him.
þat I may with yow goo,
A crestyn) womman made to be.
gracyus lord, it may be soo. 1701

Rex.

A-las! þe wyttes of wommen, how þey byn wyllꝯ! — The King dissuades his wife [leaf 134, back] from going.
And þer-of fallytt many a chanse.
A! why desyer it? *and* yow ar with chyldꝯ. 1704

regina.

A! my sovereyn), I am) knett In care, 1705
but ȝe consedyr now þat I crave;
for all þe lowys þat ever ware, — She begs him not to leave her behind,
be-hynd yow þat ȝe me nat leve. 1708

Rex.

wyff, syn) þat ȝe woll take þis wey of pryse, 1709 — and he agrees to take her.
þerto can) I no more seyn);
now, Iesu be ower gyd, þat is hye Iustyce,
And þis blyssydꝯ womman, mary mavgleyn)! 1712

Mary.

syth ȝe ar consentyd to þat dede, 1713
the blyssyng of god gyff to yow wyll I; — Mary blesses them.
He xall save yow from) all dredꝯ,
In nomine patrys, et filij, et spiritus sancti. amen! 1716

Ett tunc navis venit In placeam, et navta dicit.

[*PART II. Scene* 40.] — *Part II. Scene 40. Marcylle shore.*

[Navta.]

Loke forth, grobbe, my knave, 1717
& tell me qwat tydynges þou have,
& yf þou a-spye ony londꝯ. 1719

boy.

In)-to þe shrowdes I woll me hye. — The Shipman's boy Grobbe sees a Castle
be my fythe, a castell I aspye,
& as I ondyrstond. 1722

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navta.

sett *þer-with*, yf' we mown), 1723

The ship arrives at Marcylle,

for I wott itt*is* a havyn) town)
þat stondyt vp-on) a strond'. 1725

Ett tunc transitt rex ad navem, et *dicit* rex.

[leaf 135]

[**Rex.** The King of Marcylle.]

and the King

How, good ma*n*, of' whens is *þat* shep? 1726
I pray ȝe *ser*, tell *þou* me.

navta.

ser, as for *þat*, I take no kepe;
for q*wat* cavse enquire ȝe? 1729

rex.

wants to sail off in her.

for cavsys of' nede, seyle wold' we; 1730
ryth fayn) we wold' ow*er* byn).

navta.

ȝee, butt me thynkytt, so mote I the,
so hastely to passe, yow*er* spendyng' is thyn). 1733

The Shipman suggests that he's stolen some man's wife, and wants to carry her away;

I trow, be my lyfe, 1734
þou hast stollyn) su*m* ma*nnes* wyffe;
þou woldyst lede hyr owt of' lond'. 1736
never'-*þe*-les, so god' me save,
lett se whatt I xall[1] have,
or ell*es* I woll nat wend'. 1739

rex.

but, for 10 marks, he agrees to take the King and Queen to the Holy Land.

Ten marke I wyll ȝe gyff,
yf' *þou* wylt set me vp at *þe* cleyff'
In *þe* holy lond'. 1742

navta.

set of', boy, In-to *þe* flod'! 1743

boy.

I xall, mast*er*, *þe* wynd' is good';
Hens *þat* we wer'. 1745

lame*nta*ndo regina.

[[1] MS. xall xall.]

[*PART II. Scene* 41.]

Part II. Scene 41. At sea. A rock on an island. The Holy Land.

[Regina.]

A! Lady! helpp In þis nede, 1746
þat In þis flod we drench natt.
O blyssyd lady! for-ȝete me nowth! 1748 The Queen of Marcylle calls on Mary to help her.
A! mary, mary, flow*er* of wo*m*ma*n*ned!

Rex.

[leaf 135, back]

a! My dere wyffe! no dred ȝe have, 1750
butt trost In mary mavdleyn),
And she from) perelle*s* xall vs save;
to god for vs she woll prayyn). 1753

regina.

A! dere hosbond, thynk on) me, 1754
& save yow*er* sylfe as long as ȝe may;
for trewly itt wyll no other-wyse be;
full sor my hart it makytt þis day. 1757
A! þe chyld þat be-twyx my syd*es* lay, She is in child-birth,
þe wyche was co*n*seyvyd on) me be ryth!
Alas! þat wo*m*ma*nn*es help is away;
an) hevy dep*ar*tyng is be-twyx vs In syth; 1761
for now dep*ar*te wee.
for de-fawte of wo*m*me*n* here In my nede, 1763 and having no woman's help,
deth my body makyth to sprede.
now, mary mavdleyn), my sowle lede! commits her soul to God,
In man*us* tuas, d*om*ine! 1766 and dies.

Rex.

Alas, my wyff is ded! 1767 The King laments his wife's death,
alas! þis is a carefull chans!
so xall my chyld, I am) a-dred,
& for defawth of sustyno*uns*. 1770
good lord, þi g*r*ace gravnte to me! 1771 and prays God to keep his child alive.
A chyld be-twen) vs of Increse, [leaf 136]
an it is mother-les!
Help me, my sorow for to relesse,
yf þi wyl it be! 1775

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navta.

benedicite, benedicite! 1776

The storm increases.

q*wat* wethyr may þis be?
ow*er* mast woll all a-sondyr. 1778

boy.

The men want to throw the Queen's corpse overboard.

Mast*er*, I þ*er*-to ley mynȝ ere; 1779
it is for þis dedꝫ body þ*at* we bere;
cast hyr owt, or ell*es* we synke ond[yr.] 1781

make redy for to cast hyr owt.

Rex.

nay, for godd*es* sake, do natt so! 1782
& ȝe wyll hy*r* In-to þe se cast,
gyntyll ser*es*, for my love do.

The King begs them to put it and his child on a rock.

ȝendyr is a roch In þe west: 1785
as ley hyr þ*er*-onȝ all a-bove,
and my chyldꝫ hyr by. 1787

navta.

as þ*er*-to I a-sent well. 1788
& she were owt of þe wessell,
all we xuldꝫ stond þe more In hele,
I sey yow werely. 1791

Rex.

The corpse and child are laid there,

ly here, wyff, *and* chyldꝫ þe by. 1792
blyssydꝫ mavdleynȝ, be hyr rede!
w*ith* terys wepyng', *and* grett cavse why,

and the King kisses them.

I kysse yow both In þis sted. 1795
now woll I pray to mary myldꝫ
to be þ*er* gyde her'. 1797

tunc remigat a mo*n*tem, et navta d*icit*.

[leaf 136, back]

[Navta].

The ship reaches the Holy Land.

pay now, s*er*, *and* goo to londꝫ, 1798
for here is þe portt ȝaf I ondyrstondꝫ,
ley downȝ my pay In my hondꝫ,
& be-lyve go me fro. 1801

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ex.

I gravnt þe, *ser*, so god me save. 1802 The King of Marcylle pays the Shipman and his Boy, a mark each extra.
lo, here is all þi connownt,
all-redy þou xall it have,
and a marke more þan þi gravnt. 1805
& þou page, for þi good obedyentt, 1806
I gyff yow be-syde yow*er* styntt,
Eche of yow a marke for yow*er* wage. 1808

nawta.

now he þat made bothe day *and* nyth, 1809
He sped yow In yow*er* ryth,
well to go on yow*er* passage! 1811

[*PART II. Scene* 42.]

Part II. Scene 42. Jerusalem.

peter.

now all creaturs vp-on mold, 1812 St. Peter says that all folk are bound to worship Jesus.
þat byn of crys*tes* creacyon,
to worchep I*esu* þey ar be-hold,
nor nev*er* a-ȝens hym to make waryacyon. 1815

rex [The King of Marcylle.]

ser, feythfully I be-seche yow þis daye; 1816 The King of Marcylle asks for Peter,
wher pet*er* þe apostull is, wete wold I.

peter.

ittis I, syr, wi*th*-owt delay;
of yow*er* askyng tell me qwy. 1819

rex.

ser, þe soth I xall yow seyn, 1820
and tell yow myn Intentt wi*th*-In a whyle. [leaf 137]
þ*er* is a woma*n* hyth mary mavdleyn, and says that Mary Magdalene has sent him to
þat hether hath laberyd me owt of mercyll;— 1823
on-to þe wyche woma*n* I thynk no gyle,—
and þis pylgramage cavsyd me to take.
I woll tell yow more of þe stylle,
for to crestyn me from wo *and* wrake. 1827 be baptisd by Peter.

peter.

O, blyssyd be þe tyme þat ȝe ar' falle to grace, 1828
& ȝe wyll kepe yower be-leve after my techeyng',
& alle-only for-sake þe fynd saternas,
the commavndme[n]ttes of' god to have In kepyng'.

rex.

The King of Marcylle declares his belief in the Trinity,

for-soth, I be-leve In þe father, þat is of' all wvldyng',
And In þe son), Iesu Cryst, 1833
also In þe holy gost, his grace to vs spredyng'.

Christ's death and uprising,

I be-leve In crystes deth *and* his vprysyng'. 1835

Petyr.

ser, þan) whatt axke ȝe? 1836

Rex.

and prays Peter to baptize him.

Holy father, baptyn), for charyte,
Me to save In eche degre
from) þe fyndes bond'. 1839

petyr.

In þe name of' þe trenite, 1840

Peter does so,

with þis water I baptysse ȝe,
þat þou mayst strong' be,
A-ȝen) þe fynd' to stond'. 1843

Tunc aspargit illum cum aqua.

[leaf 137, back]

rex.

A! holy fathyr, how my hart wyll be sor, 1844
of' cummav[n]ddementt *and* ȝe declare nat þe sentens.

petyr.

syr, dayly ȝe xall labor[1] more *and* more,
tyll þat ȝe have very experyens; 1847
with me xall ȝe wall[2] to have more eloquens, 1848

and bids the King visit the Stacions and go to Nazareth and Bethlehem.

& goo vesyte þe stacyons by *and* by;
to naȝareth *and* bedlem) goo with delygens,
& be yower own) In-speccyon) yower feyth to edyfy. 1851

[1 MS. lobor.] [2 ? dwell: *wall* is to well, flow.]

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Rex.

now, holy father, derevorthy *and* dere, 1852 The King of Marcylle says
mynȝ Intent now know ȝe,
ittis gonȝ full to ȝere,
þat I cam to yow owerȝ þe se, 1855
crystes servont *and* yower to be, 1856
& þe lave[1] of hymȝ ever to fulfyll. [1 lawe]
now woll I homȝ In-to my contre. he will go home.
yower pverȝ blyssynd, gravnt vs tylle,
þat, feythfully I crave. 1860

petrus.

now In þe name of Iesu, Peter gives him his blessing.
Cum patre et sancto speritu,
He kepe þe *and* save! 1863

et tunc rex transit ad navem, et dicit rex.

[*PART II. Scene* 43.] *Part II. Scene 43. The Holy Land Shore*

[Rex.]

Holdȝ ner, shepman, hold, holdȝ! 1864 The King of Marcylle sees his

boy.

ser, ȝendyr is onȝ callydȝ after coldȝ.

navta.

A, ser! I ken yow of old. old Shipman,
be my trowth, ȝe be welcum to me. 1867

Rex. [leaf 138]

now, gentyll marranerȝ, I þe pray, 1868 and asks him to take him back to Marcylle.
what-so-ewer þat I pay,
In all þe hast þat ȝe may,
Help me ower þe se. 1871

navta.

In good soth we bynȝ a-tenddawnt; 1872 The Shipman gladly agrees,
gladly ȝe xall have yower gravnt.
with-owtynȝ ony connownt.
comme In, In goddes name! 1875

and tells Grobbe to haul up the sail.

grobbe, boy! þe wynd is nor west'! 1876
fast a-bowth þe seyle cast'!
rere vp þe seyll In all þe hast,
as well as þou can). 1879

et tunc navis venit ad-circa placeam: rex dicit.

Part II. Scene 44. At sea The Rock. Marcylle strand.

[*PART II. Scene* 44.]

[Rex.]

master of' þe shyp, cast forth yower yee! 1880

They see the Rock

me thynkyt þe rokke I gyn) to a-spye.
gentyll master, ȝether vs gye;
I xall qwyt yower mede. 1883

navta.

I feyth it is þe same ston) 1884

where they laid the Queen's corpse, with her child.

þat yower wyff lyeth vp-on);
ye xall be þer even) a-non,
werely Indede. 1887

[leaf 138, back]

Rex.

The King sees his babe all sound,

O þou myty lord' of' heven) region), 1888
ȝendyr is my babe of' myn) own) nature,
preservyd' and keptt from) all corrupcyon!
blyssyd be þat lord þat þe dothe socur', 1891

and his wife too.

And my wyff lyeth her' fayer and puer!
fayer' and cler' is hur color to se!
a! good lord, yower grace with vs Indure, 1894
My wyvys lyfe for to illumyn). 1895
A, blyssyd' be þat puer vergyn),

She awakes from her trance,

from) grevos slepe she gynnyt revyve!
A! þe sonne of' grace on) vs doth shynne!
now blyssyd' be god, I se my wyff a-lyve! 1899

regina.

and blesses Mary Magdalene for saving her,

O vergo salutata, for ower sàvacyon)! 1900
O pulcra et casta, cum of' nobyll alyavns!
O almyty maydyn), ower sowlys confortacyon)!
O demvr mavdlyn), my bodyys sustyñavns! 1903

þou hast wr[a]ppyd vs In wele from) all waryaw*ns*, 1904 — and for taking her with her husband into the Holy Land,
& led me w*ith* my lord I[n]-to þe holy lond.
I am) baptysyd, as ye ar', be maryv*s* gyddavñs,
of' sent pet*er*ys holy hand. 1907 — letting her be baptisd by St. Peter,
I sve þe blyssyd crosse þ*at* cryst shed on) h*is* p*re*cyv*s* blod; 1908 — see Christ's Cross and Sepulchre,
H*is* blyssyd sepulcur also se I;
whe[r]for, good hosbond, be mery In mode,
for I have gon) þe stacyoun*es* by *and* by. 1911 — and go the Stacions.

Rex.

I thanke it, I*es*u, w*ith* hart on) hye; 1912 — The King thanks Jesus,
now have I my wyf *and* my chyld both.
I thankytt, mavdleyn) *and* ow*er* lady,
& ev*er* shall do w*ith*-owtyn) othe. 1915 — and Mary Magdalene.

et tunc remigant a monte, et navta *dicit.*

[Navta.] [leaf 139]

Now ar ȝe past all p*er*elle; 1916
Her is þe lond of m*er*cylle!
now goo a lond, s*er*, whan) ȝe wyll,
I pr[a]ye yow for my sake. 1919 — The King and Queen reach Marcylle,

rex.

godam*er*cy, Ientyll marraner! 1920 — pay the Shipman £10, and go ashore.
Her' is x li of' nobyll*es* cler,
And euer þi frynd both ferre *and* ner';
cryst save þe fro*m* wo *and* wrake! 1923

Here goth *the* shep owȝt of*e* *the* place, *and* mavd-[leyn] seyth.

[*PART II. Scene* 45.] *Part II. Scene* 45.

[Mary Maudleyn.]

o, dere fryn*des*! be In hart stabyll, 1924 — Mary Magdalene exhorts the folk to be steadfast,
& [thynk] how dere, cryst hathe yow bowth!
A-ȝens god be nothyng' vereabyll;
thynk how he mad all thyng' of' nowth. 1927
thow yow In pov*er*te sum*t*yme be browth,
[y]itte be In charyte both nyth *and* day, — and bear their troubles patiently,

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for Poverty is God's house.
for þey byn blyssyd þat so byn sowth,
for pavpertas est domum Dei; 1931

Blessed are the meek,
god blyssyt alle þo þat byn meke *and* good,
& he blyssyd all þo þat wepe for synne.

and the feeders of the hungry.
þey be blyssyd þat þe hungor *and* þe thorsty gyff fode,
þey be blessyd þat byn mercyfull a-3en wrecched men,

They who destroy sin are the Children of Life.
þey byn blyssyd þat byn dysstroccyon of synne, 1936
thes byn callyd þe chyldyren of lyfe,

leaf 139, back]
On-to þe wyche blysse bryng both yow *and* me,
that for vs dyyd on þe rode tre. **amen.** 1939

The King and Queen kneel down before

Here xall þe kyng *and* þe quvene knele doun : rex dicit.

[The King of Marcylle.]

Mary Magdalene and hail her as their help
Heyll be þou, mary! ower lord is with the! 1940
the helth of ower sowlles *and* repast contemplatyff!
Heyll, tabyrnakyll of þe blyssyd trenite!
Heyll, covnfortabyll sokor for man *and* wyff! 1943

Regina.

and the saver of the Queen and her boy.
Heyll þou chosyn *and* chast of wommen alon! 1944
it passyt my wett to tell þi nobyllnesse!
þou relevyst me *and* my chyld on þe rokke of ston,
& also savyd vs be þi hye holynesse. 1947

Mary.

Mary welcomes them,
welcum hom, prynse *and* prynsses bothe! 1948
welcum hom, yong prynsse of dew *and* ryth!
welcum hom to your own erytage with-owt othe,
and to alle yower pepyll present In syth! 1951

and says they have become God's own knights.
now ar 3e be-cum godde*s* own knygth, 1952
for sowle helth salve ded 3e seche,
In hom þe holy gost hath take resedens,
& drevyn a-syde all þe desepcyon of wreche; 1955
& now have 3e a knowle[ge] of þe sentens,
How 3e xall com on-to grace.

She gives the King back his goods.
[leaf 140]
but now In yower gode*s* a-3en I do yow sese;
I trost I have governyd þem to yower herte*s* ese; 1959

now woll I labor forth, godꝫ to plese, 1960 Mary Magdalene
more gostly strenkth me to purchase.

rex.

O, blyssydꝫ mary, to comprehend, 1962 is askt by the King and Queen
Ower swete sokor, onꝫ vs have pete!

regina.

To departe fromꝫ vs why shovldꝫ ȝe pretende? not to leave them.
O blyssyd lady, putt vs nat to þat poverte! 1965

Mary.

Ofꝫ yow *and* yowers I wyll have rememberavñs, 1966
& dayly [y]ower bede woman for to be, She promises to pray for them;
þat alle wyckydnesse fromꝫ yow may have deleverans,
In quiet *and* restꝫ þat leve may ȝe. 1969

rex.

now tnanne, yower puerꝫ blyssyngꝫ gravnt vs tylle!

mari.

The blyssynꝫ ofꝫ godꝫ mott yow fulfyll! 1971 she blesses them,
ille vos benedicatt, qui sene[1] fine vivitꝫ et regnat!

Her goth mary In-to þe wyldyrnesse, *and* **þus seyyng Rex.** and then goes into the Wilderness.

Rex.

A! we may syynꝫ *and* wepynꝫ also, 1973 The King and Queen of Marcylle weep at Mary's going.
þat we have for-gonꝫ þis lady fre;
it brynggytt my hart In care *and* woo,
þe whech ower gydde *and* governor shovldꝫ a be. 1976

Regina.

þat doth perswade all my ble, 1977
þat swete sypresse þat she woldꝫ so;
In me restytt neyther game nor gle,
that she woldꝫ fromꝫ owere presens goo. 1980 [leaf 140, back]

Rex.

now ofꝫ hyr goyngꝫ I amꝫ nothyngꝫ gladꝫ, 1981 The King resolves to guide his folk.
But my londdes to gyddyn I mvst a-plye:

[[1] *for* sine.]

Lyke as *sancte* peter me badde,

The King of Marcylle will build churches,

Chyrchys In cetyys I woll edyfye, 1984

& who-so a-ȝens ow*er* feyth woll replye,

punish heretics,

I woll ponysch [s]wych p*er*sonn*es* w*ith* p*er*plyxcyon);

Mahond *and* his lawys I defye. 1987

A! hys pryde owt of my love xall have polucyo*n*,

and give himself wholly to Jesus.

& holle on)-to I*es*u I me be-take. 1989

Part II. Scene 46. The Wilderness.

[*Part II. Scene* 46.]

Mari In herimo.

In þis des*er*te abydyn) wyll wee; 1990

My sowle from) synne for to save,

Mary Magdalene resolves to live in humility, and charity, and abstinence,

I wyll ev*er* abyte me w*ith* humelyte,

& put me In pacyens, my lord for to love; 1993

In charyte my w*er*k*es* I woll g*r*ave,

And In abstynens all dayys of my lyfe.

Thus my co*n*cyeñs of me doth crave; 1996

than why shold I w*ith* my co*n*syens st[r]yffe? 1997

& ferdar-more I wyll leven) In charyte,

at þe reverens of ow*er* blyssyd lady,

In goodnesse to be lyberall, my sowle to edyfye; 2000

of wordly fod*es* I wyll leve all refectyon);

feeding only on food from heaven.

Be þe fode þ*a*t co*m*myt from) heven) on) hye,

[leaf 141]

thatt god wyll me send, be co*n*templatyff. 2003

Part II. Scene 47. Heaven.

[*Part II. Scene* 47.[1]]

I*es*us.

O! þe swettnesse of prayors sent on)-to me, 2004

fro my wel-belovyd frynd w*ith*-owt waryovñs!

w*ith* gostly fode relevyd xall she be.

Jesus bids Angels draw Mary up into the clouds, and there feed her with manna.

angell*es*! In-to þe clowd*es* ye do hyr havñs; 2007

þ*er* fede w*ith* ma*n*na to hyr systynovns;

w*ith* Ioy of angyll*es* þis lett hur receyve;

Byd hur In Ioye w*ith* all hur afyawñs, 2010

for fynd*des* frawd xall hur no*n* deseyve. 2011

[1] The upper stage of the Pageant-Waggon. No doubt a curtain was drawn before Mary on the lower stage.

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j^us angel*us*.

O þou redulent rose þat of[1] a vergyn) sprong![1] — The Angels praise Mary Magdalene,
O þou precyus palme of[1] wytory!
O þou osanna, angell*es* song[1]! 2014
O precyus gemme born of[1] ower lady!
lord, þi commav[n]ddement we obbey lowly. — and say they'll obey Christ's hest.
to þi servant þat þou hast gravntyd blysse, 2017
we angell*es* all obeyyn) devowtly;
we woll desend[1] to þen wyld*er*nesse. 2019

[*PART II. Scene* 48.] — *Part II. Scene 48. The Wilderness; then the Clouds.*

Here xall to angyll*es* desend In-to wyldyrnesse; *and* other to xall bryng an oble, opynly aperyng a-loft In þe clowdd*es*; þe to be-nethyn xall bryng mari, *and* she xall receyve þe bred, *and* þan go a-ȝen In-to wyldyrnesse.

ij^us angel*us*.

Mari, god gretyt þe with hevenly Influens, 2020 — An angel tells Mary that
He hath sent þe grace with hevenly synys;
þou xall byn) onoryd with Ioye *and* reverens,
In-hansyd In heven) above wergynn*es*. 2023 — [leaf 142, back]
þou hast byggyd[1] þe here among[1] spynys, 2024
god woll send[1] þe fode be revelacyon);
þou xall be receyvyd[1] In-to þe clowdd*es*, — she shall be taken up into the clouds and fed there.
gostly fode to reseyve to þi savacyon). 2027

Mari.

fiat volu*n*tas tua In heven) *and* erth! 2028
now am) I full of[1] Ioye *and* blysse;
lavd *and* preyse to þat blyssyd byrth!
I am) redy, as hi*s* blyssyd[1] wyll isse. 2031

Her xall she be halsyd with angell*es* with reverent song. — The angels draw her up into the clouds,

Asumpta est maria in nub*ibus*; **celi gavdent,**
Angeli lavdantes felium Dei; **et d*icit* mari:**

O þou lord of[1] lordd*es*, of[1] hye domenacyon)! 2032 — and she praises and thanks Jesus.
In hewen) *and* erth worsheppyd be þi name.

[[1] MS. sporng.]

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How þou devydyst me from) hovngur' *and* wexacyo*n*,
O gloryu*s* lord, In þe is no fravdd*es* nor no defame!
but I xuld' *ser*ve my lord', I wer' to blame, 2036
wych fullfyllyt me w*ith* so gret felicete,
w*ith* melody of' angyll*es* shewit me gle *and* game,
& have fed me w*ith* fode of' most delycyte. 2039

Part II. Scene 49. The Wilderness.

[*PART II. Scene* 49.]

Her xall speke an holy prest in þe same wyldyrnesse *þus* seyyng þe prest.

[The holy Prest.]

A Priest begs Jesus, by his 7 names,

O lord of' lordd*es*! what may þis be? 2040
so gret mesteryys shewyd' from) heven),
w*ith* grett myrth *and* melody,
[leaf 148] w*ith* angyll*es* brygth as þe lewyn). 2043

to let him see Mary Magdalene.

Lord I*es*u, for þi namys sewynne,
as gravnt[1] me grace þ*at* p*er*son) to se. 2045

Her he xal go in þe wyldyrnesse *and* spye mari in hyr devocyon, *þus* seyyng þe prest.

He goes near, sees her, greets her,

Heyl, creature, cryst*es* delecceon)! 2046
Heyl, swetter þan sugur or cypresse!
Mary is þi name be angyll*es* relacyon),
grett art þou w*ith* god for þi p*er*fythnesse. 2049
þe loye of' I*er*us*all*em shewyd þe expresse,
þe wych I nev*er* save þis xxx wynt*er* *and* more;
wherfor I know well þou art of' gret p*er*fy[t]nesse,

and asks her about her Lord.

I woll pray yow hartely to she[w] me of' yow*er* lord'.

mari.

Mary says she's livd 30 years in her coll,

Be þe grace of' my lord' I*es*us, 2054
þis xxx wynt*er* þis hath byn) my selle,[2]

has been raisd up to heaven thrice a day,

& thryys on þe day enhansyd' *þus*,
w*ith* more Ioy þan) ony tong can telle. 2057
nev*er* creature cam) þ*er* I dwelle,

[1 MS. grvant.]
[2 This beats Shakspere's growing babies into the marriageable Marina and Perdita in the course of *Pericles* and *Cymbeline*.

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tyme nor tyde, day nor nyth,
þat I can with spece telle,
But a-lonly with godde*s* angylle*s* brygth. 2061 and held converse with none
But þou art wolcum on-to my syth 2062 but God's angels.
yf þou be of good con*ver*sacyon;
as I thynk In my delyth,
Thow sholddyst be a man of devocyon. 2065 [leaf 143, back]

prest.

In crystys lav, I am sacryed a pryst, 2066 The Priest says that he consecrates Christ's body,
mynystryyd be angel*us* at my masse.
I sakor þe body of ow*er* lord Ie*s*u cryst,
& be þat holy ma*n*na I leve In sowthfastnesse. 2069 and lives on it.

Mari.

now I rejoyse of yow*er* goodnesse, 2070
But tyme is co*m*me þat I xall asende.

pryst.

I recu*m*mend me with all vmbylnesse, He goes back to his Cell.
On-to my sell I woll pretend. 2073

Her xall þe prest go to his selle, þus seyyng Iesus.

[*PART II. Scene* 50.] *Part II. Scene 50. Heaven.*

Iesus.

now xall mary have possession, 2074 Jesus says that Mary shall dwell in joy.
be ryth enirytaw*n*s a crown to bere;
she xall be fett to ev*er*lastyng savacyo*n*,
In Ioye to dwell with-owtyn fere. 2077
now, angel*us*, lythly þat ȝe wer ther! 2078 He bids the angels tell the Priest to go and housel her.
On-to þe prystes sell a-pere þis tyde;
my body In forme of bred þat he bere,
Hur for to hossell, byd hym provyde. 2081

j^m angel*us*.

o blyssyd lord! we be redy, 2082
yow*er* massage to do with-owtyn treson.

ij^m angell*us*.

to hyr I wyll goo *and* make reportur,
how she xall com to yow*er* habytacyo*n*. 2085

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Part II. Scene 51. The Wilderness; the Priest's Cell.

[*PART II. Scene* 51.]

Here xall ij angyll*es* go to mary *and* to þe prest, þ*us* seyyng þe angell*es* to þe prest.

[angels.]

The angels bid the Priest take the Last Sacrament to Mary. [leaf 144]

s*er* pryst, god cu*m*mav[n]dytt from) heven) region), 2086
3e xall go hosyll h*is* *ser*vont expresse,
And we w*ith* yow xall take mynystracyon),

They'll bear lights before it.

to bere lyth be-fore h*is* body of' worthynesse. 2089

pryst.

angyll*es*, w*ith* all vmbyllnesse, 2090
In a westme*n*t I wyll me aray,
to mynystyr my lord' of' gret hynesse,
straytt þ*er*-to I take þe way. 2093

Part II. Scene 52. The Wilderness: Mary's Cell. Then, *Heaven.*

[*PART II. Scene* 52.]

ij^us angel*us* In herimo.

Mary, be glad, *and* In hart strong', 2094
to reseyve þe palme of' grett wytory;

An Angel tells Mary of her coming death.

þis day 3e xall be reseyvyd w*ith* angell*es* song';
yow*er* sowle xall dep*ar*te from) yow*er* body. 2097

mari.

A! good lord, I thank þe w*ith*-owt weryawñs, 2098
þis day I am) grovndyd all In goodnesse,
w*ith* hart *and* body conclvdyd In substawñs;
I thanke þe lord w*ith* speryt of' p*er*fythnesse. 2101

Another appears with the Priest,

Hic aparuit angel*us* et presbit*er* cu*m* corp*us* domenicu*m*.

[*Presbiter.*]

þou blyssyd woma*n*, invre In mekenesse, 2102

and the Bread of Life for Mary.

I have browth þe þe bred of' lyf to þi syth,
to make þe suer' from) all dvstresse,
þi sowle to bryng' .o eu*er*lastyng' lyth. 2105

Mari.

O þou mythty lord of' hye mageste, 2106

She takes it,

þis celestyall bred for to determyn),
thys tyme to reseyve it In me.

[leaf 144, back]

Her she reseyvyt it.

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my sowle *þerwith* to illumyn), 2109
I thank þe lord of ardent love. 2110 and thanks God.
now I know well I xall nat opprese.
Lord, lett me se þi Ioyys above!
I recum*m*dmend my sowle on)-to þi blysse. 2113 She commends her soul to Him,
Lord, opyn) þi blyssyd gate*s*! 2114 prays Him to open heaven to her:
thys erth at thys tyme ferven[t]ly I kysse.
In man*us* tuas, Domine—
Lord, *with* þi grace me wysse!— 2117
Co*m*mendo sp*iritu*m meu*m*! redemisti me, He has redeemd her.
Domine Devs veritatis! 2119

j^m^ angel*us*.

now reseyve we þis sowle, as reson) is, 2120 The 2 Angels
In heven) to dwelle vs a-mong.

ij^m^ angel*us*.

with-owtyn) end to be in blysse, and the folk in heaven sing a
now lett vs syng a mery song. 2123 glad song over Mary's bliss.

gavdent In celis.[1]

pryst.

O! good god! grett is þi grace; 2124 The Priest rejoices over Mary's end,
O I*es*u! I*es*u! blessyd be þi name;
A! mary! mary! mych is þi solas,
In heven) blysse *with* gle *and* name; 2127
þi body wyl I cure from) alle man*er* blame, 2128
& I wyll passe to þe bosshop of þe sete, and says he'll get the Bishop to bury her body reverently.
thys body of mary to berye be name,
with alle reverens and solemnyte. 2131
sufferens of þis proces*se*, thus enddyt þe sentens 2132 [leaf 145]
that we have playyd In yow*er* syth. Our Play is done.
Alle-mythty god, most of magnyfycens, May God bring you all to bliss!
mote bryng yow to hi*s* blysse so brygth,
In p*re*sens of þ*at* kyng!— 2136
now, frend*es*, thus endyt thys mater,— 2137

[1] ? Draw the curtain from the upper stage of the Pageant-Waggon, and all join in the Finale with the two (or three) Angels and Priest below. Or, ought a last Scene to begin with l. 2120?

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to blysse bryng' þo þat bynd here!

Let's sing the 'Te Deum.'

now, clerkys with woycys cler,
Te Deum lavdamus lett vs syng'. 2140

The Play ends.

Explycit oreginale de sancta Maria magdalena.

Epilogue.

yff Ony thyng' Amysse be, 2141
blame connyng', and nat me:
I desyer þe redars to be my frynd,
yff þer be ony amysse, þat to amend. 2144

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A MORALITY OF WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST.

(*Imperfect; by a fresh and later hand, introducing the Holborn Quest, and having no East-Midland* xal, *&c.*)

How Lucifer tempts the Mind, Will, and Understanding of Man to sin.

In 8-line stanzas: Scene I, *abab-bcbc*; Scenes II, III, and IV (what's left of it), *aaab-aaab*. Some stanzas are ryme-linkt with their followers, as *abab-bcbc—cdcd-dede*.

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[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

[Wysdam of Christ, p. 139.

Anima, or the Soul, p. 140.

Anima's Five Wyttes, as Five Vergynes, p. 145.

The 3 Powers of every Christian Soul:—

Mynde, p. 145, 181, 189.

Wylle, p. 145, 181, 190.

Vnderstondyng, p. 145, 181, 189.

Lucyfer, p. 179.

A shrewed Boy, p. 189.

Mind's 6 Retainers: Indignacion, Sturdynesse, Malyce, Hastynesse, Wreche, Discorde, p. 197.

Understanding's 6 Jurors: Wrong, Sleight, Doblenesse, Falsehed, Ravyne, Disceyte, p. 199.

Will's 6 Women: 3 disguisd as Gallants, and 3 as Matrons, p. 200.]

[*The rest, wanting.*]

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[A MORALITY OF WISDOM, WHO IS CHRIST.]

[*Scene* 1.]

M[yles] B[lomefylde].

(leaf 158)

ffyrst entreth[1] Wysdam in a ryche p*ur*pyll cloth of gold, w*it*h a mantyll of the same ermyned w*it*hin, havyng a-bought his nek a ryall hood furred w*it*h ermyn. vpon his hed a cheveler w*it*h browes, a berd of gold of Sypres curled. A ryche Imp*er*iall crowne ther-vpon, set w*it*h riche Stonys and perlys. In his left hand a ball of gold w*it*h a crosse *þer*-vpon, And i*n* his right hond A regall Sceptr*e*, *þus* seyng.

Scene 1.

[*Wysdam.*]

Enter WISDOM.

If ye wyll wete the p*r*opyrte, 1
And the resou*n* of my name Imp[*er*]iall,
I am clepyd of hem that in erthe be,
eu*er*lastyng wysdom to my nobley egall, 4
Wiche name accordith best in especiall,
and most to me is conuenyent.
All-though eche p*er*son of the trinite be wysdam eternall,
and all thre · on / eu*er*lastyng wysdam to-gedyr p*r*esent,
Neu*er*theles, for-Asmoche as wysdom is p*r*opyrly 9
Applied to the son be reson,
And also it fallith to hym specially
be-cause of his highest gen*er*acion; 12
therfor the belouyd son hath this signyficacion, 13
Customably Wysdam / now god, now man,

My name is Everlasting Wisdom.

Tho' it exists in each person of the Trinity,

yet it's specially applied to the Son, who is both God and Man.

[1] The crost h and l, and tagd d, f, n, are not markt in this clarendon type.

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Spowse of the chirche and verray patron),
Wyfe of eche chose sowle: thus wysdam be-gan). 16

Here entreth[1] A*nim*a as a mayde in a whight cloth of gold, gy[*n*]tely purfyled w*ith* menyver, a mantyll of blak, ther-vpon a cheueler lyke to wysdam, w*ith* a riche chapetelet lasyd be-hynde, hangyng down w*ith* .ij. knott*es* of gold *and* syde tasselys, knelyng down to wysdam, *þus* seyng.

The Soul kneels to Wisdom,

[Anima.]

Hanc amaui *et* exquisiui, 17
fro my yougthe this haue I sought,
and says she's desird him for her Lover,
To haue to my spouse most specially;
for a lou*er* of yo*ur* shapp*e* am I wrought, 20
[leaf 158, back]
A-bove all hele and bewte that eu*er* was sought.
and lovd him as her Light.
I haue louyd wysdam as for my light,
for all goodnesse w*ith* hym he brought,
In Wysdam I was made all bewte bright; 24
Of yo*ur* name the high felicite, 25
no creature knowith full exposicion).

Wysdam.

Wisdom says he is brighter than the sun and stars,
Sapiencia specialior est sole;
I am founden) light w*ith*-out co[*m*]p*ar*ison), 28
Of sterrys a-bove all the disposicion,
for-sothe of light the very brightnesse,
Merour of the devyne domynac*i*on,
and is the image of God,
And the Image of his goodnesse. 32
Wysdam is bett*er* than all wordly p*re*cio[s]nesse; 33
And all that may desyred be
Is not in co*mpar*ison) to my lykenesse;
length of years is on his right side; and on his left, riches and joy.
the lengthe of the yer*es* in my right syde be, 36
And in my lefte syde · richesse, ioye, and p*rosper*ite.
lo! this is the worthynesse of my name.

A*nim*a.

A! Sou*er*eyn) Wysdam! if yo*ur* benygnyte
wold Speke of love, that were a game. 49

[1] The crost h and H, and tagd d, k, n), are not markt in this clarendon type.

Wysdam.

Of my love to Speke it is myrable: 41 Wisdom speaks of his Love:
be-holde now, Sovle, *with* ioyfull mynde,
how louely I am, how amyable,
to be halsyd *and* kyssed of mankynde. 44
To all clene Sovles I am full hende, He is gracious to all pure souls.
And euer *pre*sent wher that thei be.
I love the loueres *with*-outyn ende,
that ther loue have stedfast in me. 48
the *pre*rogatyve of my love is so grett, 49 The least drop of his love makes folk quit sin.
that who tast therof the lest droppe, sur
all lust*es and* lykeng*es* wordely shall lete;
thei shall seme tyll hym filthe and ordur. 52
thei that of the hevy burthen of Synne hath cure, [leaf 159]
My love dischargeth and purifieth clene;
It strengtheth the mende, the sovle makith pure,
and yevyth wysdam to hem that *per*fight bene. 56
who takith me to spowse, may veryly wene,— 57 They who wed him shall have perpetual joy.
if a-above all thyng he[1] loue me specially,—
that rest and tranquyllite he shall sene, [1 MS. ye]
and dey in Sekyrnesse of ioye *per*petuall. 60
The hey loue of my worthynesse of my love,
Angell nor man can tell playnly;
it may be felt in exp*er*ience from a-bove,
but not spoke ne told as it is veryly, 64
the godly love, no creature can specyfie.
What wrech is, that louyth not this love, What wretch exists that doesn't love this enduring Love?
that louyth his louers eu*er* so tenderlye,
that his Sight from them neu*er* kan remove. 68

Anima.

O Worthy Spouse, and Sou*er*eyne fayr! 69
O swete amyke, our Ioye, our blisse!
to y*our* love who doth repeyer,
All felicite in that creatur is; 72
What may I yeve you a-geyn for this, What return can man make for this love?
O creato*ur*, louer of y*our* creatur?

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though be our freelte we do a-mys,
Your gret mercy euer sparith reddur, 76
a! Souereyn Wysdam! *sanctus sanctorum*! 77
What I may I yeve to your most plesaunce?

Wysdam.

Wisdom asks for Soul's heart and obedience,

ffili! prebe michi cor tuum!
I aske not ellys of all this Substaunce, 80
thi clene hert, thi meke obeisaunce;
yeve me that, and I am content.

Anima.

A! Souereyn Ioy, myn hertes affiaunce!
The fervour of my love to you I representé; 84
[leaf 159, back] that mekith my herte, your loue so feruent: 85
Teche me the Scolys of your devenyte.

Wysdam.

desire not to sauour in cunnynges to excellent,
conformity of her will to his. But drede *and* conforme your will to me, 88
ffor it is the helefull discyplyne that in wysdam may be:
The drede of god, that is begynnyng;
the Wedys of Synne it makith to flee,
And swete vertuose herbis in the Soule spryng. 92

Anima.

She can know him O endeles wysdam! how may I haue knowyng 93
of thi godhed in-comprehensible?

Wysdam.

by knowing herself. by knowyng of your-Selff, ye may haue felyng,
What god is in your Soule Sensyble; 96
the more knowyng of your-Selff passible,
the more verily ye shall god knowe.

Anima.

The Soul (of Man) O Souereyn Auctour most credible!
your lesson I attende as I owe, 100
I that represent her / the soule of man. 101
asks what a soul is. What is a soule, wyll ye declare?

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Wysdam).

It is the ymage of god that all by-gan),
And not only ymage, but his lykenesse ye Are. 104 — Man's Soul is the Image of God,
of All creatures the fayrest ye ware, 105
In-to the tyme of Adamys offence.

Anima.

lord, syth we, thi soules, that nought were thare,
Why of the fyrst man) bey we the violence? 108 — and inherits Adam's punishment

Wysdam.

ffor euery creatur that hath ben or shall 109 — because it's of Adam's nature,
Was in nature of the first man, Adam.
of hym takyng the fylthe of synne orygynall,
for of hym all creatures cam. 112
than) be hym, of reason) ye haue blame,
and be made the brondes of helle. — a brand of hell,
when ye be bore first of your dame; — [leaf 160]
ye may in no wyse in hevyn) dwelle, 116
for ye be disfygured be hys synne, 117
and dampnyd to derkenesse from goddes sight. — and damnd to darkness.

Anima.

How doth grace than) A-geyn) be-gynne?
What reformyth the sovle to his first light? 120 — It's re-formd by Wisdom,

Wysdam.

Wysdam, that was god and man right, 121 — who made full satisfaction to God.
Made a full Seth to the fader of hevyn),
by the dredfull deth to hym was dight,
of wiche deth sprongc the sacramentes sevyn); 124 — From his death sprang the 7 Sacraments.
Wiche sacramentes, all synne wasshe a-wey. 125
ffyrst, baptem clensyth synne orygynall, — 1. Baptism, which cleanses the soul.
And reformeth the soule in feith verray
to the glorious lykenesse of god eternall, 128
And makith it as fayer and as celestiall
As it neuer diffowled had be,

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And is cristes owne speciall,
His restyng place, his plesaunt see. 132

Anima.

In a Soul are 2 parts;

In A soule, what thynges be, 133
By wiche he hath his very knowyng?

Wysdam.

1. Sensuality or fleshly feeling, which the 5 Wits serve.

tweyn) parties: the on) is the sensualite,
wiche is clepyd the flesshly felyng; 136
The .v. outward wittys to hym be seruyng;
Whan thei be not rulyd ordynatly,
the sensualite than) with-out lesyng
is made the ymage of synne, then) of his foly. 140

2. Reason, the image of God,

That other parte, that is clepyd reson),
And that is the ymage of god propyrly,

by which God knows who serve him;

ffor by that · the soule of god hath cognycion,
and be that hym seruyth and louyth duly; 144
Be the nether parte of reason he knoweth discretly,

[leaf 160, back] and man knows what things to use.

All erthely thynges how thei shalbe vsyd,
What Suffysith to his myghtys bodyly,
And what nedith not to be refusyd. 148

These 2 parts of the Soul typify black and white dress.

These tweyne do signyfie 149
Your disgysyng And your Araye,
Blak and Whyte, fowle and fayr verylye;

Every soul is Black from sin,

euery soule here / this is no naye; 152
blak, by steryng of synne that comyth al day,
Wiche felyng comyth of sensualite;

and White by reason;

And White, be knowyng of reson) verray,
of the blissed infinite deite. 156

and is both foul and fair.

Thus a soule is both ffowle and fayr; 157
ffowle as a best, be felyng of synne,
ffayr as aungell of hevyn) the hayr,
by knowyng of god, by hys reson) withinne. 160

Anima.

Than may I sey thus, and begynne, 161
with .v. prudent virgynes of my Reme,

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tho be the .v. wyttys of my soule w*ith*-inne,
'Nigra sum, *et* formosa filia Ierusalem.' 164

Here entreth v. virgynes in white kertelys *and* mantelys, w*ith* chevelers *and* chapelytt*es*, and Syng 'Nigra su*m*, s*ed* formosa filia ier*usalem*, sicut tabernac*u*la cedar, *et* sicut pelles salomonis.' — Five Virgins in white, enter.

Anima.

The doughters of Ier*usal*em me not lak, 165 — The Soul says she's dark outside, but beautiful within.
for this dyrke shadowe I bere of humanyte,
That as the tabernacle of Cedar, w*ith*-out, it is blak,
and w*ith*-Inne, as the skynne of Salomon full of bewte,
'Quod fusca sum, nolite considerare me, 169
q*uia* decolorauit me sol Iouis.'

Wysdam.

Thus all the soules that in this lyve be, — Wisdom exhorts the Five Wits
stondyng in grace be lyke to this. 172
A, quinq*ue* prudentes! y*our* witt*es* fyve, 173
Kepe you clene, and ye shall neu*er* deface, — to keep pure.
ye godd*es* ymage [n]eu*er* shall ryve, — [leaf 161]
ffor the clene soule is godd*es* restyng place; 176 — Every Soul has 3 Powers:
Thre myght*es*, eu*ery* cristen soule hase,
Whiche beth applyeth to the trynyte.

Mynde.

All thre here lo ·/ by-fore y*our* face.
Mynde. — I. Mind,

Wylle.

Wylle. — II. Will, and

Vnderstondyng.

and vnderstondyng, we thre. 180 — III. Understanding.

Wysdam.

ye thre declare thanne this, 181
your signyficacion and y*our* pr*o*pyrte.

Mende.

I am mende, that in the soule is, — I. Mind is the image of God.
the very figure of the deite. 184

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When Mind thinks of God's gifts to her,

Whan) in my-selve I haue mynde, *and* se
the benefete*s* of' god' And his worthynesse,
how hole I was made, how fayr, how fre,
how glorious, *and* how gentyll to his lyknesse, 188
this insight bryngeth to my mynde
What grates I ough to god' a-geyn), [? graces]
that thus hath ordeyned' w*ith*-outen) ende
Me in his blisse eu*er* for to reigne; 192

her insufficience

thanne myn insufficiens is to me peyn)
that I haue not wher'-of' to yelde my dette,
thynkyng my-selff' creatur' most veyne;

makes her knit her brows for sorrow.

than) for sorowe my bren) I knette, 196
Whan) in my mynde I bryng to-gedyr 197
the yeere*s* and dayes of' my Synfulnesse,
the vnstabylnesse of' my mynde hedyr *and* thedyr,

Her falls and frailties have been so horrible,

Myn) horrible fallyng*es* and freelnesse, 200
my-selff' right nought than I co*n*fesse,
for be my-selff' I may not ryse
w*ith*-out speciall grace of' godd*es* goodnesse.
thus mynde makyth me my-self' to dispise; 204

[leaf 161, back] that in God only can she find comfort.

I seke, and fynde no-where comfort, 205
but only in god' my creature;
than vn-to hym I do resort,
and say 'haue mynde of' me my sauyour'!' 208
Thus mynde to mynde bryngeth that fauour';
thus be mynde of' me, god' I can) knowe;
Good' mynde of' god', it is the fygure;
and this mynde to haue, all cristen) owe. 212

Wille.

II. Will is the likeness of the Godhead.

And I of' the soule am the wyll; 213
of' the godhed', lyknesse and a fygur';
w*ith* good' wyll, no man may spyll,
nor w*ith*-outen) good' wyll, of' blis be sure. 216
What soule wyll gret mede recur',
he must gret wyll haue in thought or dede,

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Vertuosly sett w*ith* conscience pur';
ffor in wyll onely, standyth mannys dede. 220
Wyll for dede oft is take, 221 Will is oft taken for the deed, and must be well-disposed.
therfor the will must wele be disposed,
thanne ther be-gynnyth all g*race* to wake,
if it w*ith* synne be not Anosed; 224
Ther-for the wyll must be wele apposed,
or that it to the mevyng*es* yeve consent, Before it yields, the Library of Reason must be opend,
the lybrary of reason) must be vnclosed,
And aft*er* his domys to take entent. 228 and its Dooms acted on.
Oure wyll in god must be only sett', 229
And for god to do wylfully;
Whan) good wyll reysyth, god is in vs knett',
And he p*er*formeth the dede veryly; 232
of hym comyth all wyll sett p*er*fightly, All good Will comes from God.
for of our'-self we haue right nought,
but synne, wrechednesse, and foly;
he is begynner' and grounde of Wyll and thought. 236 [leaf 162]
Than this good wyll seid be-fore 237 Every one should have it,
is be-houefull to eche creatur',
if he cast hym to restore
the soule that hath take of Cure, 240
Wiche of god is the fygure,
As longe as the figure is kept fayr', keep it fair,
And ordeigned eu*er* to endure
In blisse, of wiche is the very hayr. 244 and live in bliss.

Vnderstondyng.

The .iij.de p*ar*te of the Soule is vndyrstondyng, 245 III. Understanding enables men to see God,
ffor by vnderstondyng I be-hold what god is,
In hym-self begynnyng w*ith*-out begynnyng,
And ende w*ith*-outen) ende, that shall neu*er* mys. 248
Incom*pre*hensible in hym-self he is,
his werk*es* in me I can-not com*pre*hende.
how shuld I holly hym than) / that wrought all this? 251 and hallow him.
thus by knowyng of me, to knowyng of god I ascende.

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Understanding explains God's attributes.

I know in Aungelys he is desiderable, 253
for hym to be-hold, thei desire souereynly;
In his Seyntes most deleitable,
ffor in hym thei Ioye assiduly; 256
In creatures / his Werkes ben most wonderfully,
ffor all this is made by his myght,
bi his wysdam gouernyd / most souereynly,
and be his benygnyte inspired all soules with light. 260
of all creatures he is louyd souereyne, 261
for he is god of eche creature,
and thei be his people that euer shall reigne,
In whom he dwellyth as in his temple sure. 264

Thro knowing Him, and His love, Understanding loves [leaf 162, back] Him.

When I of this knowyng make reporture,
And se the loue he hath for me wrought,
It bryngeth me to love / that prince most pure,
ffor: for loue that lorde made man of nought. 268
This is that loue wiche is clepyd charite; 269
for god is charite, as auctours telles,
and who is in charite, in god dwellith he,
and god that is charite, in hym dwelles. 272

The understanding of God, compels men to love Him.

Thus Vnderstondyng of god compelles
To come to charite · than haue his lyknesse, lo.
Blessed is that soule that this speche spelles,
Et qui creauit me, requieuit in tabernaculo meo. 276

Wysdam.

Wisdom shows how the Soul loves God, by its Mind, Will, and Understanding.

lo! these · thre myghtes in o soule be: 277
Mynde · Wyll · *and* Vnderstondyng;
be mynde of god the fadyr, knowyng haue ye;
Be Vnde[r]stondyng of god the sone, ye haue knowyng,
by wyll, wiche turnyth in-to loue brennyng, 281
god the holy gost that clepyd is love:
not thre goddes, but on god in beyng;
thus eche clene soule is simylitude of god A-bove. 284

From these come Faith, Hope,

Be mynde, feith in the ffader haue we; 285
hope in our lorde iesu, by vnderstondyng;

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and be wyll in the holy gost, charite. 287 Charity.
lo! these .iij. principall vertues of you .iij. sprynge;
thus the clene soule standith as a kynge.
And a-bove all this ye haue fre wyll; Free-will is above all.
of that be Ware by-fore all thynge,
ffor if that peruert, all this doth Spylle. 292
ye haue .iij. enemyes,—of hem be-ware!— 293 The Soul's 3 foes are the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.
the worlde, the fflesh, and the ffende:
your .v. wyttes, from hem ye spare, From them, the 5 Wits are to be kept.
that the sensualite thei bryng not to mynde. 296
Nothyng shuld offende god in no kynde; [leaf 163]
And if ther do / se that the nether parte of reason The lower part of Reason is to be under the rule of the higher part.
In no wyse ther-to lende,
than the ouer parte shall haue fre domynacion. 300
Whan suggestion to the mynde doth appere,
Vnderstondyng, delyte not the ther-Inne!
Consent not, Wyll / ylle lessons to lere!
And than suche sterynges be no synne, 304
thei do but purge the soule wher is suche contrauersie.
Thus in me, wysdam, your werkes be-gynne; Begin your works in Wisdom, and win everlasting joy.
ffyght, *and* ye shall haue the crowne of glorye,
that is euerlastyng ioye, to be parteners ther-Inne. 308

Anima.

Souereigne lorde, I am bounde to the; 309 The Soul recounts God's good deeds to her.
Whan I was noughit, thu made me thus glorious;
Whan I perisshed thurgh synne, thu sauyd me;
Whan I was in grett parell, thu kept me, *Christus*; 312
Whan I erryd, thu reducyd me, Iesus;
Whan I was ignoraunt, thu taught me truthe;
Whan I synnyd, thu correct me thus;
When I was hevy, thu conforted me be ruthe; 316
Whan I stonde in grace, thu holdest me that tyde; 317
Whan I falle, thu reisest me myghtily;
Whan I go wele, thu art my gyde;
When I come, thu receyvist me most louyngly; 320

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thu hast anoynted me *with* the oyle of mercy; 321
thy benefetys, lord, be innumerable;

The Soul praises God for his goodness.

Wherfor, laude endles to the I crye,
recommendyng me to thi end[l]es powr durable. 324

Here, in þe goyng out, *the* v. wyttes syng 'tota pulcra es' &c. thei goyng be-fore, Anima next /*and* hir folwyng, wysdam · *and* after hym Mynde, wylle, *and* vnderstondyng, alle .iij. in whit clothe of golde, chevelerede *and* crestyde in on sute. And after þe song entreth lucyfere in a deuely a-ray with-out, *and* within as a prowde galaunt, seyng thus on this wyse.

Scene II. Lucifer, in a Devil's Dress over a Dandy's.

[*Scene II.* (*aaab, aaab*).]

[*Lucyfer.*]

[leaf 163, back]

Out herrowe I rore, 325
ffor envy I lore;
My place to restore,

God's made Man to take my place.

god hath made man); 328
all come thei not thore,
Woode and thei wore,

But I'll tempt him.

I shall tempt hem so sore,
ffor I am he that synne be-ganne; 332

I was an Angel,

I was aungell of light, 333
lucifer I hight,
presumyng in godde*s*[1] sight,

but now I'm lowest in Hell.

Wherfor I am lowest in helle; 336
In reformyng of my place, is dight

I hate Man, and 'll stop his getting to Heaven.

Man), whan) I haue in most dispight,
Euer castyng me *with* hem for to fight,
In that heuynly place that he shuld not dwelle. 340
I am as wyly now as than); 341
the knowyng that I had, yet I can);

I know his weak points,

I know all compleccions of man),
wher-to he is most disposed; 344
And ther-in I tempte hy*m* ay whan),

and I'll mar him till he's woe that God made him.

I marre his myndes to thei wan),
that wo is hym god hy*m* by-gan);

[[1] MS. goodde*s*.]

Many an holy man) w*ith* me is mosed. 348
Of' god, man) is the figure, 349 Man is God's likeness.
His symylitude, his pitture,
gloryosest of' ony creature
that euer was wrought, 352
wiche I wyll disfygure I'll disfigure him, and bring him to nought.
be my false coniecture;
if' he tende my reporture,
I shall bryng hym to nought. 356
In the soule be .iij. parties I-wys, 357 The Soul has 3 parts.
Mynde · Wyll · vnderstondyng of' blis,
ffigur' of' the godhed; I know wele this;
and *the* flessh of' man) that is so chaungeable, 360 I'll tempt man's flesh.
that will I tempte, as I gesse.
though that I peruert, synne noon) is
but if' the soule consent vn-to mys, 363 But as the Soul must consent to evil,
for in the wyll of' the soule ben) the dedes dampnabyll.
To the mynde of' the soule I shall make suggestion), 365 I'll tempt that,
& bryng his vnderstondyng to delectacion,
so that his will make confirmacion;
than) am I seker I-noow 368
That dede shall sew of' dampnacion; 369 [leaf 164] and then damning deeds 'll follow.
than) of' the soule the devyll hath dominacion:
I will go make this examynacion,
To all the develis of' helle I make a vowe. 372
But for to tempt man) in my likenesse, 373
it wold brynge hym to gret ferfulnesse;
I will chaunge me in-to brightnesse, I'll change into a bright being,
And so hym to be-gyle, 376
Syn I shall shew hym perfightnesse,
and vertu prove it wykednesse:
thus vnder colours all thynge peruerse, and never rest till I defile man's soul.
I shall neuer rest tyll the soule I defyle. 380

Here lucyfere devoydeth, *and* commyth in ageyne as a goodly galaunt /

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Scene III. The Devil bamboozles Mind, Will, and Understanding.

[*Scene III.* (*aaab, aaab, save* 485-492.)]

Mynde.

Mind declares he'll follow Christ's teaching.

My mynde is euer on Iesu, 381
that endued vs with vertu;
his doctryne to sue,
euer I purpose. 384

Vnderstondyng.

Understanding says that is sweeter than the rose.

Mynd vnderstondyng is in trewe,
that with feith vs did renewe;
his lawes to pursewe
is swetter to me than the sauour of the rose. 388

Will.

Will says his will is one with God's.

And my will is his wyll verily, 389
that made vs his creatures so specialy,
yeldyng vn-to hym laude *and* glory
for his goodnesse. 392

lucyfer.

Lucifer talks to Mind:

ye fonnyd ffaders, founders of foly,
vt quid hic statis tota die ociosi?

Why are you all idle here? It's the Devil's doing.

ye will perisshe or ye it aspy;
the devyll hath accombred you expresse, 396
Mynde, mynde, ser! haue mynde of this! 397

Mynde.

He is not idyll that with god is.

Lucyfer.

No, Ser, I prove wele þis:
lo, this is my suggestion; 400

There's a time for prayer, and another for work.

all thynge hath dew tymes,
prayer, fastyng, labour, all thes;
whan tyme is not kept, that dede is mys;
be more plenerly to your informacion: 404
her is a man thet levith wardly, 405

Ought a man who has wife and house, to leave work,

hath wyff, children, *and seruauntes* besy,
And other charges that I not specify:
Is it leffull to this man 408

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To leve his labour vsyd truly? [leaf 164, back]
his charges parisch that god yave duly, and give himself up to prayer?
and yeve hym to prayer and ese of body;
who-so do thus, with god is not than); 412
Martha plesid god gretly thore. 413 Did Martha do it?

Mynde.

ye, but Maria plesid hym moche more.

lucyfer.

yit the lest had blisse for euermore.
is not that I-now? 416

Mynde.

contemplatyfe lyff is sett be-fore. 417

lucyfer.

I may not be-leve that in my lore,
ffor god hym-selff, whan he was man bore,
what lyff led he? answere thu nowe! 420 Did Christ live in contemplation?
was he euer in contemplacion?

Mynde.

I suppose not, be my relacion.

lucyfer.

and all his lyff was informacion
& example to man. 424
Sumtyme with synners he had conuersacion,
sumtyme with holy also communycacion, No: but with sinners, with
sumtyme he labored, prayd · sumtyme tribulacion: good men, in toil and suffering.
this was vita mixta, that god her be-gan); 428 And his life,
And that lyff shuld ye her sewe. 429 men should lead.

Mynde.

I can be-leve that ye say is trewe.

lucyfer.

contemplatyff lyff for to sewe, Contemplative life means
It is gret dred; and se cause why: 432
thei must fast, wake, *and* pray, euer newe, fasting, watching,
Vse hard levynges, and goyng with disciplyne dewe, flogging,

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silence, tears, kepe Sylence, wepe, and surfettes eschewe;
And if thei faile of this, thei offend god highly. 436
Whan thei haue wastyd be feyntnesse, 437
than febyll ther wittes, and fallyn to fondenesse,
folly, despair, madness. Summe in-to dispeyr, and summe in-to madnesse:
God doesn't like this. wete it wele, god is not plesid with this. 440
leve, leve · suche syngler besynesse;
Then, be in the world, be in the world, vse thynges necesse,
the comon is best expresse;
[leaf 165] Who clymyth high, his ffalle grett is. 444

Mynde.

truly me seme ye haue reson. 445

lucyfer.

do as I tell you, Apply you than to this conclusion.

Mynde.[1]

I can make no repplycacion,
your resons be grete, 448
I can-not for-yete this informacion.

lucyfer.

thynke ther-vpon, it is your saluacion.
now and vnderstondyng wold haue delectacion,
alle syngler deuocions he wold lete, 452
use your wits, your .v. wittes a-brode let sprede, 453
dress well, Se how comly to man is precious wede,
do many deeds, what worshipe it to be Manffull in dede,
þat bryngeth in dominacion. 456
Of the Symple, What profite it to take hed?
get riches, be-hold how richesse distroyeth nede;
feed well, It makith man fayr, hym wele for to fede;
breed children. & of lust *and* lykyng comyth generacion. 460
Vnderstondyng, tendr ye this informacion. 461

Vnderstondyng.

In this I fele a maner of delectacion.

[1 MS. Make.]

lucyfer.

A! ha! Ser! than ther make a pawsacion,
Se and be-hold the world a-bought; 464 See the world.
lytell thyng suffysyth to saluacion,
All maner synnys distroyeth contricion,
thei that despeyer mercy haue grett conpu[n]ccion,
god plesyd best with good wyll no dowte, 468
therfor Wyll, I rede you inclyne, 469
leve your stodyes tho be devyne, Leave your studies and penance;
your prayers, your penaunce, of Ipocrytes the signe,
and lede a comown lyff. 472 enjoy your life!
What synne is in mete, in ale, in wyne? There's no sin in wine and money.
What synne is in richesse, in clothyng fyne?
All thyng god ordeigned to man to inclyne.
Leve your nyse chastyte, And take a Wyff; 476 Have a wife too!
better is fayr frute than foule pollucion. 477 [leaf 165, back]
What seyth sensualite to this conclusion?

Will.

As the .v. wyttys yeve informacion,
It semeth your resons be good. 480

lucifer.

the will of the soule hath fre dominacion;
Dispute not to moche in this with reason; Don't bother about Reason.
yitt the nether parte to this takith summe Instruccion, The lower part of it agrees; and
And so shuld the ouer parte, but he were woode. 484 so 'ud the upper, if it wasn't mad.

Will.

me seme, as ye sey, in body and soule[1] 485
man may be in the world, and be right good.

lucyfer.

ya, Ser, be Seynt Powle!
but truste not these prechours, for thei be not good, 488 Don't trust Preachers! They flatter and lie, and are wolves in sheep's clothing.
ffor thei fflater and lye as thei wer wood;
ther is a wolfe in a lombe skynne.

[1] A stanza of Scene I form, *abab, bcbc*, is here put into the *aaab, aaab* of Scenes II, and III and IV.

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Wyll.

Will agrees to go in for larks.

ya, I wyll no more row a-geyn) the fflode,
I wyll sett my soule on a mery pynne. 492

lucyfer.

be my treuthe, that do ye wysely, 493
godl louyth a clene soule and a mery,
Accorde ye .iij. to-geder by,
& ye may not mysfare. 496

Mynde.

So do Mind and

to this suggestion) agre me.

Vnderstondy*ng*.

Understanding.

Delight ther-In I haue truly.

Wyll.

And I consent ther-to frely.

lucifer.

Lucifer backs them up;

A! ha! ser'! all mery than), and a-wey car'! 500
go in the world, se that a-bought, 501

tells em to get money, and be jolly.

gete good ffrely, caste no dought;
to the riche, ye se men) lowly lought;
yeve to yo*ur* body that is nede, 504
& eu*er* be mery; lett reuell rought!

Mynde.

ya! ellys I be-shrewe my snowte.

Vnderstondy*ng*.

and if I care, catche me the gowte.

Wyll.

[leaf 166] They all say they will.

And if I spare, the deuyll me spede. 508

lucifer.

Go yo*ur* wey than), And do wysely; 509
chaunge that syde aray.

Mynde.

I it defye.

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Vnderstond*yng*.

we wiłł be fressh̃, and it hap*e* la plu Ioly. They'll have girls,
ffare-wele, pen*au*nce! 513

Mynde.

to worshippys I wyłł my mynde applie. honour,

Vnderstond*yng*.

Mynd Vnderstondynge in worshepys *and* glorye. glory,

Wyłł.

And I in lust*es* of lechory, and lechery,
As was sumtyme gyse of fraunce, 517 in French fashion.
with̃ why whyppe.
ffareweł, q*uo*d I; the deuył is vp. 519

Ex*eunt*ia.

lucifer.

Of my desyre now haue I su*m*me 520 Lucifer chuckles over his success:
wer onys brought in-to Custu*m*me,
than farewele, consciens, he were clu*m*me,
I shuld haue ał my wył. 523
Reson, I haue made both̃ deff and du*m*me, I've made Man's Reason deaf and dumb;
grace is out, and putt a rome,
whedyr I Wiłł haue, he shałł cu*m*me;
So at the last I shałł hym spille. 527
I shałł now stere his mynde I'll now stir him to Pride,
to that synne made me a fende,
Pryde, wiche is a-geyn kynde,
and of ał synnes hed; 531
So to couetyse he shałł wende, Covetousness,
for that endurytł̃ to the last ende;
and vn-to lechery, and I may hym rende, and Lechery.
than am I seker the soule is ded. 535
that soule, god made inc*om*pa*r*able, 536 I'll make his Soul, God's likeness,
to his lykenesse most amyable;
I shałł make it most rep*r*ouable,
Evyn̄ lyke to a ffende of helle. 539 [leaf 166, back]
At his deth̃ I shałł appere informable, like a Fiend of Hell.

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Shewyng hym all hys synnys ab-homynable,
Prevyng his soule dampnable,

I'll kill the Soul with Despair;

So *with* dispeyr I shall hym quelle. 543
Whyll clennesse is man kynd, 544
Verely the soule, god is *with*-in;
And whan it is in dedly synne,
It is veryly the deuelys place: 547

and by craft win many from heaven.

thus by colours and false gynne,
many a soule fro hevyn I wynne.
Wyde to go I may not blynne,
with this false boy god geve hym ille *grace*! 551

Here he takith a shrewede boy *with* hy*m*, *and* goth his way cryeng.

Scene IV. Mind, Will, and Understanding, glory in their new naughtinesses.

[*Scene IV.* (*aaab, aaab.*)]

Mynde.

lo me here in newe a-ray! 552

Mind is proud of his new dress.

[. . . . . .]
Whyppe, whyrre, care a-way!
fare-wele, *per*feccion! 555
Me semeth my-self most lykly ay,
It is but honest, no pride, no nay,
I wyll be ffresshest be my fay,
ffor that accordith *with* my *com*plexion. 559

Vnderstondyng.

Understanding is so of his dress,

And haue here one as ffressh as you, 560
All mery, mery, and glad now!

and money got anyhow.

I haue gete good, god wote howe;
for Ioye I spryng, I skyppe; 563
good makith on mery, to god a vowe.

He bids Conscience farewell.

ffarewell, conscience, I knowe not yowe!
I am at ease, had I Inowe;
truthe, on syde I lete hym slippe. 567

Will.

Will is jolly too.

lo! her on as Iolye as ye; 568
I am so lykyng, me seme I fle;

I haue a-tastid lust; farewele, chastite! — He's tried pleasure, [leaf 167]
Mynd hert is euer-more light. 571
I am full of felicite,
My delyte is all in bevte,
ther is no Ioye but that in me; — and thinks Woman a heavenly sight.
A Woman me semeth an hevynly sight. 575

Mynde.

And these ben my syngler solace: 576 — Mind has got
kynde fortune and grace,
kynde nobley of kynred me yovynd hase, — noble kin,
and that makyth me soleyne; 579
ffortune in worldes worshepe me doth lace,
grace yevith coryous elequence, *and* that mase, — honour and eloquence.
that all vnkunnynge I disdeyne. 582

Vnderstondyng.

and my Ioye is especiall 583 — Understanding has hoarded up riches, and delights in handling it.
to hurde vp rychesse for fere to falle,
to se it, to handele it, to telle it alle,
& streightly to spare, 586
to be-hold ryche and ryall.
I bost, I avaunt wher I shall,
Riches makyth a mand equall — Money makes a man equal to kings.
to hem sumtyme his souereignes were. 590

Wyll.

to me is Ioye most laudable, 591 — Will likes
ffresshe disgysynge to seme amyable,
Spekyng wordys delectable, — dalliance, and words and
Perteynyng vn-to loue; 594
It is Ioy of Ioyes inestimable,
to halse, to kysse the affiable; — kisses of love.
A louer is sone perceyvable
be the smylyng on me whand it doth remove. 598

Mynde.

to a-vaunte thus, me semeth no shame, 599
for galauntes now be in most fame;

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Mind is proud of his dress.

Courtly persones, men hem proclame;
moche we be sett bye. 602

Vnderstond*yng*.

[leaf 167, back]

The riche covetouse, who dare blame,
Of' govele and symonye thoughh he bere the name?

Men now call falseness 'Wisdom,' and

to be false, men reportith it game,
It is clepyd' wysdam: "whar' that! q*uo*d Wyly." 606

Wyll.

think no more of Lechery than a drink.

And of' lechory to make a-vaunt, 607
men) forse it no more than) drynke a-taunt:
these thyng*es* be now so conuersaunt,
we seme it no shame. 610

Mynde.

Mind will dress grandly,

Coryous aray I wyll eu*er* haunt. 611

Vnderstond*yng*.

Understanding be false,

And I, ffal[s]nesse, to be passaunt.

Wyll.

Will fornicate;

And I, in lust my fflesh to daunt;
no man) dispise these; thei be but game. 614

Mynde.

I reioyse of' thes: now let vs synge. 615

Wnderstond*yng*.

And if' I spare euyll, Ioye me wrynge.

Wyll.

haue at, q*uo*d I: lo! howe I sprynge.
lust makith me wondyr wylde. 618

Mynde.

and they'll all sing a song.

A tenor to you both I brynge.

Vnderstond*yng*.

And I a mene for ony kynge.

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Wyꝗ.

And but a trebyꝗ I out-wrynge,
the deuyꝗ hym spede that myrꝗ exyled. 622

& cantent.

They sing their song,

Mynde.

how be this, trowe ye nowe? 623

Vnderstond*yng*.

at the best, to godꝑ a vowe.

Wyꝗ.

as mery as the byrdꝑ on bowe,
I take no thoughꝗt. 626

and are as merry as birds.

Mynde.

the welefare of this worldꝑ is in vs, I a-vowe.

Vnderstond*yng*.

let eche manꝑ telle his condicions how.

They say how they live.

Wyꝗ.

be-gynne ye, and haue at yowe,
for I am a-shamydꝑ of right noughꝗt. 630

Mynde.

this is cause of my worshippe: 631
I *ser*ue myghty lorship*e*,
And am in grete tendreshippe,
Therfor moche folke me dredys; 634
men sewe to my frendship*e*,
for meynten*aun*ce of her shenship*e*;
I support hem by lordship*e*;
for to gete godꝑ, this a grete spede is. 638

Mind serves a great lord,

[leaf 168]

and gets money for protecting evil doers.

Vnderstond*yng*.

And I vse Iorourry, 639
Enbrace quest*es* of per*i*ury,
choppe and chaunge wit*h* symonye,
& take large yift*es*; 642

Understanding lives by prying and simony.

be the case neu*er* so try,

Understanding swears falsely on Quest.

I preve it false, I swere, I lye,
w*ith* a quest of myn affye:
the redy wey, this now to thrift is. 646

Wyll.

and what trowe ye be me? 647

Will spends three times what he gets,

More than I take, spende I thries thre;
Su*m*tyme I geve, sumtyme thei me,
And am eu*er* ffresshe and gaye; 650
ffewe place*s* now ther be,
But vnclennesse ye shall ther se,

and lives in lust.

It is holde but a nysete;
lust is now comon as thei waye. 654

Mynde.

lawe *procedith* not for maynten*au*nce. 655

Vnd*er*stond*ynge*.

Trouthe recurytl not for abundaunce.

Wyll.

Their sins are not heeded;

and lust is in so grete vsaunce,
we forse it nought. 658

Mynde.

the world trusts em;

In vs the worlde hath most affiaunce.

Vnd*er*stond*ynge*.

Non thre be in so grett a-queyntaunce.

Wyll.

ffewe ther be out of our allyaunce;
While the worlde is thus, take we no thought. 662

Mynde.

thought! nay, ther geyne stryve I. 663

Vnderstond*ynge*.

they have all they want. [leaf 168, back]

We haue that neditl vs, so thryve I.

Wyll.

And gyve that I care, neu*er* wyve I;
let hem care that hath for to sewe. 666

Mynde.

Who lordship shall sue, must it by. Lordship and

Vnderst*ondyng*.

who wyll haue law, must haue mony. law can only be got for money.

Wyll.

ther pouert is the male wry, Poverty never gets its rights.
though right be, he shall neu*er* renewe. 670

Mynde.

wronge is born vp boldly, 671 Wrong is upheld.
though all the world know it opynly;
mayntena*un*ce is now so myghty,
And all Is for mede. 674

Vnderst*ondyng*.

the lawe is so coloured falsly
by sleight*es and* by p*er*iury;
brybes be so gredy,
that to the pore · trowthe is take right non hede. 678 To the poor, Truth isn't heeded.

Wyll.

wno gete or lese, ye be ay wynnand; 679
mayntena*un*ce and p*er*iury now stand; Maintenance (support of wrong), Perjury
ther wer neu*er* so moche reynand
seth god was bore. 682

Mynde.

And lechory was neu*er* more vsande, and Lechery prevail
of lernyd and lewyd in this lande.

Vnderst*ondyng*.

so we thre be now in hande.

Wyll.

ya, *ana* most vsyd eu*er*y-wher.[1] 686 everywhere.

[1] The ryme needs 'whore.'

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Mynde.

Mind, Will, and Understanding agree to get up a Dance.

now wyll we thre do make a daunce, 687
of tho that longe to our retenaunce,
comyng in be countenaunce,
this wer a disporte. 690

Vnderst*ondyng*.

therto I geve accordaunce,
of tho that ben of myn affyaunce.

Wyll.

Mind or Maintenance (backing of wrong) calls in his crew of 7:

let se be tyme, ye meyntenaunce,
clepe in first your resort. 694

Here entre vj disgysed in the sute of mynde, with red berdes *and* lyons rampaunt on here crestes, *and* iche a wardere in his hande; hir menstralle, trumpes. eche answere for his name.

Mynde.

[leaf 169] Indignacion, Sturdiness, Malice, Hastiness, Vengeance, Discord, Maintenance,—

let se, com In, Indignacion and sturdynesse, 695
Malyce also *and* hastynesse,
wreche and discorde expresse,
And the .vij^th^. am I, mayntenaunce. 698
Vij. is a nombyr of discorde *and* inperfightnesse.
lo, her is a yomanry with loveday to dresse, 700
And the deuyll had swore it, thei wold bere vp falsnesse,

the Devil's Dance,—

And mayntyn it at the best; this is the develys daunce;
and here menstrellys be conuenyent, 703

and Trumpets to fit em.

ffor trompys shuld blowe to the Iugement;
of batayle also it is one instrument,
yevyng comfort to fight; 706
therfor thei be expedient
to these meny of mayntement,
blow [1]sett, se madame regent,

Dance away, lads! Your hearts are light.

and daunce, ye laddes, your hertes ben light! 710
lo! that other spare, this meny will spende. 711

Vnderst*ondyng*.

ye! who is hym shall hem offende?

[1] s *altered to* l, *or vice-versa*.

Wyll.

who wyll not to hem condescende,
he shall haue thretys. 714

Mynde.

thei spille, that lawe wolde amende. Law-Reformers shall be smasht.

Vnderst*ondyng*.

yit mayntenaunce, no man dare reprehende.

Wyll.

these meny, thre synnys comprehende
pryde, Invy, *and* wrathe in his hestys. 718

Vnderst*ondyng*.

now wyll I than be-gynne my traces: 719 Understanding then calls on his crew,
Iorour in one hood berith to · ffaces,
fayre speche *and* falsehed in on space is,
is it not ruthe? 722
the queste of holborn come in-to this places, the Holborn Quest.
a-geyne the right euer thei rechases,
of whom thei hold not hard his grace is,
many a tyme haue dampnyd truthe. 726

Here entrithe vj. Iorours in a sute gownyde with hoodes a-bowte her nec[kes], hattes of mayntenaunce ther-vpone vyserede diuersly, here mynstralle a bagpy[pe]. [leaf 169, back] 6 Perjurers come in:

Mynde.

let se first wronge and sleight, 727 Wrong, Sleight,
doblenesse and falsehed shew your myght, Doubleness, Falsehood,
now ravyne and disceyte. Ravine, Deceit,
now holde you here to-gedyr, 730
this menyes conscyens is so streyte,
that report as mede yevith beyte.
her is the quest of holborn, an euyll endyrecte, making up the Holborn Quest,
thei daunce all this londe hyder and thedyr, 734
and I, periury, your foundour; 735 with Perjury, the 7th.
Now daunce on vs all, the world doth on vs wonder.
lo! here is a meyne loue welefare. 737

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Mynde.

ye, thei spende, that true men spare.

WyH.

This Holborn Quest 'll give any verdict for a bribe.

haue thei a brybe, thei haue no care
who hath wronge or right. 740

Mynde.

thei forse not to swere and stare.

WyH.

though all be false, lesse *and* mare.

Vnderst*ondyng*.

wiche wey to the wode wyH the hare,
thei knewe, *and* thei at rest sett als tight; 744
some seme hem wyse 745

They're sons of Covetousness.

ffor the ffader of vs, covetyse.

WyH.

now, mayntenaunce *and* periury 747
hath shewed the trace of her company;

Will says he'll bring in his crew of Lechers.

ye shall se a spryng of lechery,
þat to me attende. 750
her forme is of the stewys clene rybaldry,
thei wene sey soth whan that thei lye;
of the comon thei synge eche weke by *and* by;
thei may sey with tynker, 'I trowe late amende.' 754

So his, or Lechery's, 6 Retainers come in.

Here entre vj womane in sute, [thre] disgysede as galauntes, *and* thre as matrones, with wonderfulle vysers, conregent; here mynstrallys, an hornpype.

[*The rest is wanting.*]

[*End of the Digby MS. But as a stray Play, which no doubt once formd part of this MS, has been found in another MS, it is added here.*]

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[The following sketch of the rest of the play is from Mr. J. P. Collier's account of the Macro MS. (after, the late Hudson Gurney's, and just promist me on loan by the Trustees of his Will (9 March, 1880) in his *Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry*, (1833 and) 1879, ii. 210-12:—

"They [Will's 6 Retainers] are called Recklesshood, Idleness, Surfeit, Greediness, Spouse-breach, and Fornication. The minstrels play 'a hornepype', and they all dance until they quarrel, when Mynde exclaims in a rage:—

'Hurle hens these harlotts, here gyse ys of France!'

and the eighteen mutes being driven off, Mind, Will, and Understanding remain on the stage. Mind says to his two companions:

'Leve then thys dalyance,
Ande set we ordenance
Off better chevesaunce [enterprise—J. P. C.]
How we may thryve.

Undyrstondyng.—At Westmynster, with out varyance,
The nex terme shall me sore avaunce
For retornys, for enbraces, for recordaunce;
Lythlyer to get goode, kan no man on lyve.

(p. 211) *Mynde.*—And at the parvyse[1] I wyll be
A' Powlys, be-twyn two and three
With a menye folowynge me . .

Wyll.—Ande ever the latter, the lever me:
Wen I come lat to the cyte,
I walke all lanys and weys to myne affynyte;
And I spede not ther, to the stewys I resort.'

They continue to converse in this strain for some time, Understanding dwelling, especially, on the tricks of the law. Just as they are about to make their *exit*, in order to eat and drink together, Wisdom unexpectedly enters; while *Anima*, having been disfigured and corrupted by Mind, Will, and Understanding, 'apperythe in the most horrybull wyse, fowlere than a fend.' She afterwards gives birth to six of the deadly sins, and the operation is thus described:—'Here rennyt out from undyr the horrybull mantyll of the Soule, six small boys in the lyknes of devyllys, and so retorne ageyn.' *Anima* becomes sensible of her dreadful transformation, and Mind, Will, and Understanding find that they are the cause of it. It is added:—'Here they go out, and in the goynge the Soule syngyth in the most lamentabull wyse, with drawte notes, as yt ys songyn in the passyon wyke'; in allusion probably to the prolonged manner of drawling out the notes of psalms at that season.

[1] *Parvyse* means the Portico. This passage settles the doubt (see Glossary to Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*, *voc.* 'Parvis') as to where the Parvis at London was situated: it was where lawyers met for consultation—viz. the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral. . . .—J. P. C.

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"Wisdom makes a long speech, in order to give the characters time to dress themselves; after which, 'here entrethe *Anima*, with the five wytts goynge before; Mynde on the on syde, and Undyrstondynge on the other syde, and Wyll folowyng, all in (p. 212) here fyrst clothynge, her chappeletts and crests, and all havyng on crownys, syngynge in here commynge'. Mind, Will, and Understanding renounce their evil courses, and *Anima* rejoices in the change. The conclusion or epilogue, not assigned to any character, is as follows:—

'*Vobis qui timetis Deum*
Orietur sol rusticum.
The tru son of ryghtusnes.
Wyche that ys our lorde Jhu,
Shall sprynge in hem that drede hys meknes.
Nowe ye must evyry soule renewe
In grace, and vyces to eschew,
And so to ende with perfection,
That the doctryne of wysdom we may sew.
Sapientia patris graunt that, for hys passyon. Amen.'

At the end is a list of the characters, but it does not include Will, nor any of the persons who have entered to dance."]

NOTE ON THE *HOLBORN QUEST*, p. 165, l. 773.

The William Smith, Rouge Dragon, whose plans of Cambridge and Canterbury are given in my *Harrison II* (see p. 16* there), wrote also "A Breeff Description of the Famovs Cittie of London, Capitall Cittie of this Realme of England. &c. Ann°. 1588." Harleian MS. 6363; and from it, leaf 13, I take his account of the City Quest, which shows what the Holborn one ought to have done and been:—

"Wardmote Enquest.

"There is also The Wardmote Enquest, Chosen euery St. Thomas day, in euery ward a quest. And are chosen after this maner. The Aldermen of euery ward, causeth all ye Inhabitants thereof, to assemble at a Church, or some other place within the said ward, where is chosen out amongst them about 24 parsons, which are called The Wardmot Enquest. And these do sitt all ye Christmas Hollydaies till Twelfft Day. And call beffore them all such parsons (in their ward) as be noted (yea, or suspected) of any notable cryme, which if they fynd culpable: They present them in wryting, vnder their handes & Sealls, into the guildhall. Also they go into every mans howse within the said ward, & peruse their weights & measures, which, if they ffynd not Iust: they breake them in peeces.

"Also they present euery man, at whose dore the Street is not well paved: also all Strumpetts, Baudes, Raylers, Skolders, & such Lyke, which being found faulty, are punished accordingly. And therfore euery baudy bacheler had nead to looke to hym selff."

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CHRIST'S BURIAL AND RESURRECTION

A Mystery.

IN TWO PARTS, IN THE NORTHERN DIALECT.[1]

FROM THE BODLEIAN MS. *E Museo* 160.

PART I TO BE PLAYD ON GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON,

PART 2 ON EASTER-DAY IN THE MORNING.

PART I.

(*At Christ's Cross and Sepulchre.*)

Joseph and the Three Maries lament Christ's Death.—With Nicodemus they take his body from the Cross.—His Mother utters her Complaint over him (p. 188, 189, 191—197). —He is buried.

PART II.

(*In Jerusalem and at Christ's Tomb.*)

The Three Maries go to Christ's Sepulchre.—Peter laments his treachery (p. 210); Andrew and John comfort him.—Christ appears to Mary Magdalene (p. 219), and then to the 3 Maries (p. 222).—The Apostles go to the Sepulchre (p. 225).—All sing.

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[1] Originally: See the *awe*, a', all (l. 4, 7, 653, &c.); *awn*, own (p. 18c, l. 401); *till*, to (l. 402, 428, 528); *haves thou* (l. 403); *knaw*, know (p. 188, l. 496; p. 189, l. 514, &c.); *wald*, would (p. 189, l. 531; p. 190, l. 564, &c.); *lawly*, lowly (p. 226, l. 1715); *s*, verbal plural; *whiklye*, quickly (p. 186, l. 444; *whantite*, quantite (p. 192, l. 621; p. 196, l. 737); *whik*, quick, living (p. 198, l. 814); *whit*, quite, requite (p. 199, l. 850), &c. See more overleaf.

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[THE NAMES OF THE PLAYERS.]

PART I.

Josephe of Aramathye.
The Three Maries.
1. Mary Salome (see note 3, p. 54 above).
2. Mary, the Mother of James.
3. Mary Magdalene.
Nicodemus (p. 184).
The Virgin Mary (p. 186).
St. John the Evangelist (p. 187).

Besides these, in Part II (except Joseph and Nicodemus).

The Angel (p. 205).
St. Peter (p. 209).
St. Andrew, Peter's Brother (p. 213).
Jesus (p. 219, 222).

Dr. Richard Morris kindly sends me the following note on the Dialect of this Mystery:—

"I've look'd over the 'Mystery' and find that it was originally in the Northumbrian dialect (has 2 and 3 sing. in -s, l. 1469, 1543 (is thou, 184/293); pl. in s, see l. 1426; *till*, sign of infinitive, ll. 992, 1335, 1345, 1580; *sho*, she, &c), but that it has been greatly alter'd and modernized (see footnote on p. 184, good *Northumbrian*).

"Northumbrian and Midland forms are mixed together (cp. *sho* and *shee*; 3rd pers. sing. in *s* and *th*, see p. 182), and whole lines have been alter'd to get a Midland *ryme* (cp. l. 203-4, original endings *wo* and *sho*; for *hee* = she, and not he; p. 202, l. 918-19, *sho* and *go*, original rymes).

"The Midland element is easily recognized to be of the West Midland type.

"1. The text contains a large number of Northern terms.

"2. pt. tense and pp. in *-t*, 'wipet, blessit, wrappit,' &c., &c.

"3. *Os*, as: This word occurs about 30 times, and as it is common in West Midland work, I take the frequent occurrence of it to be proof positive of Midland influence. The poem is still *Northern*, as distinct from *Southern*."

[1] Cp. pres. particip.es in *-ing*, not Northern; the dropping of *n* in past participles of strong verbs not Northern (p. 194).

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THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

[*MS. E Museo* 160 [*once* 226], (*Bodl. Libr.*), *leaf* 140.[1]]

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[2] **[This is a play to be playede, on part on gudfriday after-none, & þe other part opon Esterday after the resurrectione, In the morowe. but at [the] begynnynge ar certene lynes which [must] not be saide if it be plaiede, which (. . . *another line cut off*).]**

The prologe of this treyte or meditatione off the buryalle of Criste & mowrnynge therat.

A Soule that list to singe of loue
Of Crist, that com till vs so lawe,
Rede this treyte, it may hymm moue,
And may hym techē lightly with awe,[3] 4
Off the sorow of Mary sumwhat to knawe,
Opon gudfriday after-none;
Also of theappostiles awe,
And how mawdleyn sorowe cessit not son; 8
And also
How Iosephe of Aramathye
And othere persons holye;
With Nichodeyme worthely,
How in thair harte had wo. 13
Fyrst lat vs mynde how gud Iosepħe,
On this wise wepite Cristes dethe :— 15

This Treatise tells of the sorrow of Mary,
the Apostles,
Mary Magdalene,
Joseph of Arimathea,
Nicodemus,
and Joseph.

[1] The MS. is letterd on the back :—"Cronol. Papish Play." The stanzas are almost all 6 lines, *aab, ccb;* some 8, *aaab, cccb.* The Virgin's Complaint, p. 191-3, is mainly in eights, *abab, bcbc,* with some sixes and sevens. Some couplets follow it. Parts of it (p. 194-5) have the same burden 'Who can not wepe, com lerne of me,' as the earlier poem in my *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,* E. E. T. Soc. 1867, p. 126-7.

[2] In margin of leaf 140 back, at foot. [3] withal.

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Iosephe.

Great wrong has been wrought to-day.

ALesse! that euer I levit thus longe!
This day to se so grete wronge!
So fell Cruellitee & paynes stronge
Were neuer seyn) or this! 19
Such envy, such rancor, such malesse!
Of cruell tormentes such excesse!
O pilate, pilate! in thy palesse,
He that neuer did amysse, 23

Christ's blood has flowd, and

This day was dampnyt! o Innocent bloode, 24
Most of vertue, most graciose & gude,
This day stremyt owt lik a floode
And lyk a ryvere grete; 27

turnd Calvary's green to red.

On caluery mownt, on lenghe & brede!
O caluery! thy greyn colore is turnyd to rede
By a blessit lammes bloode which now is dede.

[leaf 140, back]

Alese! for faynt I swete, 31
Remembringe that so cleyne on Innocent shuld dye, 32
Which ledd his life the most perfitlye,
And wrought sich warkes wonderoslye,
Ose Iudea can recorde. 35

What creature but God could raise a dead man,

What mortall creature, that powre myght haue
To make a dede man rise owt of his graue,
Lyinge ther-in iiij dayes tayve,
But god, the gretist lorde? 39

or give sight to the blind?

A man to haue his sight, born) starke blinde, 40
From Adams Creation) where shall we fynde?
Or what prophettes can ye call to mynde,
Of whom maybe verryfyed 43
So grete a miracle aboue naturs righte?
To many othere blind men he gaue the sighte,
And wrought many wounders by godly myghte,
As it is well certifiede. 47
From the hyll I com bot now down), 48
Wher I left the holy women in dedly swoun).
O ye pepull of this cetye & of this town),

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Herd ye not the Exclamation) 51
And the grete bruñte which was on the h[i]ꝗ,
" Crucyfy hym! Crucify hym! slo hym & kiꝗ!" The Jews cried, "Crucify him!"
Peace! now harkyn! I pray you stand stiꝗ;
Methink I here lamentation).[1] 55

thre mariye sais aꝗ to-gider in a voce. [leaf 141]

Aiunt iij marie

O most dolorose day! O tym of gretist sorowe! 56 The 3 Maries lament.

Mavdleyn

O sisters,[2] stand stiꝗ vn-tyꝗ to-morowe!
I trow I may not leue.[3] 58

Ioseph

I here the mawdleyn) / bitterly compleyn). Joseph sympathises.
What gud creature / may hym-self refrayn)
In this piteose myscheffe.[4] 61

ja maria.

O day of lamentation)! 62

ija maria.

O day of exclamatione!

Thrid mary.

O day off suspiratione! The Maries lament again.
Which Iewes shaꝗ repent! 65

Mavdleyn.

O day most doloruse!

ija maria.

O day paynfuꝗ & tediose!

[1] Off the wepinge of the iij Maries.
M[An, harkyn how mavdleyn with the maris ij
Wepis & wringes thair handes os thay goo.]
These two lines crosst through with red ink.
[2] saide mawdleyns crosst through.
[3] This line is crosst through:
This hard holy Ioseph standinge ryght gayn
[4] The MS. adds:—[The maries in that stationе
Then saide on this fascione]
Lines crosst through.

iij^a *maria.*

O pepuł most cruełł & furiose,
Thus to slo an Innocent! 69

ij^a *maria*

Christ hangs on the Cross, O mawdleyn), *your* master dere, 70
How rewfully he hinge*s* here,
That set you first i*n* ceile! 72

Mawdleyn)

¶ A! cesse, sisters! it sloes my chere!
His dulfuł deth I may not bere!
Devowt Iosepłe, I se hym here,
Our cares forto keyle. 76
O gud Iosepłe, approche to vs nere;
wounded with a spear; Behold hym wowndit w*ith* a spere,
That louede yow so weył! 79

Iosephe

¶ O[1] mawdleyn), said Ioseph,[2] I p*ray* you here;
& y*our* susters als to be of gud chere.

Magdal[eyn

¶ O frende Ioseph! this p*r*ince had **neuer** pere!
[leaf 141, back] The weł of m*er*cy / that made me clere;
And that wist ye weile. / 84
Nay, gude Iosepłe, com nere & beholď! 85
His body stark and cold. This bludy la*m*mes body is starke & colď.
O! hadde ye seyn) his paynes many-folď,
Ye waldď haue beyne right sory. 88
Iosepłe! luk bettere, beholď & see,
In how litił space how many wound*es* bee!
Here was no mercee,[3] her was no pitee,
But Cruełł delinge paynfully. 92
O goode Iosepłe, I am ał dysmayede 93

[1] gud *croost through, instead of* said Joseph.
[2] The poetaster has again forgotten that he's writing a play.
[3] mercye *altered.*

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To see his tendere fleshe thus rewfully arayed,
On this wise so wofully displayed,
Woundit wiſhe nayll & spere! 96
O dere Iosephe / I feyll my harte wex cold,
Thes blessite fete / thus bludy to be-hold, Christ's blessed feet are bloody.
Whom I weshid with teres manyfold,
And wyped with my heare. 100
O how rewfull / a spectakill itt is! 101
Neuer hast bee seyn / ne shall be after this,
Such cruell rigore to the kinge of blisse;
The lord that made all, 104 The Lord of all has suffered for man's iniquity.
Thus to suffere in his humanitee,
And that only for our iniquitee!
O makere of man! what loue & pitee
Had thou for vs so thrall! 108
O gude Iosephe, was ye not present here? 109

Ioseph.

¶ Yis, moder mawdleyn, it changid my chere.
The wounder was so grete, I yrkit to com nere.
But I was not farre hence. 112 [leaf 142]

Magdalena.

¶ O Iosephe, If I told you euery circumstaunce
Of the moste merite & perseueraunce
Of hym þat neuer did offence, 115 He never did offence, and yet
Thys highe kinge þat hinges befor our face,
Displayede on Crosse in this piteos place,
And tell you of his pacience; 118
Frende Iosephe, this day am I sure, 119
Scantly with force ye myght it indure,
But your hart shuld tendere 121
How he sufferte to be takid, was taken and scourgd.
Sore scourgit & nakit
On all his body sclender! 124
And not-with-stondinge your manly hart, 125
Frome your Ees the teres wald starte,

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To shew your hevynesse. 127
Com hithere, Iosephe, & stande ner this rood!

The Lamb shed his blood.

Loo! this lamme spared not to shedd his blude
With most paynfull distresse; 130
Her was more rancore shewed than equitee, 131
Mich more malace than ony pitee,
I reporte me; your-self behold & see!

His pain passes all other.

His payn passis all othere; 134
All if he were the prince of peace,
Therfor my sorow haves no releace.

Iosephe

¶ Gude mawdleyn), of your mowrnynge cease;
It Ekes my doole, dere moder:[1] 138

Maria Iacobi ij^a

Who can but sorrow for it?

Goode frende Iosephe, what creatur maye 139
But sorow to se this wofull daye,

[leaf 142, back]

The day of gretist payne? 141

Maria solamee

¶ [2] **Wo &** sorow must **ned**es synke
Mor in our hartes than met & drinke,
To se our saueyoure slayne. 144

Iosephe.

¶ Alese, women! ye mak my hart to relente, 145
Beholdinge his body thus torne & rente,
That inwardly I wepe; 147
But, gude Mawdleyn), shew vnto me

The Virgin Mary

Where is mary his mothere so free.
Who haues that maide to kepe? 150

Mavdleyn)

A Iosephe, from this place / is sho[3] gone. 151
To haue seyn) hir, a harte of stone,

[1] MS. has this line crosst through:—
The secund Mary began to saye
[2] The MS. puts before Wo, 'The thrid mary saide,' but it is crosst through.
[3] wente *crosst through.*

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For ruthe wald haue relente: 153
Right many tymes emanges vs here
Sche swownyd with most dedly chere, swoond.
Ose mothere mekest kente. 156
With full longe prayere, scant we myghte 157
Cause hir parte from this peteose sighte;
Scho made many compleynte; 159
Ye saw neuer woman þis wise dismaide;
Zebedeus & Iohn hase hir convaide; Zebedee and John have taken her home.
To spek of hire I faynte. 162
Many men spekes of lamentacion 163
Of moders, & of their gret desolation
Which that thay did in-dure 165
When that their childer dy & passe;
But of his peteose tender moder, alasse,
I am verray sure 168
the wo & payn passis all other: 169
Was ther neuer so sorowfull a mother Never was mother so sorrowful as the [leaf 143]
For inward thoȝt & cure, 171
When sho harde hym for his enmyse praye,
And promesid the thefe the blissis aye,
And to hir-self no word wald saye; Virgin when her Son didn't speak to her,
Sche sighid, be ye sure. 175
The sonne hynge, & the moder stood, 176
And euer sho kissid the droppes of blood
That so fast / ran down; 178
Sche extendit hir Armes hym to brace;
But sho myght not towch hym, so high was the place, and she could not touch Him.
And then sho fell in swoune. 181

Iosephe

A Gude mawdleyn, who can hir blame, 182
, To se hir awn son in so grete shame,
With-owt ony offence. 184
But, mavdleyn, had he ony mynd on hir in his passion?

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Mavdleyn

Ȝee, yee, Iosephe! of hir he had grete compassion,
Os apperit' by evidence; 187
For, hanginge on the Crosse most petyfully, 188
Christ lookt from the Cross on His Mother, He lukyd on that maide, his moder, rewfully,
And with a tender cow[n]tenaunce, 190
As who say, "modere! the sorow of your harte
Makes my passion mor bitter & mor smarte,
Ye ben euer in my remembraunce. 193
and said that John should comfort her. Dere modere, becawse I depart os nowe, 194
Iohn my Cosyn shall waite on yowe,
Your comforte for to bee." 196
Loo, he had hyr on his graciose mynd,
To teche all chi[l]deren to be kind
To fader & modere of dewtee. 199
This child wald not lefe his moder alone, 200
[leaf 143, back] Not-withstandinge hir lamentabill mone
& hevynesse. 202

[Io]seph

[1]A, gud lady, full wo was shee!
But can ye tell what wordes saide hee
There in that grete distresse? 205

Mavdleyn

And in His agony, He said "I thirst." ¶ [2]O Iosephe, this lame most meke, 206
In his Cruell tormentes & paynfull eke,
But fewe wordes he hadd, 208
Saue that in grete Agonye
He saide thes wordes, "I am thrustye,"
With chere demure & sadd. 211

[I]hoseph

¶ Mawdleyne: Suppose ye his desire was to drinke? 212

[1] In the MS. the line before is crosst through:—¶ Than saide Iosephe right peteoslee.
[2] ¶ Mawdleyn saide *crosst through*.

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Mavdleyn

¶ Nay, verrelye, frende Ioseph, I thinke
He thrustide no lyquore; 214
His thruste was of charitee; Christ thirsted
For our faithe & fidelitee,
He ponderite the rigore; 217
Off his passion done so cruellye; 218
For the helth of mannys sauł cheflye for the health of man's soul,
He thrustid & desirede. 220
And then, after tormente longe,
& after paynes feł & stronge,
This mekist lam expyrede: 223 and then died.
For wikkit synners þis lamm is dede. 224
Alese! my hart wex hevy os lede,
Myndinge my writchitnesse. 226
Where was euer a mor synfuł creature
Than I my-self? nay, nay; I am sure
Was none of mor offencesse. 229
O! what displesur is in my mynd, 230
Rememberinge that I was so vnkynd [leaf 144]
To hym that hinges here, 232 How unkind was I to Him!
That hinges here so piteoslye
For my synnes done owtragioslye!
Mercy, lorde, I requere! 235
Not-withstondinge the gre[t] enormitee 236
Of my fowle synnes, & of his humylitee, Yet He forgave me all my foul
This lambe, this Innocent, 238 sins.
For my Contrition) he forgaue mee
Only of his fre mercifuł pitee;
Neddes must my harte relente. 241
This is the sacrifice of remission); 242
Crist, ał synners havinge contrition),
Callith to mercy & grace, 244
Sayinge thes swete wordes, "retorn) to mee, He is with all who turn to Him.
Leve thy syn), & I shalbe with thee,
Accepte in euery place."
Had not beyne his most mercyfuł consolatione, 248

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I, wreche of all wretches,[1] into desperation
Had fallen right dangeroslye; 250
My dedes were dampnabill of righte,
His mercy accepted my contrite heart. But his mercee accepte my harte contrighte,
And reconsiled me gracioslye. 253
O mekeste lambe, hanginge here on hye! 254
Was ther none othere meyn but þou must nede dy,
Synners to reconsyle? 256
How I sorrow for Him! A, Sisters, sisters! what sorow is in me,
Beholdinge my master on this peteose tree!
My harte fayntes; I may no longer dree.
Now lat me pawse a whyle; 260
[leaf 144, back] What can comfort me? O, where shall ony comfurthi com to mee, 261
And to his modere, that Maid so free?
Wald god, here I myght dye! 263

ij° Maries.

¶[2] Gud Mawdleyn, mesure youre distillinge teres!

Mawdleyn

¶ O sisters,[3] who may hold theire cheres?
His feet that I wiped with my hair Thes are the swete fete I wipet with heris;
And kissid so deuowtlye; 267
are pierct with a nail. And now to see tham thyrlite with a nayle,
How shulde my sorowfull harte bot fayle
And mowrn contynually? 270
Cum hithere, Ioseph, beholde & looke 271
How many bludy letters beyn writen in þis buke,
Small margente her is. 273

Iosephe

¶[4] Ye, this parchement is stritchit owt of syse.
O derest lorde! in how paynfull wise

[1] had fallen *crosst through*.
[2] In the MS. these 3 lines are crosst through:—
Ose mawdleyne thus sore did wepe
The othere ijo Maryes tuk gude kepe
And saide righte soberlye
[3] saide sho *crosst through*.
[4] In the MS. the line before is crosst through:
Than said Iosephe a nobille man of prise

Haue ye tholit this! 276
O, all the pepill that passis here-by, 277
Beholde here inwardlee with your Ees gostly,
Consider well & see, 279
Yf that euer ony payn) or torment)
Were lik vnto this which this Innocent
Haves suffert thus meklee! 282
Remembere man! remembere well, & see 283
How liberall a man this lord was & free,
Which, to saue mankind, 285
On droppe of blude haues not kepit ne sparid!
Full litill for ease or plesure he carid,
By reason ye may finde, 288
Which on dropp of blood hase not resaruyd. 289
O lord, by thy deth we beyn) preseruyd;
By deth thou hast slayne deth; 291
Was neuer no love lik vnto thyn),
That to this meknes thy-selfe wald inclyn),
& for vs to yelde thy brethe. 294
Thou knew ther were no remedy to redeym) syn), 295
But a bath of þi blude to bath mans saule in;
And thou were well[1] assent 297
To let it ren) owt most plenteosly.
Where wer euer sich love? neuer, verrely,
That such wise wald content). 300
To his fadere, for vs he made a sure render). 301
Loo! euery bone ye may nowmbere of his body tender,
For vntollerabill paynes 303
The tormentours sparede no Crueltee,
With sharp scowrges te-terre his flesh, ye may see
With thorns thrust in his braynes; 306
Grete nayles drevyn, the bones all to brake; 307
Thus in Euery parte the nayles thay did wrake.
O cruell wikkitnese, 309
From the Crowne of the hede vnto the too,

See, ye folk, was ever Pain like this which Christ has sufferd

to save Mankind?

[leaf 145]

Never was Love like His!

His flesh was torn with scourges; thorns were thrust into His brains; nails were driven into Him; His bones were broken in pieces.

[1] content *crossed through.*

This blessit body was wrappit all in woo,
In payn) & distresse. 312

Wounds are all over Him, in

In this displaied body, wher' may it be found, 313
On spott', or a place, bet ther' is a wound,
Owther' mor or lesse. 315

[leaf 145, back] side, head, hands, feet.

Se his side, hede, handes & fete!
Lo! All his body with blude is wete,
So paynfull was his presse. 318
On yche parte he is paynede sore, 319
Saue only the tunge, which euer-more
For synners did prayee. 321

Mawdlen.[1]

O piteous sight!

Who saw euer a spektacle more pitevs,
A more lamentable sight & dolorus?
AA! this wofull daye! 324
Alese, this sorow that I endure 325
With grete inwarde hevynes & cure!
Alesse, þat I do not dye, 327
To see hym dede, made me of noghte,
And with his deth thus haves me boughte;

O cruel torment!

O Cruell tormentrye! 330
O dere master, be ye not displeasid 331
Yf I myght dy with yow / my hart' wer wel easid;
O! ffaynt, & faynt it is 333

Ioseph.[2]

What meyn) ȝe women, in goddis name?
Moder! to mych sorow / ȝe mak; ye be to blame;
I pray yow, leve all this! 336

But He shall rise again,

He that hingeth here of his humilite, 337
From deth shall aryse, for right so saide hee;
His wordes must nedes be trewe: 339

[1] The next line in the MS is crosst through :—
¶ To that word mavdlene awnswert thus
[2] The next line in the MS is crosst through :—
¶ Holy Iosephe awnswerit to this same

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This is the finale cavse & conclusion,
To bringe our mortall enmy to confusion — to subdue Satan,
And his powere to subdewe. 342
For this cawse he descendit from þe hevynly place 343 [leaf 146]
Born of þe mekist virgyn all full of grace,
Which now most sorowfull is. 345
For that cawse he did our natur take,
Thus, by deth, to sloo deth, ffor mannes sake, — to slay Death,
And to restor hym to blysse. 348 — and restore Man to Bliss.
Wherfor, good women, your-self comforte; 349
Amongest vs agayn / he shall resorte,
I trust verrelye; 351
I pray yow, compleyn not thus hevylee.

Mavdle[yn.]

[1] Nedes must I compleyn, & that most bitterlee,
& I shall tell yow whye:— 354
In-sensibill Creaturs / beyn trovblid, ȝe see; 355 — All Nature is troubled.
The son had lost his sight; Eclippid was hee; — The Sun was eclipst; the
Therth tremmblide ferfullye; 357 — Earth trembled;
The hard flynt & stone / is brokyn in sundre; — Rocks rent.
Yf resonable creaturs / be trowblid · it is no wonder;
And emange all speciallye, 360
I, a wrechit woman / a, wrech! a, wreche! 361
Behold these bludy welles / her may þou feche
Balme more preciose than golde! 363
O ye welles of mercy / dyggide so depe,
Who may refrayn / who may bot wepe, — Who can refrain from weeping at
These bludy streymys to be-holde? 366 — these streams of Christ's blood?
O fontains flowinge with water of life, 367
To wash away corrupcion / of wondes infectyfe,
By dedly syne grevose! 369
All with meknese is mesured this ground, with-out dowte, [leaf 146, back]

[1] The line before in the MS. is crosst through :—
¶ Than said Mawdleyne A Iosephe free

Wherin so many springes of mercy flowes owte,
Beholde, how so plenteose! 372

Altera maria.[1]

Mawdleyne, your mowrnynge avaylis nothinge. 373
Lat vs speke to Iosephe, hym hertely desiringe
But let us find a way to take the Crucified to the Sepulchre. for To finde some gude waye, 375
This Crucified body down to take,
And bringe it to sepulcre, & so lett make
Ende of this wofull daye. 378

Ioseph.[2]

Ȝe shall vnderstand yit more, that I 379
Pilate has consented, and Haue beyne with the Iuge Pilat instantlye
For this same requeste, 381
To berye this most holy bodye;
Ande he grauntid me full tenderlye
To do os me thought beste. 384
Nicodemus is coming to take the body down. I haue spokene with Nichodemus also;— 385
Ye shall se hyme takyn down, or ye go;—
That he taryes so longe, I mervell. 387
A! I se hym now com vpward the hill.
Cesse of youre wepinge, I pray you, be still;
I trust all shalbe well. 390
Nichodemus, come nerre! we haue longe for you thouȝt.[3] 391

Nicodemus venit.

¶ O worthy lorde, who made all thinge of noght,
[leaf 147] With the most bitter payn to deth is thou broughte;
Thy name blessit bee! 394

[1] The next line and a quarter are crosst through in the MS :—
¶ The othere Mary myldly gafe awnsweringe
And saide

[2] The next line is crosst through in the MS :—
¶ Then saide Iosephe gude women & worthye

[3] The next 4 lines are crosst through in the MS :—
When that Nichodeme see Crist, þat all boght,
Hinge all hide in his blude,
Than knelide he downe with hartely hevy thoughte,
And saide with milde mude.

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O, how a pitefull sight is this, — Nicodemus laments the Jews'
To se the prince of euerlastinge blisse
To hinge here on this tree, 397
To hinge here thus soo piteoslye! 398
O most lovinge lorde, thy gret mercy,
To this havese the constreynyd! 400
Why wold thyn awn pepill, þi awn flokke,
Thus crucyfy the, & nayll till a stokke?
Why haves thou not refreynyd? 403 cruel return to Jesus for His
For fourty yere in wildernesse, 404 goodness to their fathers,
Theire olde Faders in theire progresse
Thou fed with angelles foode, 406
And brought tham in-to the land of promission,
Wher they fand lond in euery condischion,
And all thinge that was goode. 409
A! A! Is this theire gramercy? is this theire reward?
Thy kindnesse, thy gudnese, Can they regard
No better but thus? 412
Notwithstondinge the vesture of þi humanyte, — and when His miracles showd
That þou were the verrey son of god, þay myȝt see — them that He was the Son of
By myracles most gloriose. 415 God.

Ioseph.

¶ [1] gude brothere, [2]of your compleinte[2] Cesse! 416
ȝe renewe agayne grete hevynesse,
Now in thes Women here. 418

Nicodeme.[3]

Nay,[4] gret comfurthe we may haue all,
For, by his godly powere, arise he shall, — [leaf 147, back]
And the thride daye apere. 421 But still He shall arise on the 3rd Day.
For ons he gaue me leue with hym to reasone, 422
And he shewet of this deth, & of this treasone
& of this Crueltee, 424

[1] Then saide Ioseph *crosst through.* [2]–[2] *added above the line.*
[3] The next line is crosst through in the MS:
¶ Nay, saide Necodeme, it may befall.
[4] That *crosst thro,* Nay *added.*

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And how for mankynd he com to dye,
And that he shuld arise so glorioslye
By his myghtee maiestee 427
And with our flesch in hevyn till ascend: 428

Christ Himself told me this.

Many swete wordes it plesit hym to spend
Thus speking vnto me, 430
That no man to hevyn myght clym,
But if it were by grace of hym
Which com down to make vs free: 433
Nemo ascendit in celum nisi qui descendit de celo.

Ioseph, redy to tak crist down, sais.

Let us then take down the Body,

To tak down this body, lat vs assaye! 435
Brother Nichodemus, help, I yow praye!
On Arme I wald ye hadd, 437

and knock these big Nails out.

To knokk out thes nayles so sturdy & grete.
O safyoure! they sparid not your body to bete;
Thay aught now to be sadd. 440

Mawdleyn.

Gude Iosephe, handill hym tenderlye! 441

Iosephe.

Magdalen, hold His feet!

Stonde ner, Nichodemus! resaue hym softlye!
Mawdleyn, hold ye his fete! 443

[leaf 148]

Mawdleyne.

Make haste.

Haste yow, gude Iosephe, hast yow whiklye!

His Mother is coming.

For Marye his moder will com, fer I;
A! A! that virgyne most swete! 446

Nichodemus.

I saw hir benethe on the othere sid; 447
With Iohn I am sure sho will not a-bid
longe frome this place. 449

Mary, virgyn & mother, com then sayinge.

¶ A, A, my dere sone Iesus! A, A, my dere sone Iesus!

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Iohn euangeliste.

Gude Marye, swete cosyn! mowrn ye not thus,
Ye see how stondes the case. 452

Mawdleyne.

Allese, scho commys! A, what remedye!
Gud Ioseph, comfurth hire stedfastlye, 454
That virgyne so full of woo! 455

Mary virgyn sais, falles in swown. — The Virgin Mary

Stonde still, frendes! hast ye not soo!
Haue yee no fere of mee; 457
Lat me help to tak my dere son down! — asks leave to help,

Mary mawdleyn.

Lo! I was sure sho wald fall in a swown! — and then swoons.
Her, on euery sid, is pitee. 460

Iosephe.

Help, Mawdleyn, to revyue hir agayn! 461 — They revive her.
A. a. This womans harte is plungid with payn!
Hir sorowe sho cane not cesse. 463

Iohne euangelist.[1]

A, A! dere Ladee, wherfore & why — [leaf 148, back]
Fare ye on this wise? will ye here dy? — St. John prays her to bear up,
Leyf of this hevynesse! 466
Ye promesit me ye wold not do thus. 467

Mawdleyn.

Speke, ladye! speke for the loue of Iesus,
Youre swete sone, my master here! 469

Marye virgyn.

A, A! Mawdleyn, mawdleyn! your master so dere!

j° Maries.

Most meke modere, be now of gude chere! 471

Iohn Euangeliste.

Wipe awaye that rynnys owte so faste! 472
From your remembraunce, rayse owt at þe last — and forget the cruelty of her Son's sufferings.
Of his passione the Crueltee. 474

[1] *repeated over leaf.*

Iosephe.

Tak comfurthe, marye! this wailinge helpes nothinge.
Your dere son we will to his sepulcre bringe
Als it is all oure dewtee. 477

Mary Virgyn.

The Virgin Mary laments God reward yow of your tendernesse! 478
I shall assiste you with all humylnesse;
But yit, or he departe, 480
Suffere me my mynd for to breke,
How be it full scantly may I speke
For faynte & febill harte: 483
[leaf 149] A, A, Cosyn Iohn! what shall I saye? 484
Who saw euer so dolfull a daye,
So sorowfull a tym, as this? 486
her Son's death, This wofull moders sorow / who cane itt expresse,
To se hir own chyld sleyn with cruelnesse?
Yit myn own swet son, your woundes wold I kysse, 489
and calls to mind the Angel Gabriel's salutation of her, O, Gabriell, gabriell! 490
Of gret Ioy did ye tell
In 3our first Salutation; 492
Ye saide the holigost shuld co[m] in mee,
And I shuld consaue a child in virginitee,
For mankind saluation. 495
That ye said truthe, right well knaw I; 496
But ye told me not my son shuld dye,
Ne yit the thought & care 498
Of his bitter passion, which he suffert nowe.
and Symeon's saying that the Sword of Sorrow should enter her heart. O! old Symeon! full suthe said yowe;
To spek ye wold not spare. 501
Ye saide / The sword of sorow suld enter my hart. 502
Ye, ye, Iuste Symeon! now I fell it smarte,
With most dedly payn! 504
Was there neuer moder that felit so sore!
I-wise, Iohn, I fell it alway more & more!
Help! help now, Mawdleyn! 507
She swoons again. & cadit in extas[ia].

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Mawdleyn).

Mek moder & mayde, leve your lamentation)! 508
Ye swown) still on pase with dedly suspiration);
Ye mare yowre-self & vs. 510 [leaf 149, back]

Iohn Euangelist.

Ye shuld lefe of your paynfull afflictione, St. John bids Mary think of Christ's again-rising
Callinge to your mynd his resurrection)
Which salbe so glorivse; 513
This knaw ye, & þat beste 514

Mary virgyn).

I knaw it well, or ellis in reste
My harte shuld neuer bee; 516
I myght not leve, nore endure She says, that is her only support.
On mynnate, bot I am sure
The thrid day ryse shall hee; 519
But yit havinge remembraunce 520
The gret Cruelty & Fell vengance
Of the Iues so vnkind, 522
Which thus wikkitly has betrayed
Goddes son), born) of me, a mayd,
Most sorowfull in my mynd. 525
O Iudas! why didist thou betraye 526 She reproaches Judas for his
My son, þi master? what can þou saye,
Thy-self for till excuse? 528
Of his tender mercyfull charite,
Chase he not the on his xij to bee?
He wald not þe refuse. 531
Callyt not he þe to his supere & last refection)? 532
Cowth þou not put owt þi pesyn) & infection treachery to his
Saue thus only, 534 [leaf 150]
Vnto thy master to be so vn-kind? tender Master.
Was his tender gudnese owt of thy mynd
So vn-naturallye? 537
Gaue he not to the his body in memoriall, 538
And also in remembraunce perpetuall

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At his suppere there? 540
He that was so comly & fayre to be-holde,
How durst thou, Cruell hert, to be so bolde
To cawse hym dy thus here? 543
By thy treson, my son) here is slayn)! 544
My swete, swetist son)! how suld I refreyn),
This bludy body to be-holde? 546

How could he dare to cause Christ's death?

Iosephe.

Gud dere Marye! git you hence!
We shall bery hym with all reuerence,
& ly hym in the molde. 549
Haue hir hence, Iohn, now, I desire! 550

Ihoannes Euangeliste.

Com on, swete lady, I ȝow reqwire;
I shall gife yow attendance. 552

Mary is askt to go away,

Iosephe.

On of yow women ber hir Companye!

Altera maria.

I shall wayte on hir. Go we hence, marye!
Put all this from your remembrance! 555

Marie Virgyn).

What meyn ye, frendes? what is your mynde? 556
Towardes me be not so vn-kinde! [leaf 150, back]
His moder, am not I? 558
Wold ye haue the moder depart hym fro?
To lefe hym thus, I will not so,
But bide, & sitt' hym bye. 561
Therfore, gud Ioseph, be content'. 562

but she says she *will* stay by her Son.

Iosephe.

Aa! Marye, for a gud consent
We wald not haue you here. 564

Marie Virgyn.

Wold ye re-newe mor sorow in me?

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Iosephe.

Nay, gud lady, that were pitee.

Marye Virgyne.

Than late me abide hym nere! 567 The Virgin Mary prays them to let her stay by the Cross,
Iohn! why spek þe not for my comforte? 568
Mi dere sone bad me to you resorte,
And allway on you call. 570
Ye knaw well, her is my tresure,
Whom I loue beste, whom all my plesure
is & euer be shall; 573
Her is my likinge & all my loue; 574
Why wald ye than me hens remoue?
I pray yow hartly, cesse! 576
Departe I may not, bot by fors constreynyd.
Remembringe departinge, ales, my hert is paynid
mor then I may expresse! 579 [leaf 151]
Now, dere swete coysyn! I you praye! 580
Myn awn dere loue, which on thursdaye, and, in remembrance of
Of his grace speciall, 582 Christ's love to them,
Of his lovinge mynd & tenderness,
And of verrey Inward kindnesse,
At suppere emanges you all, 585
He admyttid you frendly for to reste 586
& slepe on his holye godly breste,
For a speciall prerogatife, 588
Because of your virginite & clennesse,
Der cosyn, encrease not myn hevynesse
Yf ye desire my life! 591
But, gud frendes, here in-treyt not ye, 592 to let
But be content, & suffere mee
Ons yit for to hold, 594
For to holde here in this place, ner once more hold her Son's
And in myn armys for to enbrace body in her arms.
This body which now is cold, 597
This bludy body woundit so sore,
Of my swet son: Iohn, I aske no more! 599

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Iohn Euangeliste.

Lady, if ye will haue moderation) 600
Of youre most sorowfull lamentacion),
Saint John Do as ye list, in this case. 602

Marie virgyne.

Iohn, I shall do os ye thinke gude.
[leaf 151, back] Gentill Iosephe, lat me sit vnder your rude,
And holde my son) a space. 605

Nichodemus.

and Nicodemus consent. Let vs suffere the modere to compleyn) 606
Hir sonnes dethe in verrey certeyn),
Till ease hir & content'. 608

Iosephe.

Ye! so shall hir sorowfull harte
Alway to suffere smarte,
And we can) bot repente. 611

Marie Virgyn).

The Virgin takes Christ's body in her arms, O sisters, Mawdleyn, Cleophe, & Iacobye! 612
Ye see how pitefull my son) doth lye
Here in myn) armys, dede! 614
What erthly mother may refreyn),
To se hir son) thus Cruelly sleyn),
and laments over Him, A! my harte is hevy os lede! 617
¶ Who shall gife me water sufficient', 618
And of distillinge teris habundance,
That I may wepe my fill with hart relent'
After the whantite of sorofull remembrance? 621
[eights: abab, bcbc] ¶ For his sak that made vs all, 622
Which now ded lyes in my lappe;
recalling His Birth and Of me, a mayd, by grace speciall,
He pleside to be born), & sowket my pape. 625
[leaf 152] He shrank not for to shew the shape 626
Circumcision. Of verreye man at his circumcision),
And þer shed his blude for mannys hape.

Al-so at my purification), 629 The Virgin Mary's Lament over Christ's Corpse.
¶ Of hym I made a fayre oblation), 630
Which to his fader was most plesinge.
For fere, than, of herodes persecution),
In-till egip[t]e fast I fled with hym)— 633
His grace me gidid in euery thinge,—
& now is he dede! that changes my cher'! Now is my dear child dead.
Was neuer child to moder so lovinge!
Who þat can not wepe, at me may lere. 637
¶ Was neuer deth so Cruell as this, 638
To slo the gyvere of all grace.
Son! suffer' me your woundes to kisse, Let me kiss his wounds.
& your holy blude spilt in this place! 641
Dere son! ye haue steynyd your face,
Your face so frely to behold.
Thikk bludy droppes rynnes down a-pace,
Speciosus forma, the prophet told. 645
¶ But alese! your tormentes so manyfold 646
Hase abatid your visage so gloriose!
Cruell Iewes! what mad yow so bold Cruel Jews,
To commyt þis Crym) most vngraciose, 649
Which to your-self is most noyose?
Now shall all the cursinges of your lawe, you shall be cursed, and [leaf 152, back]
Opon yow fall most myschevose,
& be knawen of vagabundes ouer awe. 653 vagabonds everywhere,
¶ He & I com both of your kyn), 654
And that ye kithe vn-curteslye;
He com for to fordoo your syn),
But ye for-suke hym) frowardly. 657
Who can not wepe, com sit me bye,
To se hym) that regnyd in blisse, for slaying my Son, the King of Heaven.
In hevyn) with his fader gloryoslye,
Thus to be slayn) in all giltlesse. 661
¶ Son! in your handes ar holes wid, 662
And in your fete that so tender were;
A gret wounde is in your blessit sid,

The Virgin Mary's Lament over Christ's Corpse.

Fuꝶ deply drevyn) wit*h* a sharpe sper'; 665
Y*our* body is bete & brussid' here;
On eu*ery* sid' no place is free:
Ned*es* muste I wepe wit*h* hevy chere.
Who can not wepe, com lern) at me, 669
¶ And beholde y*our* lorde, myn) awn) der' son), 670
Thus dolfulye delt wit*h*, ose ye see.

My dear Son's head is pierct with thorns.

Se how his hede wit*h* thornys is thronge!
Se how he naylit was tiꝶ a tree! 673
His synows & vaynes, drawne so straytlee,
Ar brokyn) sond*er* by payns vngude!
Who can) not wepe, com) lern) at me,

He hangs on the Rood. [leaf 153]

And be-holde hym) here þ*at* hange on rude! 677
¶ Se aꝶ a-bowte the bludy streynes! 678
O man! this suffert he for thee!
Se so many feꝶ & bitter peynes!
This la*m*me shed his blude in fuꝶ plentee: 681
Who can not wepe, com lern) at mee!
Se aꝶ his frend*es* is from hym fled'!

He is all blood, from head to foot.

Aꝶ is but blude, so bett was hee
Fro the sole of his fute vnto þe hed'! 685
¶ O swete child'! it was nothinge mete— 686
Saue y*our* sufferance, ye had no pere,—
To lat Iudas kisse thes lippes so swete;
To suffer a traytor to com so nere, 689
To be-tray his mast*er* myldist of chere.
O my swete child'! now suffer yee

Let me kiss Him,

Me y*our* moder, to kisse yow here,—
Who can) not wepe, com lern) at me!— 693
¶ To kisse, & swetly yow imbrace; 694

hold Him in my arms, and look on His blessed face.

Imbrace, & in myn) armes hold';
To hold, & luke on y*our* blessit face;
Y*our* face, most graciose to behold'; 697
To beholde so comly, eu*er* I wold';
I wold, I wold, stiꝶ wit*h* yow bee;
Stiꝶ wit*h* yow, to ly in mold', 700

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Who can not wepe, com lern) at me!
¶ My will is to dy, I wald not leve; 702 The Virgin Mary's Lament over Christ's Corpse.
Leve, how suld I? sithen dede ar yee.
My lif were ye / noght can me greve, [leaf 153, back]
So þat I may in your presence bee. 705
Me, your wofull moder, her may ye se;
Ye see my dedly sorow & payn),—
Who can not wepe, com lern) at mee!—
To see so meke a lambe her slayn); 709 My meek Lamb is slain by
¶ Slayn) of men that no mercy hadd; 710 merciless men.
Had they no mercy, I reporte me see;
To se this bludy body, is not your hart sadd?
Sad & sorowfull, haue ye no pitee, 713
Pite & compassion) to se this crueltee?
Crueltee, vnkindnese! O men most vnkind!
Ye that can not wepe, com lern) at mee!
Kepinge this Crucifixe still in your mynd! 717
¶ When ye war born), of me, a mayde mild, 718 When He was born, I sang Him lullaby;
I sange lullay to bringe you on slepe:
Now is my songe, alese, ales, my child! now is my song, Alas! Alas!
Now may I wayle, wringe my hande*s*, & wepe! 721
Who shalbe my comforth? who shall me kepe,
Save at your departinge ye segnyte to mee
Iohn, your cosyn),[1] most virtuus & zepe, 724
Who that can not wepe, com & lern) at mee!
¶ O derest childe! what falt haf ye done? 726 [7s: abak, bec.] What was His fault, that He was slain?
What was your trispace,—I wald knav it fayn),—
Wherfor your blessid blude is forsid forth to rone?
Haue murtherid any person) or ony man slayn), 729
That your avn) pepill þus to yow dose endeyn)? [leaf 154]
Nay / nay / nay / ye neuer did[2] offence!
Was neuer spote of syn) in your cler conscience! 732 None. No spot of Sin was in
¶ And not-withstandinge their fell indignation), 733 Him.
Only of gudwill & inward charitee,
Also for loue, & mannes saluation),

[1] 'standinge in this place' *crossi through*. [2] MS. did of.

The Virgin Mary's Lament over Christ's Corpse.

ȝe haue suffert all this of your humylitee! 736
Of your large mercee, gret was þe whantite;
Grete was þe multitude of your merites all,
Thus for mannes sake to tast þe bitter gall. 739
¶ Soñ! helpe, help your moder in this wofull smarte!

Son, comfort your woeful Mother!

Comfurth your wofull moder, þat neuer was vnkind!
In your Conception, ye reyoyet my harte;
But now of dedly woo / so gret cawse I find, 743
That þe Ioy of my haylsinge is passit fro my mynd.

Let me hold you on my lap!

Yit suffer me to hold yow her on my lape,
Which sumtym gafe you mylk of my pape. 746
¶ O swete, swetist child! woo be vn-to me! 747
O most wofull woman / your awn moder, loo!
Who shall graunt it me / with you for to dee?

What can I do?

The son is dede / what shall the moder doo? 750
Where shall sho resorte? whider shall sho goo?
Yit suffere me to hold yow a while in my lap,
Which sum-tym gafe yow mylk of my pap!

Death, take me!

O crewell deth! no lenger thou me spare! 754
To me thou wer welcom, & also acceptabill; 755

[leaf 154, back]

Oppresse me down at ons / of the I haue no care.
O my son, my saueyour / & Ioye most comfortabill,
Suffere me to dy / with yow most merciabill! 758
Or at lest lat me hold you / a while in my lape,
Which sum-tym gaue yowe þe milk of my pape! 760

[1 *six.*] Wicked Jews, hang me too on the Cross!

¶ O ye wikkit pepill, with-out mercy or pitee! 761
Why do ye not crucyfye & hinge me on þe crosse?
Spare not your nayles / spare not your crueltee!
Ye can not make me to ron in greter losse 764
Than to lesse my son þat to me was so dere!
Why sloo ye not þe moder / which is present her? 766

Dear Son, call me to Thee!

¶ Dere sone! if the Iwes / yit will not sloo me, 767
Your gudnes, your grace, I besech & praye,
So call me to your mercy, of your benignitee!
To youre mek suters ye neuer saide yit naye; 770
Then may ye not your moder, in this cavse delaye.

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The modere, with the childe desires for to reste; — The Virgin Mary's Lament over Christ's Corpse.
Remembere myne awne sone / þat ȝe sowkete my breste!
¶ Remember when your fleshe was soft os tender silke,
With the grosse metes then yow I wold not fede, 775
But gaue yow the licour / of a maydyns mylke;
Till Egip[t]e in myne[1] Armes / softly I did you lede;
But your smylinge contenaunce I askit non other mede,
Then be contente / that I with yow may riste,
Remembere my dere sone / þat ȝe sowkit my briste! 780
¶ At your natiuitee, remember, my dere sone, 781 — My dear Son, at your birth I fed you with Maiden's Milk.
What vessell I brochite to your nobill grace!
Was þer neuer moder that brochite sich a tone! — [leaf 155]
From my virgyne pappes / mylk ran owt a-passe; 784
To your godly power / natur gaf a place;
Ye sowkit maydens milke / & so did neuer none,
Nore her-after shall / saue your-self aloue / 787
¶ When ye sowkide my brest / your body was hole & sounde. 788 — Then were you whole and sound.
Alese! in euery place Now se I many wounde! — Now are you full of wounds!
Now, help me, swet mawdleyn / for I fall to þe grounde! 790
And me, wofull mary, help now, gud Iohn! — [*Couplets.*]

Iohn Euangeliste

Than, gude swete lady, lef your gret mone! 792

Mary Virgyne

A. A. Mawdleyne! why devise ye nothinge, — Magdalene, sing and praise my Son's blessed corpse!
To this blessid body for to gif praysinge? 794
Sum dolorose ditee Express now yee,
In þe dew honour of þis ymage of pitee, 796

Mawdleyne

To do your biddynge, ladye, [I] be rightt fayne,
But yit, gud lady, your teres ȝe refreyne! 798

Iosephe

Now, mary! deliuer that blessit body till vs!

[1] MS. myns.

Mary Virgyn

Wiłł ȝe tak from me / myn owne son Iesus? 800

Nichodemus

Gud lady, suffer vs to bringe hym to his grave!

[leaf 155, back]

Mary Virgyn

Dear Friends, Swete frendes! suffer me mor respit to haue! 802
Haue compassion of me, frendes, I ȝou praye!
So hastely, fro me tak hym not a-waye!
Yf to his sepulcre nedes ye wiłł hym bere,
bury me with my Son! Bery me, his moder, with myn awne son here! 806
When he was lyvynge, to leve I desirid;
Now sithen he is ded, ałł my Ioye is expirid;
There-for lay the moder / in grave with the child!

Iohannes euangelista.

O mary, modere, & maiden most mild! 810
Ordere your-selfe, os reson doth requere.

Iosephe

Com on! lat vs bery this body that is here! 812

Mary Virgyn

O, now myn harte is in a mortałł dred! 813
Can I not keep Him, alive or dead? Allas! shałł I not kep hym nothire whik ne ded?
Is ther no remedye? 815
Yit, Iosephe, agayn the cloth ye vnfold,
Let me look on His face once more! that his graciose visage I may ons behold,
I pray yow interlye! 818

Iosephe

Pece, gude marye! ye haue had ałł your wiłł.

Mary virgyn

This parting kills my heart Ales! this departinge / my tender hart doth kiłł! 820
Gud Coysyn Iohn, yit spek a word for mee!

Iohne Euangelist

Be content, swet mary, for it may nott bee / 822

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Mary Virgyn [leaf 156]

A. A. toward me ye be verreye Cruell ! 823

Yit lat me bid ons myn own son far-well ! Let me bid my Son farewell!

Ye may it not denye. 825

Now, fare-well, only Ioye of all my harte & mynd !

Farewell the derest / redemption of mankind !

Suffert most bitterlye. 828

Iohne Euangelist

Com one, gud Mary, com !

Nichodemus

Some of you women ber hir companye. 830

ij° Maries

We shall gife hire attendance

Faithfully with humble reuerance. **Exeunt** 832

Iosephe

Now in his grave lat vs ly hym down, 833 Christ is laid in His grave.

And then resorte we agayn to the town, **sepelit**[ur]

To her what men will saye. 835

Mawdleyn, ye must hense departe.

Mawdlen

Ye, & that with a sorowfull harte,

Mowrnynge nyght & daye. 838

Fare-well, swete lambe ! far-well, most innocent ! 839

Wrichit mawdleyn / with most hartly intent Mary Magdalene resolves

Commendes hir to your grace. 841

Far-well, der master ! far-well, derest lord !

Off yowr gret mercye / ȝe shall þe warld record

Her-after in ylk place / 844

Summe preciose balmes I will go bye, 845 [leaf 156, back] to buy precious balms to anoint His body.

Till anoynt & honour this blessit body,

Os it my dewty is. 847

Fayre Iosephe & gude Nichodemus,

I commend ȝou to the kepinge of Iesus !

He will whit ȝou all this. 850

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Iosephe

Fare-well, mawdleyn! to your-self comfurth take!
Of this blessit beriall / lat vs ane end make! 852
Here now is he gravid, & her lyes hee, 853
Which for loue of man, of his charite
Suffert bitter passion. 855

Joseph takes comfort, because Christ will rise again on the third day.

Gret comforthe it is vnto vs all,
That the thride day aryse he shall
In the most gloriose fassion. 858
The tyme drawethe fast, & approchis ner;
Schortly I truste sum gud tidinges to her. 860
Devowte Nichodemus, departe we as nowe.

Nicodemus.

Gladly, frende Ioseph, I will go with 3owe. 862

Thus her endes the most holy
End of Part I. Beriall of þe body of Crist Iesu.[1] 864

[1] The second part, *The Resurrection*, runs on without a break in the MS.

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[Part II. *Christ's Resurrection.*]

[*Mainly in Sixes, aab ccb. Note the long Sevens (ababbcc) and short Sixes after l.* 1133, p. 209.]

Her begynnes his resurrection) 865 [leaf 156, back]
on pas[c]he daye at Morn).

[*Scene* 1.] *Part II. Scene* 1.

Mawdleyne begynnes, sayinge **Pascha.**

O This grete hevynese & payn)! 867 How long shall my sorrow last?
Alese! how longe shall it remayn)?
How longe shall it endure 869
And rist with-in my most carfull hart'? [leaf 157]
How longe shall I feyle this dedly smarte?
Who shall my sorowe cure? 872
How longe shall I lef in desolation)? 873
When shall þe houre com of consolation),
That my master I maye see, 875 My Master was crucified last Friday,
Which opon the friday laste,
Was Crucified & nailit fast',
Peteosly till a tree? 878
So pyteose a sight & lamentabill, 879
So dolorose & miserabill,
I hop ye shall neuer fynd. 881
Cursid kayn) was verrey Cruell,
And slew his awn) brothere Abell
Of a maliciose mynd; 884
Yit was he not so maliciose 885
Ose the cruell Iewes most owtragiose, by Jews crueller than Cain,
Which her' has slayn) my lord! 887
The sonnes of Iacob, gret envy had
Agayns þer brother' Ioseph ·ȝonge, wise & sad,
Os scriptur doth record; 890

Thay intendit to slo hy*m* malishosly, 891

crueller than Jacob's sons,

And yit þay did not soo Cruelly
Os wrought thes Iewes wild! 893

or Herod who slew the Innocents.

Few ȝeres past, herod the kinge
Put to deth many ȝonglinge,
& many mod*er*s child 896

[leaf 157, back]

Here in the land off Israell; 897
But of such Cruelte harde ye neu*er* tell
Ose done was one Fridaye, 899
When so grete rigore & tyra*n*nye
Was in theire hart*es*, to garre hy*m* dye
Which was so graciose aye! 902

Christ was more glorious than Abel and Joseph,

Abell & Iosephe wer gude & graciose, 903
But theire ded*es* wer not so gloriose
Nor of so v*er*tuose kynd, 905
Ose of hym) which in his humanitee
Wrought grete myracles in his diuinitee,
Als ye may call to mynd. 908
For all his w*er*k*es* so well devyside, 909
Emange th*a*m thus to be dispised,

and yet was cruelly slain.

And w*it*h Cruellty slayn)! 911
Ales! when I rememb*er*e his woo,
Scantly may I spek or goo,
In harte I haue such payn). 914

I have precious ointments for His body.

I haue bought here oyntment*es* p*r*eciouse 915
To ensalue his body most graciose,
To doo it reu*er*ence. 917
My sist*er* Cleophe saide that shee
To the sepulcre wald goo with mee,
And doo hir diligence. 920
Of the thridday this is þe mornynge, 921
And of my dere mast*er* yit herd I nothinge,
Wherfor I am moste hevee. 923

[leaf 158]

Alese! felishipe her is noon)!

I will go to His grave alone.

Rathere then I faile, I will go Alone.
A, dere lorde! your m*er*cee! 926

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Secunde Marye commys in, & sais,

A, my harte! what þou art faynt! 927
How longe shall we thus mak complaynt?
So sorowfull tym neuer was! 929
When shall comforth com of our desire?
What woman is this þat lyes here?
It is mawdleyn, alese! 932
Sister mawdleyn! why waile ye on this wise? 933 Magdalene, rise up!
Gud sister! we pray 3ou stand vp, a-rise!
Comforth your-self wyslye! 935

Mawdleyn

Off your commynge, sister, I am glade;
I-wise I knaw well þat 3e be sadd;
Ye haue cawse, os well os I. 938

Secund Marye

Ther is no gud Creatur, dar I saye, 939 Every one sorrows for
But inwardly sorowe he may,
And compleyn bitterlye, 941
To remembere the fell torment
And Cruell payne of this Innocent
Which levit so vertuoslye. 944
Of his meknese hymself he offred, 945
What-soeuer payn to hym was profred, this Lamb's suffering.
This lambe,[1] god[ys] son so free; 947
Nothinge ragid he, ne was vnpaciente, [leaf 158, back]
But euer most mekly till his payn he went,
With bayne benignitee. 950
From the tym of Abrahame, 951
& þat our faders from Egip[t] cam,
Or when sorow was maste, 953
I am suere was neuer day so piteouse, Never was day so piteous as last Friday,
So doolfull, & so dangerouse,
Ose friday that is paste, 956
When all the crueltye was owt sought, 957

[1] þat or ys *blotted.*

To distroy hym made all thing of noght,
To sloo hym that gyves life! 959
Owt of my mynd this neuer goo shall.

when the Maker of all, died for Man.

That for man, diete the maker of all,
By his manhed passyve. 962

Mawdleyn)

So doolfull a day was neuer befor this! 963
But go we to the Monyment wher his sepulcre is,
To anoynte his body there. 965

Secund Marye

Sister, I com for that sam Intent;
Ther is nothinge can me better content;
To go, I haue no fere. 968

Mawdleyn)

Then, gude sister, lat vs goo devowtlee. 969

Secunde marye

The Three Maries, [leaf 159]

Abide! yonder commes Marye Iacobee;
I trow, with vs sho will goo. 971-2

Thride Marye commys in

O gude sisters, how is it with ȝowe?

Mawdleyn)

A, dere sister! neuer soo evill os nowe!

Thrid Marye

Gud mawdleyn), say not soo! 975

on this 3rd day,

This is the third day, ȝe remember well. 976

Mawdleyn)

Ye; bot of my master & lorde, I her not tell,
Therfore I can not cease. 978

will go to their Lord's Sepulchre.

We were goynge to [the] Monyment
Wher-os lyeth that swete Innocent.
Loo, here, Oyntmentes of swetnese! 981

Thrid marye

Gude sisters, on yow shall I wayte.

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Secunde Marye

Then let vs tak þe way furth strayte. 983

Mawdleyn

Sister*s*, I perceyve the place is her-bye; 984

Lat vs ordeyn our oyntmente*s* accordinglye

With all humylite. 986

Here lyes he þat was mercifull to synners all! The 3 Maries reach Christ's Tomb.

Here lyese he, most piteose when we did call!

Com nerr sister*s*, & see! 989

Lo, here is the place wher þe body was laid, 990

Which born was of a virgyn & a cleyn maid.

Till honour it, grete cawse haue wee. 992 [leaf 159, back]

Gud sisters, be we not affrayd

To do hym reuerence & dewtee! 994

Here he lyeth, whose[1] lif surmountes all oþer, 995

Which raysed from deth to lyve, Lazarus my broþer,

Now a levinge man! 997

He lyese her, which by his powre devyn,

In chana Galilee turnyde water to wyn,

Ose many testyfy Can. 1000

The angell spekes: The Angel tells them

Whom seke ye, women sanctifiede? 1001

Three maryes to-gider sais:

Iesus of nazareth crucified,

The redemer of mankind! 1003

Angell.

He is resyne! he is not here! that Christ is risen.

To his disciples he shall apere;

In galilee thay shall hym fynd. 1006

Mulier, quid ploras // Woman, why wepis þou soo?

Mawdlen

For myn harte is full of sorow & woo. 1008

My lorde, þat was the kinge of blisse,

Is takyn away; I wat not wher he is. 1010

[1] MS. whose whose.

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Angell

The Angel again tells them

Com hidd*er*, women! approche mor nere! 1011
Be of gude comfurth & of gud cher',
For so gret cawse ye haue: 1013
He that ye seke so beselye,
Wit*h* gude mynd so faythfullye,
[leaf 160] Is resyn) here from his grave! 1016
that Christ has risen, and The son of gode, in his humanite 1017
Sufferde deth / & by his diuinitee
Is resyn the thrid daye. 1019
For redemption of man was he born),
Displayede on the crose, & all to-torn)
In right piteose araye. 1022

has won the victory. The batell is done, & victorye renuyd! 1023
The grete enmy of man *þer*by is subduyd,
That most hatid mankynd. 1025

He shows them where the Body lay, and bids Com hidd*er*, & behold wit*h* yo*ur* Eye
The place where þe body did lye!
Be Ioyeos now of mynd! 1028

them take the bloody cloth that was put on Him on the Cross. Loo! here is the cloth droppid blud, 1029
Which was put on hym) takyn) of þe rud,
Ose yo*ur*-self did see. 1031
For a reme*m*brance, tak it yee,
And hy yow fast to Galilee;
For ther', apper' shall hee. 1034

Mawdleyn)

Yit must myn herte wepe Inwerdlye, 1035
Yit must I mowrn) co*n*tynuallye,
Myndinge my mast*er* dere. 1037

Mary Magdalene still mourns. O! what myn) harte is hevy & lothe,
When I beholde this piteose clothe
Which in my hande is here; 1040
This cloth with blude þat is so stayned, 1041
Of a maydens child so sor co*n*straynid,
[leaf 160, back] On Cross when he was done! 1043

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O rygore vnright! O crueltee!
O wikkit wylfulnese! O peruersitee!
O hartes harde os stone, 1046
to Put to deth a lamb so meke! 1047
Well may the teres ron down your cheke!
Well may your hertes relent, 1049
Myndinge the payn my lord & master felte!
O! in my body my herte now dothe melte! She'd be content to die.
To dy, I were content! 1052

Secund Marye

Sister Mawdlen, to blame ye are, 1053
With this dedly sorow your-self to marre,
Your-self thus to torment. 1055
Ye torment your-selfe, & crucifye;
Ye haue cawse to tak gladnes, & whye, The other Maries assure her that Christ is risen,
Ye haue proue evident, 1058
That your master & oures, by his godly myght 1059
Is resen from deth / to lyfe! an angell bright
Schewes thes tidinges till vs, 1061
And shewed vs the place / wher his body laye,
Which is not ther / for-þi let passe a-waye
Our sorow most grevouse. 1064

Thride marye

Sister Mawdleyn, in your hart be stabill! 1065
We shall here tidinges right comfortabill, and good tidings 'll soon come.
And þat I trust shortlye; 1067
For that is suth veritabill.
Saide so afore suthlye. 1069

Mawdleyn [leaf 161]

A. A. Sisters / my slewth / & my necligence! 1070
I haue not don my dewty ne my diligence,
Ose vnto me did fall! 1072
At my masters sepulcre, if I hade gifen atten 'ance,
And waytid wisely with humble affiance
Os I was bound most of all, 1075

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Mary Magdalene laments that she didn't come earlier to see Christ's arising.

I shuld haue seyn) his vprisinge gloriose 1076
Of my swete lorde / of þe which desirose
I am, & nedes must bee. 1078
[1]Alese, sisters! I was to tidiose,
That holy sight to see.[1] 1080
Than I shuld haue had comforth vncomparabill, 1081
Of the which Ioye / to speke I am not abill;
Than I hade seyn) my lorde 1083
To haue resyn) from his sepulture,
With his bludy woundes, of hym I had ben) sure.
Ales! when I record 1086
How I myghte haue had a sight of your presence, 1087
Who then aught of verrey congruence
To be mor glad than I, 1089

He, by His mercy, had calld her, the greatest of sinners, had let

Which ye haue callid by your grace onlee,
Beynge gretist synner / vnto your large mercee,
And that most[2] curtesly? 1092
Whoso will not wayte when þat tym is, 1093
When faynest he wold therof, shall he mysse;
So it faris by mee. 1095
O, wold to god I had made more haste!
My slewthfull werke is now in wast!
ȝit, gud lord, haue þou pitee! 1098

[leaf 161, back] her, at Simon's dinner,

When Symon to dyner did hym call, 1099
Amonges the gestes & straungers all,
With meknese soberlye 1101
I com in with mynde contrite,
For I hade levid in fowll delite,
In syn) of licherye. 1104
Not-with-standinge the gret abhomynation) 1105
Of my grete synnes full of execration)
Yit of his benignite— 1107
As with all mercy he was replete—

wash His feet with her tears,

He sufferte me with teris to wesh his fete!
Loo, his mercyfull pitee! 1110

[1]—[1] These 2 lines are at the bottom of the page.
[2] 'gracioslye or' *crosst thro.*

My synfull lippes, which I did abuse, 1111 and touch His flesh with her sinful lips.
To towch his blessit fleshe he wald not refuse;
And ther right oppenlye, 1113
Off his most piteouse tendernese,
The pardoun of my synnes & gret excesse, He pardond all her sins.
He gaue to me hoolye! 1116
Now may I wringe, both wepe & wayle, 1117
Myndinge on friday his gret bataile
He had on crosse of tree, 1119
And tuk opon hym for vs all
To ouer-com the fend þat made vs fall.
A, Sisters! well mowrn may wee! 1122

Secund marye:

Sister Mawdleyn! it is bot in vayn 1123
Thus remedilesse to mak compleyn;
Ther-for it is the best, 1125
Ych on of vs a diuerse way to take. [leaf 162]
His apperinge, Ioyfull may vs make, The 3 Maries agree to separate,
And set ouir hartes in reste. 1128

The thride marye:

Ye, to sek & inquere, let vs faste hye; 1129
Sister mawdlen, this is next remedye;
And þerfore departe wee. 1131

[1] Mawdleyn:

O lorde & master! help vs in hye that they may the sooner see Christ.
To haue a sight of thee! [1] 1133

Tunc exeunt hee tres Marie.

[*Scene* 2.] *Part II. Scene* 2.

Petrus intrat, flens amare [2]

O Allmyghty god, which with thyn inward Ee 1134
Seest the depest place of mannys conscience,
And knowest euery thinge most cler & perfitlee,

[1]—[1] These 3 lines are at the foot of the page.
[2] Some stanzas of long sevens, *ababbcc*, now alternate with the old sixes, *aab aab*, shortend.

St. Peter, weeping, asks Christ's mercy

Haue mercy, haue pitee; haue þou compatience!
I confess & knowlege my most gret offence, 1138
My fowle presumption & vnstabilnesse!
Let þi mekill mercy ouerflowe my synfulnesse! 1140
And yit I knaw well, 1141
No erthly thinge can tell,
Nor ȝit it expresse, 1143
My fawtes & gret syn
Which I am wrappid in
With[1] dedly hevinesse. 1146
Ther may not be lightly / a greter trispesse, 1147
Then the seruaunt / the master to denye;
His owne master / his own kind master: alesse!
I mak confession / here most sorowfullye, 1150
That I denyed mayster / & þat most vnkindlye!

[leaf 162, back] for his Denial of Him,

For when thay did enquere / if þat I did hym knoo,
I saide I neuer sawe hym! a-lesse! why did I soo? 1153
With teres of contrition, 1154
With teres of compassion,
Well may I mowrnynge make! 1156
What a fawte it was,
The seruante, alas,
His master to forsake! 1159

Who calld him, from a poor fisher, to be His Disciple, and

When his grace callid me / fro warldly besines, 1160
And of a poore fishere / his disciple! alas, mee!
I was callit Symon Bariona, playnly to expresse;

nam'd him Peter, a rock of stability.

But he namid me "petrus" / 'petra' was hee: 1163
Petra is a stoin / full of stabilitee,
Alway stedfaste / alase! wherfor was I
Not stabill accordinge / to my nam stedfastlye? 1166
O my febill promesse! 1167
O my gret vnkindnesse,
To my shame resaruyd! 1169
O mynde so vnstabill,
Thou hast made me culpabill!

[1] mo *crosst through.*

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Deth I haue deseruyd! 1172 — St. Peter's Lament over his Faithlessness.
It plesid thy gudnese, gret kindnese to shew mee, 1173
Callinge me to þi grace / & gudly conuersation);
And when it pleasid thi godhed / to tak but three
To beholde & see the highe speculation) 1176
Of thy godly maiestye in thy transfyguration), — Christ let me see His Transfiguration.
Thy speciall grace did abill me for on),
With the gud blessid Iames / & þi cosyn) Iohn. 1179
Alese! þat I was so vnkind 1180 — [leaf 163]
To hym, so tender of mynd
To me most vnworthye! 1182
Ales! the paynes ar smarte
Which I fele at my harte,
And that so bitterlye! 1185
O lorde! what example / of meknesse shewed yee! 1186
On thursday after supere, it pleasid your grace
To wesh your seruauntes fete / who euer are did see — He washt his Servants' feet
More perfite meknese / shewet in any case? 1189
I my-self was present / in the same place.
Alese! of my-self / why presumyd I,
Consideringe your meknese / don so stedfastlye? 1192
A! myn vnkinde chaunce!
When it commys to remembrance,
In my mynde it is euer. 1195
I fele owt of mesure — (I feel deadly pain.)
Dedly payn) & displesure,
That I can not desseuere. 1198
O mercyfull redemer / who may yit recownte 1199
The paynes which þi-self / for vs did endure!
Vnworthy if I were / I was with þe in þe mount — I was with Him during his Agony in the Mount of Olives.
Where þou swet bludy droppes / man saule to recure.
In that gret agonye / I am right verrey sure, 1203
Stony hartes of flint / þou wald þam haue mevid,
Seynge thy tendernese / to man by þe relevid. 1205
O, that passion was grete, 1206
When blud droppes of swet — [leaf 163, back]

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St. Peter's Lament over his Faithlessness.

ran) down) a-pace! 1208
That was excedigne payne
In euery membēre & vayn),
As apperit by his face! 1211
Of Iudas, thow were / betrayede by & bye, 1212
Which was thy discipull, & familiere with the;
It grevid the more, I knew it certanlye.
He was fede at þi burde / of þi benignitee, 1215

He was betrayd by Judas, His Disciple,

And ȝit [thow] were betrayed by his iniquitee!
Yf a straunger had don / þat dede so trayterouse,
It had beyn mor / tolerabill / & not so greuowse. 1218
Dauid did say in prophecye, 1219
'Homo pacis mee, in quo speraui,
Supplantauit me!' 1221
O lord! your [1] pacience may be perceyvid,
Which suffert so to be betrayed
Of Iudas! woo is hee! 1224

and I forsook Him, tho' I said I wouldn't leave Him.

Full of wo may I bee, sorowfull & pensyve, 1225
Complenynge & wepinge with sorow inwertlee,
And wep bitter teres / all þe days of my life;
Myn vnstabill delinge / is euer in myn Ee. 1228
I saide I wald not leve my master for to dee;
He said I shuld for-sak hym / or þe cok crow / thris.[2]

Oh, when He lookt on me

Afterward, when hee 1231
Lokid opon) mee
With a myld cowntenaunce,[3] 1233

[leaf 164]

Ose he stude on the ground
Emange his enmyse bound,
O, I wepit abundaunce! 1236

from among His enemies,

how my tears ran down!

Then my teres continuelly 1237
Ran down most sorowfully,
And yit thay can not cesse. 1239
How may I cesse or stynte?
Yf my harte wer of flinte,

[1] mercy *erased.* [2] ? read 'thrie' = thries, thrice.
[3] Catchwords:—'As he stod on þe grounds.'

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I haue caus to wepe dowtlese. 1242 St. Peter's Lament over his Faithlessness.
O caytife, O wofull wreche! 1243
from thy harte þou may feche
Sore & sighes depe! 1245
O most vnkind man, I unnaturally
What creatur may or can,
The from sclaunder kepe, 1248
To forsake þi master so tender & soo gud, 1249 forsook my so good Master
Which gaue to þe þe keyes / of all holy kirke,
And mor-ouer for thy sake / shed his own blud! who shed His blood for me.
O synfull caytyfe / now aught I sore till irke! 1252
Ales, Iohn! why did not I 1253
Folow my master so tenderlye
Os ȝe did to the ende? 1255
But for ye delt soo stedfastlye,
My master gaue you marye
To kep in your commend. 1258
Yf this dedly woo & sorowe 1259
Endure with me vnto to-morowe, My heart will break.
Myn hart in sunder will breke. 1261
Now, lorde, for þi tender mercyes all, [leaf 164, back]
Reconcyle me to grace, & to þi mercy call! Oh Lord, call me to thy mercy!
Ales, I may not speke! 1264

et sic cadit in *terram*, flens amare.

Andreas, *frater* petri, dicit.

A. Brothere peter, what nedes all þis? 1265 Andrew comforts his brother Peter.
I se well, good cownceil will yow mysse.
Dry vp your teres & rise! 1267
Comforth your-selfe, I require yow, & praye!
We shall haue gud tidinges! this is þe thrid day /
Sorow not in this wise! 1270

Iohannes Euangelista:

Stand vp, gud brother, & mesur your hevynese! 1271 St. John bids Peter moderate his grief.
This gret contrition of your hart, dowtlese
To god is plesant sacrifice. 1273

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Petrus

A, gud brethere, Andrewe & Iohn,
Was neu*er* creatur so wo-begon)
Os I, wrech most vnwyse! 1276

Peter still laments his cruelty.

For reme*m*beringe the infinite gudnese 1277
Of my lorde / & my most Vnkyndnese
Don so Writchitlye, 1279
At my hart, sorow sitt*es* so sore,
That my dedly payn) encresis mor & more!
Alese, my gret folye! 1282

[*in* 7a.]

Andreas

Andrew begs him to take comfort, as

Gud brothere pet*er*, yo*ur*-self 3e comfort; 1283
Ther is none of all, bot co*m*furth may he hafe;

[leaf 165]

For emong*e* vs a-gayn) our lorde shall resorte. 1285
By his passion) / his purpasse / was, ma*n*-kind to saue;

Christ will rise this third day,

This is the thrid daye / in which from his graue
He shall arise / fro deth, I haue no dowte;
Therfor lett comfurth / put this sorowe owt! 1289
¶ Brothere pet*er* / þe verrey truth to saye, 1290
Few of vs all / hade perfit stedfastnesse,
But sumwhat dowtid / & wer owt of the waye;
Not-wi*th*standinge / of his godhed the clernesse 1293
Schewed by his miracles / wi*th* all pe*r*fitnese;
And yf ye reme*m*ber, brothere / in his last oblation)
He spak of our vnstabilnesse / & of his desolation), 1296

and He foretold that His disciples should forsake Him.

¶ Saynge "Omnes vos scandalu*m* patiemini," 1297
All ye shall suff*er* sclaund*er* / for me,[1]
[2]Os who say · ye shall / forsak me a-lonly;
The hird-ma*n* shalbe strikyn) / & þe flokk, which we bee, 1300
Schalbe disp*er*bilit / & away shall flee.

He knew their weakness.

Loo, gud brother pet*er* / he knew our frealtes all; 1302
Our gude mast*er* is m*er*cifull / & graciose wi*th*-all;[2]

[1] onlee (*sic*) *crosst through.*
[2]—[2] These five lines are in the margin at bottom of leaf 164, back.

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¶ And yow, brother pet*er* / the most specialli 1304
Hase cause of co*m*furth / for of his church þe hed
He chace you by ord*er* / by his grace frelye;
For-þi, from yo*ur* harte / put þis fere & dred. 1307 Andrew shows Peter that he should have good hope, as Christ told him his faith should never fail.
Yf ye rememb*er*, he said to yow in dede,
Thy faith shall neu*er* faile / what-so-eu*er* befall;
Therfor haue gud hope / & comforth sp*iritu*all. 1310
Ye askit hy*m* ons a whestion / wherw*ith* he was con*tent*, 1311
'How oft to yo*ur* brother / synn ye shuld relese:'
Ye thought vij ty*m*mes / were verrey sufficient;
But he said sevynty tymes & vij: ye suld forgif dowtles;
A gret now[m]ber it plesit / hy*m* till expresse; 1315
The gret frelty of ma*n* / he saw in his godly mynd. [leaf 165, back]
For-thy, for yo*ur* trispace / p*ar*don may ye find; 1317
How-be-it, of yo*ur*-self / to p*re*sume, to blame ye were;
Man þ*at* is freale, of hym-self suld haue fe*re*. 1319
¶ Your pe*n*na*n*ce [&] contrition / acceptabill must bee;
Therfor in yo*ur* harte reIoye / ye may be fayn,
Rememb*er*inge he has put [yow] in gret auctoritee. Christ also put him in authority,
That he has saide ons / he will neu*er* call agayn, 1323
"Quodcu*m*qu*e* ligau*er*is" / he said; þes word*es* ar playn;
And gaue yow þe keyes / of hevyn & of hell, giving him the Keys of Heaven and Hell.
So to lowse & to bynd / this can we all tell. 1326

Iohannes euangelista.

Gude brother pet*er* / marke ye well, & note: 1327
The word*es* of Andrewe beyn sadd & ponderose;
In yo*ur* conscience, I knaw well / is noȝt so great mot, St. John is sure that Mercy can clear Peter's sin.
But that m*er*cy may clere it / of hy*m* that is so graciose.
Pe*r*auent*er* it was þe will / of our mast*er* Ie*sus* 1331
That ȝe shuld not be p*re*sent / his passion to see,
Which he hade on the hill / in þe most Crueltee. 1333
¶ Pet*er*, if ye had seyn / yo*ur* mastere at þ*at* poynt,
I trov þ*at* syȝt had beyn to hevy / to yow till endure:
He had torment opo*n* torme*n*t / in eu*er*y vayn & Ioynt;

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St. John tells Peter how

He was so harde nailet / to þat paynfull lure; 1337
His flesh þat was so tender / born) of a mayden) pure,
And was wont to be towchid / with virgyns handes swete,

Christ's body was torn and naild; how His

Was altotorn) most piteosly / from hede to þe fet! 1340
¶ When his body was halid / & stritchid with ropes,

[leaf 166]

To caws his armes & fet / to þe holes extend,
Then þe nayles dreffyn in; & of þe blude, dropes

blood was shed;

Ran owt so plentuosly / his will it was to spend 1344
All his precios blude / mannes sor till amend.
With-owt compleint he suffert the nayles & þe spere;
But gretist payn) þat he had / was for his moder dere.
He sufferd patiently, 1348

and how He was betrayd,

To be betrayed vnkindly,
To be accusid falsly,
To be intreytid Cruelly, 1351

scornd, and

To be scornyd most dedenynglye,
To be Iuged wrangfully,
To be dampnyt to deth dolfully,
With other paynes sere; 1355

crucified.

To be crucified piteosly,
To be woundid vniuersally,
With scowrges, nayles, & spere. 1358
For thes causes, he wald be born) / of a maid most obedient. 1359

But now the time of Desolation is ended; that of

Now the gret rawnson is paied / which was requirid
For redemption) of man, of the fader omnipotent;
The tyme of desolation / is now expirid; 1362

Grace is come;

The tyme of grace is commen, so longe of vs desirid!
Hevyn ȝeates so longe / closid for gret syn),
Our saueyour gafe yow the keyes / to open, & to lat in.
He knew well, for his deth / we shuld be afrayed: 1366
And þerfor, ose ȝe remembere / he told vs afore.
His godhed saw well / þat we shuld be dismaid

[leaf 166, back]

Of his resurrection) / he comfortid vs therfore; 1369

Christ will rise and live for ever.

He saide he shuld arise / & live euere-more.
This is the thride daye / therfor dowt nothinge,

But shortly we shall here / of his gloriose vprisinge.
Brether, I wolde tarrye w*ith* yow long*er* here, 1373
But ned*es* I must go to the virgyn mylde.
Most sorowfull is hir hart / most hevy is hir chere; St. John describes the
All Ioye & comfurthe / from hir is exilde; 1376 Virgin Mary's sorrow:
All hir reme*m*berance / is of hir dere childe.
My mast*er* assignyt me / to gyve hir attendance,
And that is my dewtye / w*ith* all humblye obs*er*uance.
Hir sorow increacyse aye, 1380
As well nyght os daye,
In most piteose araye;
For I darsay suerlye, 1383
Sen hir son was betrayed,
& in his grave layde,
The maid hase me dismaid
For sorow inwerdlye, 1387
That sho nowther tuk rist ne slepe, 1388 She takes nor rest nor sleep,
Ne fro*m* hevynese hir-self cowth kepe;
But eu*er*-mor*e* still dose sho wepe,
That I am verrey sure, 1391
Hartes hard*er* then stone
Wold be mollyfyed anone,
& melte to see hire mone,
That sho dose endure. 1395
To here hir mourn so mod*er*lye, [leaf 167]
To se hir wep so tenderlye, but weeping,
All myn hert it fayles. 1398
Now sho spek*es* of the scornes; speaks of her Son's suffering,
Now sho rememb*er*s þe thornes
And the grete sturdy nayles; 1401
Now sho spek*es* of his pacience; 1402 and patience
Now sho mynd*es* his obedience,
That vnto deth was. 1404 unto death.
Now of his visage spek*es* shee,
Defilid w*ith* deformyte,
Of fowl spittinge, a-lasse! 1407

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Now of his woundes dos sho speke, 1408
& of the sper which did breke
Hir sonnes blessid sid. 1410

She is comfortless;

Thus is sho all comfurthlesse,
Replet with all dulfulnesse;
Therfor I may not bide. 1413

and John will go to her.

As for this tym I will departe. 1414
Brother peter, be of gud harte,
For other cause haue ye none. 1416
Now farwell, for a starte,
I shall 3ow mete anon. 1418

Peter

Praye fore me, brother, for goddes sake! 1419

Iohannes euangelista

He bids Peter trust in faith. [leaf 167, back]

Brothere, to yow no discomfurth take,
But truste euer faithfullye! 1421
We shall haue comforth, 3oure sorowe to slake,
And that I trust shortlye. 1423

Tunc exit Iohannes; *et* dicit Petrus:

Peter thanks his brothers.

Brothere Andrewe / god reward 3oue euer speciallye!
For Iohn & ye, with youre swete wordes of consolation,
Hase easid my mynd / with comforte stedfastlye.
I am in trewe faith & hope / with-out desperation, 1427

He is now happy, trusting his Lord's mercy.

In my saule now havynge / spirituall iubilation,
Trustinge on the mercy / of my master & lord,
Of whose infinite gudnese / I shall euer record. 1430
Let the dew of mercy fall opon vs!
'Ostende faciem tuam / & salui erimus!' 1432
Schewe thy powere, gud lord / & to vs appere! 1433
Let beames of thi grace approche to vs nere,
Super nos, writchit synners!

Part II. Scene 3.

[*Scene* 3.]

Intrat maria Magdalena.

O, I writchit creature / what shall I doo? 1436
O, I a wofull woman / whidere sall I goo?

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My lorde, wher shall I find? 1438 Mary Magdalene's Lament.
When shall I se that desirid face,
Which was so full of beuty & grace
To me, the most vnkind? 1441
I haue sought, & besely inquerid 1442 She has sought Him in whom her heart delighted, and has not found Him.
Hym whom my harte all-way has desired,
And so desiries still. 1444
Que*m* diligit a*nim*a mea', quesiui;
Quesiui illu*m*, *et* no*n* inueni!
When shall I haue my will? 1447 [leaf 168]
I haue sought hy*m* desirusly, 1448
I haue sought hy*m* affectuosly,
Wit*h* besines of my mynd. 1450
I haue sought hym wit*h* mynd hartely,
The tresure wher-in my hart dose lye.
O deth, thou arte vnkind! 1453 Why will not Death take her?
On me, vse thou & exercise 1454
The auctorite of thyn office!
My bales thou may vnbind. 1456
What offence, deth, haue I don to the, 1457
Which art so ou*er* vnkind to mee?
Nay, Nay, deth! be not soo! 1459
Filie Ierusalem, Wher-os ye goo, Daughters of Jerusalem!
Nu*n*ciate dilecto meo,
Quia amore langueo: 1462
Of Ierusalem, ye vi*r*gyns clere, 1463
Schew my best loue that I was here! Tell my love that I am deadly sick for His love.
Tell hym, os he may prove, 1465
That I am dedly seke /
And all is for his loue. 1467

I*esus* intrat, in specie ortulani, dicens,

Mulier, ploras? que*m* queris? Jesus asks her whom she would have,
Woma*n*, why wepis thou? whom sek*es* thou thus? 1469
Tell me whome thou wald haue!

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Mawdlen):

I sek my mast*er* & swete lorde I*esus*,
Which her was layd in grave. 1472

[leaf 168, back] .I*esus*.

Woman, thou mournest to piteoslye, 1473
And compleynist' the most hevilye,
as her heart seems troubled. Thy mynd is not cōntent'; 1475
Thyn hart' is trowblit, well I see,
All full doloruse, os think*es* mee,
Thou has not thyn) intente. 1478

Maudleyn)

Mary Magdalene thinks He is the gardener. Myn intent! that knawes hee 1479
On whom my hart is set, & ay shalbee.
Garden*er*, I yowe praye, 1481
Schew vnto mee, if ye can),
Yf that ye did see here ony man)
Tak his body awaye. 1484

I*esus* dicit. "Maria!"

Mawdleyn) awnswers, "Raboni!"

I*esus*

He bids her not touch Him, Noli me tang*ere*!
Mary, towche me not now!
But in-to Galilee go thowe,
but tell His Disciples that He is risen and And to my brether' saye, 1488
And to pet*er* which sorowfull is, 1489
That I am resen) fro*m* dethe, to lif ay in blisse.
Renynge p*er*petuallye! 1491
Exhort' th*a*m to be of gud chere,
will soon appear to them. And hastely wyll I to th*a*m aper*e*,
To comfurth Ioefullye. exit I*esus* 1494

Mawdleyn)

O myn) harte! wher hast thou bee?
[leaf 169] Com hom) agayn), & leve wit*h* mee! 1496

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My gret sorow is past ! 1497
Now may thou entone a mery songe, Mary Magdalene rejoices;
For he whom) thou desirid so longe,
I haue fon) now at laste ! 1500
I thanke *your* grace *with* hert intere, 1501
That of yowre gudnese to me wald apere,
And make my hert thus light. 1503 her heart is light;

Secund marye intrat, cu*m* ma*ria*.

Soror, nu*n*cia nob*is* :
Gud mawdleyn), sist*er* ! how stand*es* *with* yow ? 1505

Mawdleyn)

Dere sist*ers* ! neu*er* so well os nowe !
For I haue hade a sight
Of my lorde & mast*er*, to my co*m*furth special. 1508 she has seen her Lord and Master,
To his godhed I rend*er* thank*es* immortall,
Os I am bound of dewtee. 1510

Thrid marye :

It Apperis, sust*er*, by yo*ur* cownten*au*nce,
That the gret sorow is owt of reme*m*braunce ;
And so, by your sawe, gret cause haue yee. 1513

Mawdleyn) :

I haue gret cause, sist*ers*, I knaw it well ; 1514
For of my Ioye he is the springe & well, the Spring and Well of her joy,
And of my lyfe sustenaunce. 1516

Secunde marye :

Haue ye seyn) our lord, sist*er* ? ar ye sure ?

Mawdlen) [leaf 169, back]

Sist*er*, I haue seyne my gretist tresure, her greatest Treasure.
My hartly Ioye & plesaunce ! 1519

Thride mary

A. Sist*er* ! gret co*m*fert may yo*ur* hart inflame. 1520

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Mawdlen)

He spoke to her, ȝe, gude sister! he callit me 'mary' by my name,
And spak with me homlye. 1522
I saw hym bodely, in flesh & bloode,
Oure redemere, which for vs hang on the roode!
He shewed hyme gratioslye, 1525
and bade her tell His Disciples of His Resurrection. And bade me go to his disciples sone, 1526
Thaime to certifye of his resurrectionne;
& so will I shortly doo. 1528

Secunde Marie

A. A! Mawdleyn)! right happee ye were! 1529
Ye spente not in vayn) so many bitter tere!
Gret grace is lent yow too! 1531

Jesus appears to the Three Maries, Tunc venit Iesus, & salutat mulieres istas iij^es^.
Tamen mulieres nil dicunt ei, sed procidunt ad pedes eius.

blesses and comforts them, Auete! Hayle, blessit women leve! 1532
My blessinge here I youe geve!
Let sorow no more youre harte meve,
But haue comfort allwaye! 1535
I am resene fro deth, so may ye tell;
and says He has deliverd His prisoners from Hell, I haue deliuert my presoners frome hell,
And made tham sure for aye! [*exit Iesus*] 1538

Mawdleyn)

Now, gud sisters, be no more sadd; 1539
[leaf 170] Ye haue cause, os well os I, to be gladd;
Mary Magdalene rejoices with the other Maries. Oure lorde, loo, of his gudnese, 1541
Of his heghe & godly excellence,
Haves shewede vs here his Ioyefull presence
With wordes of swetnese! 1544
My wordes wer not fantasticall, sisters, yee see; 1545
I told youe no lesinge, Sisters, report mee;
Ye haue seyn with your/ eye. 1547

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Thrid mary

Oure spirit*es* ben revivid; our hart*es* beyn light!
O mawdleyn! this was a gloriose sight,
Schewed to vs gracioslye! 1550

Secund marye

Blessid be that lorde / blessit be that kinge 1551 **The other Maries bless their Lord.**
That haues co*m*furth vs thus wi*th* his vprisinge
So sone & glorioslye! 1553

Mawdlen

Sust*er*s, in Ioye of this Ioyfullnese,
A songe of comforte lete vs exp*r*esse
Wi*th* notes of Armonye! 1556

"Victime paschali laudes i*m*molent[1] *Christ*iani". Tu*n*c totum vsq*ue* ad Di[c nobis] hee tres cantant id*em*, i*d est*, "Victi*me* pascha[li]"[2] in cantifracto v*el* saltum in pallinodio **The Three Maries sing a Hymn.**

Tu*n*c occure*n*t eis apo*st*oli. s*cilicet*. Petr*us*. Andreas *et* Ioha*nn*[es], ca*n*tantes hoc. **S***cilicet*. "Dic nobis maria. q*uid* vidisti in vi[a?]"[3] **respondent mulieres ca*n*tantes**. "Sepulcru*m* *Christ*i viue[*n*tis]" *et* **cet*er*a, vsq*ue* ad** "Credend*um* e*st* /" **Apo*st*oli respondentes ca*n*ta*n*t**. "Credend*um* e*st* mag*is* soli marie veraci, q*uam* iudeor*um* turbe fallaci." **Mulieres it*er*u*m* ca*n*tant** "Scim[us] *Christ*um surrexisse vere /" **Apo*st*oli *et* mulieres [tres] cantan*t* q*uas*i co*n*credentes**. "Tu nobis *Christe* rex mis*er*e[re]. Amen)." **Post cantu*m* dicit petrus.** **Peter, Andrew and John sing too.**

(¶ **Sufficit si ca*n*tet*ur* eisd*em* not*is et* cant[ibus] vt ha*b*etur in sequentia p*r*edicta**)

[1] MS. immolant. This Sequence is from the Easter Sunday Mass, held at Tierce, 9 a.m. See Note, p. 227-8.
[2] Some of the writing in the Margin is cut off.
[3] The Sequence of which this and the following quotations form part, is both in the Easter Sunday Matins (held before Dawn), and in the 9 o'clock Mass. See p. 227.

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[leaf 170, back] Petrus dicit *post* cant*um*:

Then Peter asks Mary Magdalene for news.

How is it now, marye? Can ye tell
Any newes which may lik vs well?
Blithe is youre Counten*au*nce. 1559

Mawdleyn

Mary Magdalene tells Peter

Pet*er*, in youre mynde be fast & stabill;
I can shew youe tydinges most co*m*fortabill;
Trust it of assurance! 1562

Petere

Gude marye, of hym I wold knawlege haue. 1563

Mawdleyn

that Christ is risen, and has

Pet*er*! oure mast*er* is resyn) fro*m* his grave!
He apperit vnto vs three 1565
In fleshe & bone, in a gloriose wise!

restord Adam and his mates to Paradise.

He hase restorid adam & his in-to p*ar*adise,
Which were in hell*es* captiuitee! 1568

Pet*er*

God graunte youre word*es* war not i*n* vayn)!

Mawdlen)

Pet*er*, That[1] I saye is trew & certayn),
And therfor dowt no more! 1571

Secund marye

The other Maries confirm these glad tidings.

Brother, we saughe our lord face to face;
He Apperit to vs in this same place.
And bad vs mowrne not so sore! 1574

Thride mar[y]e

He bade vs testify & tell
That he was resyn) in flesh & fell,
And dy he shall no more. 1577

Pet*er*e

A, mary! gret grace to youe is lent, 1578
[leaf 171] To whom our lord was so co*n*tent,
Befor other till apere. 1580

[1] which *crosst through*.

Mawdlen)

He said, ye all shuld see hy*m* in Galilee; — Christ will soon be in Galilee.
And pet*er*, youre selfe expresly namyd hee;
Therfore be of gud chere! 1583

Andrewe

Yit to his sepulcre lat vs go, & see, 1584 — The 3 Apostles go to the Sepulchre,
To satisfye our mynd*es* from all *per*plexitee.

Pet*er*

So cownsell I we doo. 1586

Tu*n*c ibu*n*t. p*re*curre*n*s Ioh*a*nnes dicit — John first.

Brothere pet*er*, com hither & behold! — He sees that Christ is risen.
It is no fabill that marye vs hase told;
This thinge is certen), loo! 1589
How say ye, brother, be ye satisfied?

Petrus

Brothere Iohn, I am fully c*er*tifyed — Peter sees it too,
To gife credens her-too. 1592
Now shall the suth be verefied
Of hym) that most may doo / 1594
O, mychе ar we bound, gud lord, to yo*ur* highnes! — and praises Christ.
For vs wer ye born), & also circu*m*cised;
For vs were ye termp[t]id in the wildernese;
Now Crucyfied to deth, most shamfully dispised! 1598
Yit all this, gude lorde, had vs not sufficyed
But ye had resen) fro deth / by yo*ur* godhed gloriuse;
Yo*ur* resurrection) was most / necessarye for vs. 1601
Youre meknese suffert deth for our saluation), 1602 — [leaf 171, back] He died for our Salvation, and is risen for our Justification.
And now are ye resen for oure Iustification);
Youre name eu*er* blessit bee! 1604

Andrewe

This resurrection), to all þe warld is co*n*solation,
For of oure fayth it is trew co*n*solation),
Approvid by his diuinitee. 1607

Iohannes Euangelista

Brether'! Ioy, & comfurth, & Inward' iubilation), 1608
And gostly gladnese, in vs all Encrease may.

St. John bids them all

We haue passid' the tym) / of dole & desolation),
And also I am sure / & right well dare I saye, 1611
The Ioyful tresure of our hart' / we sall se þis daye!
Honour, Ioy & glory / be to hym with-out end',
Which after sich sorow, comfurte can send'! 1614

laud and praise Christ.

To laude & prayse hym, lat vs be abowt';
To loue hym), & lofe hym), & lawly hym lowt',
With mynd' & mowth devowtlye. 1617
Ther, brether' with Ioyful harte,
And devowt' sisters on your parte,
Entone sum ermonye! 1620

They all sing a Song of Praise.

tunc Cantant omnes simul "Scimus *Christum*,"
vel aliam sequentiam aut ympnum de resurrectione.
Post cantum, dicit' Ioh[an]nes, finem faciens /

Loo, down) fro hevyn) / euer-mor grace dos springe!
The gudnese of god is incomparabil, yee see:

Their Sorrow is turnd to Joy.

Her was sorow & mournyng' / lamentacion & wepinge;
Now is Ioy & gladnese / & of comfurth plentee,[1] 1624

[leaf 172]

Ioyfully depart wee / now owt' of this place, 1625

They depart, in hope of seeing Christ this night.

Mekly abidinge the inspiration) of grace,
Which we belefe 1627
Schall com to vs this nyght!
Now, far-well euery wighte!

To Him they commend their hearers.

We commend' yow all to his myght',
Which for vs suffert grefe. 1631

Explicit'

[1] Written at the bottom of the page; in a later hand:—written by me . . . (*torn off*).

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Note. To explain the parts of the Romanist Service referrd to on pages 223, 226, Miss Mary Lambert, of Milford House, Elms Road, Clapham Common, S.W., who took so much interest in Canon Simmons's edition of *The Lay Folks' Mass Book* (E. E. T. Soc., 1879), has been good enough to send me the Paschal Time, vol. i, of "*The Liturgical Year*, by the Very Rev. Dom Prosper Guérenger, translated from the French by the Rev. Dom Laurence Shepherd, Dublin, and J. Duffy, 1871." And as most of our members probably know nothing (like I do) about Papal services, I make full extracts for them.

(p. 125.) The Office of Matins [in the Morning before Dawn].

The Night Office of every Sunday . . consists of 3 portions called *Nocturns.* Each Nocturn is composed of 3 Psalms with their Antiphons, followed by 3 Lessons and Responsories. These Nocturns . . end with the Ambrosian Hymn, the *Te Deum;* they begin after midnight, and are over by the aurora, when the still more solemn office of *Lauds* is chanted. But this Night [t.i. Easter Sunday after 12 a.m.] has been almost wholly spent in the administration of Baptism . . . This is the reason of there being only one Nocturn for the Night Office [now calld *Matins* because it's performd in the morning] of Easter Sunday.

(p. 138.) In most of the Churches in the West, during the Middle-Ages, as soon as the Third Lesson was read, and before the *Te Deum*, the Clergy went in procession, singing a Responsory, to the Altar, where the Blessed Sacrament had been kept since Maundy Thursday, and which was called the *Chapel of the Sepulchre.* Three Clerics were vested in Albs, and represented Magdalene and her two companions. When the procession reached the Chapel "and the 3 Clerics had gone to the Altar, and sung a verse" Two Chanters [= the Peter, Andrew and John of the Play] stepped forward towards the Altar steps, on which the Clerics were standing, and addressed them in these words of the Sequence:

Tell us, O Mary, what sawest thou on the way?	*Dic nobis, Maria,* *Quid vidisti in via?*

The first Cleric, who represented Magdalene, answered:

I saw the Sepulchre of the living Christ: I saw the glory of him that had risen.	*Sepulchrum Christi viventis,* *Et gloriam vidi resurgentis.*

The second Cleric, who represented Mary, the mother of James, added:

I saw the Angels that were the witnesses:	*Angelicos testes*
I saw the winding-sheet and the cloths.	*Sudarium et vestes.*

The third Cleric, who represented Salome, completed the reply, thus:

Christ, my hope, hath risen!	*Surrexit Christus, spes mea.*
He shall go before you into Galilee.	*Precedet vos in Galilæan.*

The two Chanters [= the 3 Apostles of the Play] answered with this protest of faith:

It behoves us to believe the single testimony of the truthful Mary, rather than the whole wicked host of Jews.	*Credendum est magis soli* *Mariæ veraci,* *Quam Judæorum* *Pravæ cohorti.*

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Then the whole of the Clergy[1] joined in this acclamation :

We know that Christ hath truly risen from the dead. Do thou, O Conqueror and King, have mercy upon us !	*Scimus Christum surrexisse* *A mortuis vere :* *Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere !* "

After the Matins, comes at dawn, *Lauds*, so called "because it is mainly composed of Psalms of Praise." This is followd at 9 a.m., the hour of Tierce, by *Mass*, in which, after the Antiphon, Prayer, Easter Song, Introit, Collect, Epistle, Gradual, and Alleluia-verse (p. 158—164) have been sung,

"the Church adds to her ordinary chants, a hymn full of enthusiastic admiration for her Risen Jesus. It is called a *Sequence*, because it is a continuation of the *Alleluia*.

Let Christians offer to the Paschal Victim the sacrifice of praise.	[2] *Victimæ paschali laudes* *Immolent christiani.*
The Lamb hath redeemed the sheep : the innocent Jesus hath reconciled sinners to his Father.	*Agnus redemit oves :* *Christus innocens Patri* *Reconciliavit peccatores.*
Death and Life fought against each other, and wondrous was the duel :	*Mors et vita duello* *Conflixere mirando :*
The King of Life was put to death ; yet now he lives and reigns.	*Dux vitæ mortuus* *Regnat vivus.*
Tell us, O Mary, &c.	*Dic nobis, Maria* [*&c., as above*]."

It is clear, then, that the Play was only a better and more realistic performance of part of the Romish Church service. This quasi-acting of Easter Mysteries in church is new to me.[3] It is not done now, Miss Lambert says.

[1] The play gives the first 2 lines to the 3 women, and the last line only to the women and apostles conjoind.

[2] Sequences. "The first, or the '*Victimæ Paschali*,' is, we believe, by the vast majority of critics accredited to a monk, Notker by name, of the celebrated monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, who flourished in the ninth century, and attained to much renown by his talent for writing sacred poetry. According to some, he is said to have been the first who caused this species of composition to be introduced into the Mass ; and, if we are to believe Durandus, he was encouraged in this by Pope Nicholas the Great (858—867). Others ascribe its introduction to Alcuin, the preceptor of Charlemagne. The '*Victimæ Paschali*' is also sometimes attributed to Robert, King of the Franks."

p. 224 of "A History of the Mass and its Ceremonies in the Eastern and Western Church." By Rev. J. O'Brien, A.M. . . 3rd Edition, Revised, New York, 1879. —M. LAMBERT.

[3] I have since seen, in a review of the englisht Hase's book on Mysteries and Miracle Plays, 1880, that Prof. Ward has noted the fact in his History of the Drama, from the Germans, who've taught us so much.

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GLOSSARY AND INDEX.

MAINLY BY

S. J. HERRTAGE, B.A.

A (often), 89/915, have
Abacuk, 114/1584, Habakkuk
Abasse, 107/1376, *vb.* be abashed, fear
A-baye, 68/363, *sb.* bay, surrender
Abey, 114/1570, obey
Abill, 211/1178, *vb.* fit, make fit
A-bought, 3/3, *adv.* about; a-bowght, 60/154, around, about
Abuse, 209/1111, *vb.* misuse, use improperly
Abyll, 58/99, *adj.* fit, becoming
Abyron, 60/159, Hebron (?)
Advertacyounes, 90/921, warnings, information, knowledge
Aferd, 94/1033, *adj.* afraid
Afyabylle, 75/548, affable
Agayn-sayd, 55/15, *vb.* contradicted, opposed
Aȝen, 128/1935, *prep.* towards
Aȝens, 58/91, towards, *prep.* towards
Aȝens, 115/1606, *prep.* in front of, before
Al and Sum, 111/1482, altogether, completely
Alapye, 60/158, (?) what country
Alme, 82/717, *a.* kind, gentle. Lat. *almus*
Almesse, 116/1642, *sb.* lit.: alms, hence, an act of kindness
Alonly, 57/78; 107/1382, *adv.* only; 112/1526, *adv.* only, alone. "Allonely, *Tantummodo, solum solummodo.*" *Cath. Anglicum.*
Ambra, 67/339, *sb.* amber
A-mons, 76/569, *prep.* amongst
Amyke, 141/70, *sb.* friend, Lat. *amicus*
A-myttyd, 107/1381, *pp.* admitted, ranked
Ananias, p. 35
Angell Raphael, p. 107; other angels, p. 10, 51, 53, 205
Anima or the Soul, p. 140; her Five Wits, p. 145
Anna the Prophetess, p. 19, 261
Anosed, 147/224, *pp.* Halliwell says, "acknowledged," but the context seems rather to require hindered, or opposed. Is it *harmed, spoilt*, from the Fr. *nuire*, to hurt (?)
A-penyon, 110/1463, *sb.* opinion
A-plye, 129/1982, *vb.* apply myself, set myself to
Apposed, 147/225, *pp.* questioned, examined. "Examyn, or apposyn, or a-sayyn. *Examino.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
A-queyntowns, 77/580, *sb.* acquaintance, intimacy
Arend, 59/136, *sb.* errand
Arere, 69/407, *vb.* raise
Arimathea, Joseph of, p. 172
Aspecyall, 98/1137, especial
Asprongyn, 100/1173, sprung up, risen
Assatt, 114/1589, *sb.* (?) distress, or astate = estate, state
Assye, 60/158, Asia
At, 194/669, *prep.* of, from
A-taunt, 160/608, *adv.* (*à-tant*) so much. "A dronken foole that sparith for no dispence, To drynk *ataunt* til he slepe at table." *Lydgate, in Halliwell.*
A-trey, 92/983, *vb.* Fr. '*attraire*, to allure, intice, inueagle, toll on; *attraiement*, an illuring, inticing, inueagling.'—Cotgrave.
Attes, 80/693, at his, at its
Aunterous, 27/1415, adventurous

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Avdyeans, 55/2, *sb.* audience, hearers
Avoydyt, 64/264-5, *vb.* goes out
Awansyd, 58/107, *pp.* advanced, promoted
A-wantt, A-want, 90/928, *interj.* get out, avaunt
Awawns, 116/1642, *vb.* advance, assist
Awayll, 104/1309, *vb.* profit, advantage
Awe, 171/4, 7, *adj.* all
Awete, 97/1111, *vb.* Latin *avete*, hail!
A-weyle, 69/404, *vb*, avail, profit
Ay-whan, 150/345, *adv.* everywhen, at all times, ever

Babbyd, 87/863, *pp.* smitten, struck
Bales, 219/1456, *sb. pl.* griefs, pains
Balys, 90/919, *sb.* troubles, misfortunes. A.S. *bealu*
Balys, 82/735, *sb.* rod
Bamys, 93/1018, balms
Baramathye, 102/1260, Arimathea
Bayne, 203/950, *adj.* ready, willing. "Beyn or plyaunt. *Flexibilis.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Be, 101/1223, *prep.* by
Be-cum, 95/1052, *pp.* 'where he is be-cum' = what has become of him, where he has gone to
Bede-woman, 129/1967, *sb.* a woman bound to pray for another
Bedlem, 10/237; 60/159, Bethlehem
Be-dred, 3/64, dreaded
Beelzebub, 82/725
Be-hold, 123/1814, *pp.* beholden, bound
Be-holddyn, 80/658, *adj.* obliged, bound in gratitude. The corrupted form *beholding* is very common in the writers of the 17th cent.
Belfagour, 82/725, *pr. nn.* Belphagor, a devil
Belial, p. 43
Belle, 99/1169, *vb.* roar, as deer 'bell'
Be-lyve, 122/1801, *adv.* at once, quickly, hastily
Bemmys, 90/934, *sb.* trumpets. A.S. *bême*
Benevolens, 1/21, *sb.* good-will, kindness
Benyng, 71/442, *adj.* benign
Beral, 70/425, *sb.* (?) beryl: as we should say "the pearl of beauty"
Berdes, 57/51, *sb.* maidens
Berzaby, 60/159, Beersheba
Besawnt, 101/1218, *sb.* besant, a golden coin so called from having been first coined at Byzantium, or Constantinople
Besene, 27/16, drest, adornd
Be-shrewe, 156/506, 1 *pr. s.* curse
Be-take, 72/465, *vb.* commend, 130/1989, 1 *pr. s.* commit, commend
Beth, 112/1528, *pr. pl.* are
Bethany, 57/82
Betyll browyd, 82/724, *adj.* with overhanging brows. Compare *P. Plowman*, B. v. 190
Bey, 143/108, 1 *pr. pl.* buy, pay or suffer for
Bey the bargayn, 90/937, 941, pay the penalty, pay the price for
Blabyr-lyppyd, 90/927, *adj.* thick-lipped. Cf. *P. Plowman*, B. v. 190: "Blabyr-lyppyd: *broccus, labrosus.*" *Cath. Angl.*
Blasse, 90/934, *vb.* wave
Blasyd, 83/745, *pp.* on fire, in flames
Ble, 57/68; 129/1977, *sb.* countenance, complexion, colour. A.S. *bleo*
Bleryd is ower eye, 92/985, a phrase signifying, "we have been deceived or mocked." The expression is common: see, for instance, *Sir Ferumbras*, ed. Herrtage, 391; *Romaunt of the Rose*, 3912, &c.
Blomefylde, Myles, poet, p. 27, 41
Blysch, 88/885; 97/1117, *sb.* bliss, joy
Blyssynd, 125/1859, *sb.* blessing
Bome, 84/780, 1 *pr. s.* bum, am confused with a noise in my head and ears; 'bombon as been (bummyn or bumbyn) Bombizo.' *Pr. Parv.* 'To bomme as a fly doth, or husse, *bruire*'. . Palsgrave, *ib.*
Bone, 117/1668, *sb.* prayer. O. Icel. *bon*
Bord, 79/630, *sb.* table

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Bornyd, 71/443, *adj.* (?) burnished
Borons, 56/50, *sb.* barons
Bote, 90/919, *sb.* cure, healer
Botell (truss) of haye, 30/85
Bovnteest, 91/952, most bountiful
Bowth, 127/1925, *pp.* bought, redeemed
Brace, 177/179, *vb.* embrace, clasp
Brayd, 99/1148, *sb.* haste, hurry
Breelles, 90/927, *sb.* worthless rascals. "Breyel, *Brollus, brolla, miserculus.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Bren, 146/196, *sb.* brows
Brentt, 116/1629, *pp.* been burnt
Brochit, 197/782, 1 *pt. s.* tapped, opened, broached. "Brochyn, or settyn a vesselle broche (abroche), *attamino, clipsidro.*" *Prompt. Parv.*; brochit, *pt. s.* 197/783
Bronde, 3/64, *sb.* sword
Brystyt, 86/822, *vb.* bursts
Burde, 212/1215, *sb.* board, table
By, 2/37, *prep. by hym*, by his way
Byggyd, 130/2024, *pp.* settled, placed
Byn, 56/50, *vb.*; 70/420, *vb.* be; 112/1533, *pr. pl.* be, are

Caiphas, p. 28, 42
Cardyakylles, 106/1363, *sb.* a pain of the heart. "A cardiakylle or cardiake: *cardia, cardiaca.*" *Cath. Angl.*
Carefull, 94/1034; 121/1768, *adj.* anxious, full of care, sad
Castell, 87/845, *sb.* village
Cawth, 61/191, *pp.* caught
Cayftyff, 79/631, *sb.* wretch
Cayseres, 90/936, *sb.* Emperors, Cæsars
Caystyys, 57/58, *sb.* (?) caitiffs, wretches
Ceile, 174/72, *sb.* happiness. "It turned him to *sele.*" Cursor Mundi, 4432, A.S. *sæl.*
Chalyngyd, 105/1318, *vb.* claim. "To chalange; *vindicare.*" *Cath. Angl.*
Chana, 205/999, Cana
Chapetelet, 140/16, *sb.* chaplet
Cheveler, 139/1, *sb.* a wig
Children, the *Killing of the*, p. 1, 13
Choppe, 160/641, 1 *pr. s.* bargain, barter. A.S. *ceapian*
Christ, his 7 Names, 132/2044
—— or Wisdom, a Morality of, p. 137
Chyldyurn, 87/851, *sb.* children
Chyr, 56/48, *sb.* cheer
Chyr, 77/575, *vb.* cheer, please
Clary, 67/342; 72/477, *sb.* a kind of sweet wine
Cleffys, 57/55, *sb.* (?) cliffs
Clennesse, 191/589, *sb.* purity of life. "A clennes. *Honestas, mundicia, puritas, sinceritas.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
Cler, 113/15623, *sb.* clerk, Lat. *clerus*
Cleyff, 120/1741, *sb.* cliffs (?)
Clower, 65/294, *sb.* clover
Clumme, 157/522, *adj.* lit. benumbed, hence, rendered useless. Compare "Clumsyd, *eneruatus eviratus,*" *Cathol. Anglicum*, and Cotgrave "*Entombi*, stonied, benummed, clumpse, asleep."
Clyvytt, 93/1000, clave, split
Cognysshon, 57/76, *sb.* knowledge
Comic scenes, p. 30, 99, 108
Compylyd, 85/806, *pp.* written as in a book
Conctypotent, 49/596, all-powerful
Connownt, 123/1803, *sb.* covenant, sum bargained for
Conregent, p. 166, at foot: (?)
Contraly, 90/940, contrarily
Conversion of St. Paul, p. 27
Coroscant, 91/953, *adj.* shining, bright. Lat. *coruscantem*
Coryossyte, 74/511, smartness, finery; a dandy, 75/550
Coryous, 189/581, *adj.* curious, strange
Costodyer, 51/628, custodian, guard
Covnnyng, 85/806, *sb.* science, knowledge
Cowff, 101/1224, *vb.* cough
Crabbysh, 30/91, uncivil, rude
Cressyn, 111/1512, *vb.* increase, multiply
Cunnyng, 1/24, skill, science
Cyrus, Lazarus's father, p. 56, 64

Dandy Curiosity, in a play, p. 73, 74
Daysyys Iee, 74/515, daisy
Deadly Sins, the Seven, p. 75
Debonarius, 71/444, *adj.* courteous

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Dectours, 79/650, *sb.* debtors
Dedenynglye, 216/1352, *adv.* undeservedly, unworthily
Dee, 212/1229, *vb.* die
Defame, 132/2035, *sb.* villainy
Defye, 156/511, 1 *pr. s.* despise. "To defye: *despicere.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
Delacion, 49/588, delay
Delectary, 83/751, delightful
Delycyte, 91/946; 132/2039, deliciousness, delightfulness
Demene, 114/1582, rule, manage
Dempte, 80/662, deemd, judgd
Dent, 64/272, *sb.* stroke
Departe, 58/102, *vb.*; 115/1613, *imp. s.* share
Derevorthy, 125/1852, *adj.* precious, dear. A.S. *deorwyrðe*
Dessetres, 58/104, *sb*, distress
Desyern, 82/721, *vb.* desire, pray
Deuely, 150/324, *adj.* deuilish, resembling a devil
Deversarye, 83/754, *adj.* diverse
Devils, 8 beaten, p. 82; see p. 53
Devyrs, 86/832, *sb.* duty
Dewresse, 65/281, *sb.* hardship.
Diete, 204/961, *pt. s.* died
Discent, 1/3, *sb.* descent
Disperbilit, 214/1301, *pp.* scattered abroad. "Sparpe here and there, *segrego, spargo.*" Huloet. "Disparplyn. *Dissipo, dispergo.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Docctor, 88/877, *sb.* daughter
Dog Latin, 100/1187
Dolar, 95/1058; Dolour, 95/1056, *sb.* grief
Don, 63/227, *pp.* done
Done, 206/1043, *pp.* placed, put. "To do on Crosse. *Crucifigere.*" *Cath. Anglicum.*
Doole, 176/138, *sb.* sorrow, grief. O.Fr. *doel*
Doth, 56/42, *sb.* doubt
Dovctors, 57/68, *sb.* daughters
Dowt, 60/156, *sb.* fear
Dowt, 216/1371, *imp. s.* fear
Dowth, 103/1279, doubt
Dree, 180/259, *vb.* suffer, endure. A.S. *dreogan*
Drench, 121/1747, *subj.* drown
Drye, 911/1043, *vb.* suffer. A.S. *dreogan*
Drynchyn, 83/754, *pp.* drowned, overwhelmed
Dya, 67/339, *sb.* Dyachylon (?)
Dylf, 76/563-4, *sb.* devils
Dylfe, 61/187, *sb.* devil
Dylle, a Devil, p. 91
Dyscus, 113/1562, *imp. s.* show abroad, spread, prove
Dysmay, 94/1035, am troubled, dismayd
Dysses, 57/80, *sb.* decease
Dyssese, 95/1056, *sb.* pain, grief
Dyssever, 56/27, *vb.* separate, pick out
Dysspyttyd, 93/999, did despite to
Dysyer, 74/513, desire

Eclippid, 183/356, *pp.* eclipsed
Ee, 209/1134, *sb.*; 212/1228, eye
Egall, 55/6, *adj.* equal
Ekes, 176/138, *pr. s.* increases. A.S. *ecan*
Emende, 1/23, *vb.* amend, correct
Emme, 100/1172, *sb.* uncle. A.S. *eam*
En-abyte, 80/683, *vb.* dress, array
Enhanse, 58/111, *vb.* raise, advance; 'enhansyd,' 132/2056
Enrytawns, 133/2075, *sb.* inheritance
Ensalue, 202/916, *vb.* embalm
Entone, 221/1498, *vb.* intone, sing
Erber, 76, *sb.* garden
Ermonye, 226/1620, *sb.* harmony, melody
Ewyr, 83/774, *adv.* ever
Exsport, 72/458, *vb.* expel, drive out
Eylytt, 113/1545, ails, troubles

Fakown, 90/942, *sb.* falcon
Fantasticall, 222/1545, *adj.* fanciful, "fancy-bred"
Fathyrod, 89/904, *sb.* Fatherhood
Favorows, 90/942, 91/9481, *adj.* well-favoured, handsome
Faworus, 80/673, desirous
Faytors, 60/145, *sb.* wretches, rascals
Fectually, 79/643, *adv.* in truth
Fegetyff, 66/318, *adj.* fugitive, slippery
Felishipe, 202/924, *sb.* company. "A Felischippe. *Consortium,*

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societas, et cetera: vbi a company." *Cathol. Anglicum.*
Fell, 172/18, *adj.* cruel, furious
Felle, 75/535, *vb.* fell
Felle, 115/1615, *adj.* many. A.S. *feol*
Femynyte, 57/71, *sb.* the good qualities of a woman
Fles, 106/1351, *sb.* fleece
Flyth, 111/1507, *vb.* flight
Fode, 90/942, *sb.* lit. woman, hence wife. Fodys, 91/948, *pl.*
Fon, 221/1500, *pp.* found
For, 2/44, *prep.* in spite of
For, 60/141, *prep.* to prevent
For-gon, 129/1974, *pp.* lost
Forse, 160/608, *pr. pl.* make or think of importance, regard
For-thy, 215/1317, *conj.* therefore
Founyd, 152/393, *adj.* foolish
Frangabyll, 66/320, brittle
Fray, 2/39, *vb.* storm, rage
Fray, 91/968, *sb.* fear, terror
Freell, 88/888, *adj.* frail, sinful, weak [persons]
Freelnesse, 146/200, *sb.* frailty, weakness
Frelty, 215/1316, *sb.* frailty, weakness
Fresse, 90/942, *adj.* fresh, fair
Frest, 91/971, *adv.* at first, before
Frett, 112/1529, *vb.* grieve, pain, torture, tear to pieces
Fretth, 84/786, *sb.* fretting, grief
Fryst, 103/1272, *adv.* first
Fulfyllyd, 57/74, *vb.* filled

Galonga, 67/339, *sb.* (?) galingale
Garlement, 27/16, ornament
Garre, 202/901, *vb.* cause. "To gar. *Compescere, cogere, et cetera.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
a Gentleman's servant, 30/90
Govele, 160/604, *sb.* usury. "Gowle or vsury. *Usura, fenus.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Gramercy, 185/410, *sb.* great thanks, gratitude. Fr. *grand merci*
Grates, 146/190, *sb. pl.* thanks, gratitude
Gravid, 200/853, *pp.* buried. "To Graue: *vbi.* to Bery." *Cathol. Anglicum.*
Gravnt, 123/1805, agreement; 125/1873, desire, pleasure (?)
Grawous, 65/293, *adj.* grievous, heavy
Grobbe, a ship's boy, 107, 125; 119/1717
Grogly, 75/549, *a.* (?) ugly
Grom, 73/489, *sb.* person, man
Grome, 72/478, *sb.* ? name of a place
Gromys, 75/549, *sb.* men, persons
Gronddar, 66/326, *sb.* foundation
Grooth, 56/38, *vb.* (?) grow, or 'grooch', grumble, murmur
Growell, 99/1155, *sb.* gruel
Grudge, 3/70, *vb.* grumble, murmur
Gyddyn, 129/1982, *vb.* guide, govern
Gyldyr, 72/478, *sb.* guelder
Gyn, 90/934, *vb.* begin
Gynnyt, 126/1897, *pr. s.* begins
Gyntely, 140/16, *adv.* finely, grandly

Hals, 83/745, *sb.* neck. A.S. *heals*
Halse, 67/347, *vb.* embrace
Halsyd, 131/2031, *pp.*; 141/44, saluted, greeted, welcomed
Hape, 192/628, *sb.* happiness, good
Harbarow, 107/1398, *sb.* shelter, refuge
Harlettes, 59/127; Harlottes, 56/27, *sb.* low wretches, villains
Harrow, 91/963, *interj.* the old Norman exclamation calling for assistance
Havns, 130/2007, *vb.* raise, carry up (*see* 'in-hansyd,' 'enhanse')
Hawkyn, Acolyte of the priest of Maryll, 99/1143
Haylsinge, 196/744, *sb.* salutation, greeting
Hayr, 144/159, *sb.* heir
Hegges, 101/1198, *sb.* hedges
Hele, 122/1790, *sb.* safety
Helefull, 142/89, *adj.* wholesome
Hell harrowd, p. 91
Her, 80/669, *sb.* hair
Here, 98/1124, *pron.* their
Herod, King, p. 3, &c.; his death, p. 16; p. 59, 103
Herod's Philosopher, p. 60
Herrowe, 150/325, *int.* haro! a cry for help
Hestes, 57/52, *sb.* behests, commands

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Hight, 150/334, 1 *pr. s.* am named
Ho, 93/1015, *pron.* who
Hof! 73/491, ho!
Holborn Quest, the, 165/773, p. 168
Holy Ghost, the, p. 38
Holy Land, p. 119
Home, 101/1226, *vb.* hum
Hort, 91/965, *pt. pl.* (?)hurt
Hossell, 133/2081, *vb.* administer the holy communion to. A.S. *huslian*, 134/2087
Hosteler, p. 30, ostler
Houkkyn, 99/1160, *vb.* toy, copulate
Hurde, 159/584, *vb.* hoard
Hye, 209/1132, *sb.* haste
Hyr, 112/1524, *pron.* their
Hyrre, 68/377, *pron.* her
Hyth, 123/1822, *pp.* named, called. A.S. *hatan*

Idols burnt at Marcylle, p. 113
a Jew, p. 88
Ilezant, 73/505, *adj.* elegant
Illumynows, 78/623, light-giving
In-devre, 64/292, *vb.* endure
Indeyn, 195/730, *adv.* unworthily, undeservedly. Lat. *indigne*
Inflventt, 97/1096, inflowing
Inhansyd, 131/2023, raisd up
Innumerabyll, 97/1100, impossible
Inspeccyon, 124/1851, inspection
Intere, 221/1501, *adj.* earnest, hearty
Interlye, 198/828, *adv.* heartily, earnestly. "Enteyrly. *Intime.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.* "He praythe the *enterly.*" *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 171.
Invre, 134/2102, *adj.* practised
Irke, 213/1252, *vb.* to be grieved or weary. "To Irke. *Fastidire, tedere, pigere.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
I-wise, 203/937, *adv.* assuredly, certainly. A.S. *gewis*
Ielopher, 106/1363, *sb.* gillyflower
Jesus prophesies his sufferings and death, 87; raises Lazarus, 89; appears to the Maries after his resurrection, 95. See p. 54, 219, 222
Iorourry, 161/939, *sb.* (?)swearing, or jurying, serving on juries (to give false verdicts)
Joseph, Christ's reputed father, p. 10, 17
Joseph of Arimathea, p. 172
Iudeon, 106/1351, Gideon

Kelle, 74/520, *sb.* (?) prostitute: compare 'collet'
Kente, 177/156, *pp.* known
Kepe, 120/1728, *sb.* care, thought
Kepit, 181/286, *pp.* cared, thought
Kertelys, 145/164, *sb. pl.* kirtles, gowns
Keyle, 174/76, *vb.* cool, assuage. A.S. *celan*
Kings of the Flesh, the World and the Devils, p. 66
Knett, 57/58, *vb.* knit, involve
Knett, 57/77, *pt. s.* joined, united
Knette, 146/196, 1 *pr. s.* knit, crinkle, my brows
Knowledge, 87/868, *vb.* acquaint, tell
Kyd, 63/230, *pp.* known

Laberyd, 123/1823, *pp.* workt, causd to go or wander (labour)
Lace, 159/580, *vb.* entangle, involve
Lad, 56/43, *sb.* common men
Lak, 145/165, *imp. pl.* blame
Langbaynnes, 61/190, *sb.* (?)long-bones
Lase, 73/497, *sb.* binding, ornament
Lasyd, 140/16, *pp.* laced, fastened
Lave, 125/1857, *sb.* law
Lawly, 226/1616, *adv.* lowly, humbly
Lazarus, his Death and Raising, p. 53, 54
Lechery, a character, p. 71
Led, 93/1015, *sb.* lid, cover
Lef, 201/873, *vb.* live
Lem, 55/13, *sb.* limb
Lere, 74/527, *vb.* teach
Lesinge, 222/1546, *sb.* lie. A.S. *leasung*
Letificacion, 2/26, joy, rejoicing
Lewyn, 132/2043, *sb.* lightning
Locucion . . . speech
Lordeynnes, 61/189; 83/741, *sb.* wretches, rascals. "A lurdane, *vbi.* a thefe." *Cath. Anglicum.* *See* Loselles.
Lore, 150/326, 1 *pr. s.* am lost

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Loselles, 61/190, *sb.* lazy, rascally fellows. "Lorel, or losel, or ludene (lordayne S. lurdeyn P.). *Lurco.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Loue, 226/1616, *vb.* praise, worship
Lowt, 226/1616, *vb.* bow to, worship
Lowte, 56/43; 90/926, *vb.* bow
Lucense, 82/715, *sb.* light
Lucifer, p. 179
Lure, 216/1337, *sb.* decoy, trap, the Cross
Lyfeloll, 58/87, *sb.* livelihood
Lylly, 103/1265, likely
Lynne, 76/558, *vb.* cease [to lead]
Lyth, 84/768, 774, *sb.* light
Lytturall, 52/658, of letters, of literature
Lytynnyd, 92/975, *pp.* lightened, emptied
Lyve, 58/91, *vb.* live

Mahondes, 60/142, *sb.* Mahound, Mahomet
Malesse, 172/20, *sb.* malice
Malyng, 70/434, Malyngny, 70/428, *adj.* evil, malign
Mament, 113/1554, *sb.* idol
Mancyon, 110/1461, stay, dwelling
Marcylle, the King and Queen of, Idols of, p. 54
Mare, 189/510, 2 *pr. pl.* destroy, upset. A.S. *merran*
Margaretton, 67/339, *sb.* pearls
Margente, 180/273, *sb.* margin, vacant space
Maries, the three at the tomb of Jesus, 93; Jesus appears to them, 95
Marre, 56/39, *vb.* destroy
Marry, 61/192, *pp.* destroyed
Martes, 64/257, (?) Mars
Martha, p. 58, 65, 83, 86, 88
Mary, Christ's reputed Mother, p. 11, 17, 186
Mary Magdalene, a Play in 2 Parts, p. 53
Mary Salome, p. 93, 97, 173
Mary the mother of James, p. 92, 97, 173
Mase, 159/581, *pr. s.* makes, causes
Mawt, 72/476, *sb.* (?) Malta
May, 170/416, *sb.* maid
Mell, 93/1003, strife, trouble
Melleflueus, 85/794, mellifluous
Memoryall, 98/1134, memory, remembrance
Mene, 160/620, *sb.* a contralto, or counter-tenor voice
Menyver, 140/16, *sb.* fur of the ermine mixed with that of the weasel
Mercury, another Devil, p. 44
Merrorys, 57/73, *sb.* (?) shinings, graces, beauties
Messenger, p. 59, 62, 63
Mesure, 114/1582, moderation
Metyest, 53/3, *adj.* most meet, fitting
Meyn, 180/255, *sb.* means, way
Midland Dialect, p. 53, 170
Mind, a character, and her 6 Retainers, p. 138
Mo, 57/80, *adj.* my
Mold, 123/1812, *sb.* earth
Monument, 89/894, *sb.* tomb, sepulchre
Monyment, 204/964, *sb.* tomb, grave
A Morality of Wisdom or Christ, p. 137
Morell, 99/1155, (?) a man's name
Moryd, 97/1099, *pp.* rooted, firmly fixed
Mosed, 151/348, *pp.* mased, bewitched
Mot, 215/1329, *sb.* a spot, fault
Moteryng, 59/128, *sb.* muttering, grumbling
Mown, 69/392, *vb.* may, can
Mundus, King of the World, p. 66, 76
Mynnate, 189/518, *sb.* minute
Mynstrelly, 98/1141, minstrelsy
Myscheffe, 173/61, *sb.* misfortune

Nemyows, 87/857, *adj.* exceeding
Nevyn, 66/315, *vb.* mention, declare
Nicodemus, p. 184
Noe, 106/1351, Noah
Non, *passim*, none, no one
Northumbrian and Midland dialects, p. 170
Noyose, 193/650, *adj.* hurtful, harmful
Noyttment, 79/640-1, ointment
Nymyos, 97/1112, *adj.* exceeding. Lat. *nimium*

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Nysete, 162/653, *sb.* folly, foolishness

Oble, 131/2019, *sb.* a kind of wafer-cake, sweetened with honey. It was the usual name for the consecrated wafer in the Mass
On, 82/718, *a.* one
On-clypsyd, 106/1349, *adj.* uneclipsed
Oncuryd, 84/769, *pp.* uncovered, taken away the covering of
On-quarte, 84/779, *adj.* unhearted, dismayd, troubled, in pain
Onymentes, 80/668, *sb.* ointments
Oppresse, 135/2111, (?) suffer, be cast away
Opteyn, 61/182, *vb.* hold a place, prevail
Ore, 56/38, *conj*, or
Os, as, p. 170
Ouer-awe, 193/653, *adv.* = *overal*, everywhere. "Overalle: *passim, vbicunque, est genus loquendi vbique.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
Ough, 146/190, 1 *pr. s.* owe
Owȝt, 80/660, *pt. s.* owed

Pacyfycal, 114/1593, peaceable
Pageant-waggon, its 2 stages, p. 130, 135
Pakke, 99/1154, *sb.* pack
Panne, 83/738, *sb.* (?) pan (of pitch)
Parfre, John, p. 24
Passyve, 204/962, *adj.* suffering
Paul, the Conversion of, p. 27
Pay, 91/960, *sb.* pleasure, pleasing
Peneawnt, 73/496, *adj.* hanging, loose
Perhennuall, 79/637, perennial, constant
Perplyxcyon, 130/1986
Perswade, 129/1977, take away (?)
Pertely, 62/206, *adv.* openly, publicly
Pese, 75/535, *sb.* cup
Pesyn, 189/533, *sb.* poison
Phy, 95/1068, *vb.* (?) fie, trust
Pilate, p. 63, 87
Pitture, 151/350, *vb.* picture, image
Players, names of the, p. 23, 26, 54, 138, 170
Pleȝeavns, 104/1304, *sb.* pleasure
the Poet who speaks the Prologue and Epilogue, p. 1, 22, 26
Ponderite, 179/217, *pt. s.* (?) weighed pondered
Porchase, 55/22, *vb.* obtain, gain
Porchasyd, 81/689, *pp.* obtained, gained
Porvyowns, 77/582, *sb.* providing
Poste, 113/1559, *sb.* power
Potyt, 72/458, *vb.* put; 78/606, (?) strive
Povnse Pylat, 87/862, Pontius Pilate
Pregedyse, 63/234, *sb.* violence
Preors, 98/1137, *sb.* prayers
Pretende, 96/1076; 133/2073, *vb.* go before, proceed
Priest, a heathen, p. 99, 113
Prommyssary, 63/237, *sb.* deputy
Provost, in a play, p. 59, 104
Provostycacyon, 60/163, *sb.* regency, vice-gerency
Pryse, 70/417, *sb.* prize: *beryt þe pryse*, bere þe pryse, 72/472, take first place
Pver, 125/1859, *adj.* pure
Purfyled, 140/16, *adj.* trimmed, edged or embroidered
Purpete, 81/710, *sb.* (?) special care, or pure pity
Pynsynesse, 78/606, *sb.* pensiveness
Pyrked, 68/358, *adj.* proud, elated. See Halliwell, s. v. *Perk*.
Pystull, 104/1313, *sb.* epistle, letter

Quell, 99/1168, *vb.* kill. A.S. *cwellan*
Quesson, 80/662, *sb.* question
Qwat, 102/1249, what

Rage, 105/1331, *sb.* haste, hurry
Ragnell and roffyn, 101/1200
Raphael the Angel bids many go and convert the land of Marcyll, p. 107
Readers of an acted Play, 136/2143, p. 170
Rebon, 110/1465, *sb.* (?) rebound, answer, insolence
Recure, 66/311; 79/6251; 211/1202, *vb.* recover, redeem
Reddure, 114/1580, *sb.* violence
Rede, 122/1793, *sb.* guide, counsellor

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Rede, 115/1616, 1 *pr. s.* advise
Refreynne, 97/1116, *vb.* (?) restrain themselves
Releff, 56/41, *vb.* free (from harm or responsibility)
Rem, 59/114; Reme, 59/125, *sb.* realm
Reporte, 176/133, 1 *pr. s.* urge, argue, declare
Reportur, 133/2084, *sb.* report
Repreffe, 56/40, *sb.* punishment
Rese, 61/180, *vb.* rise
Resowndable, 89/904, able to be heard
Restoratyf, 79/651, *sb.* restoration, repayment
Resun, 93/1024, *pp.* risen
Reynd, 96/1083, pull, pluck
Rofe, 91/970, *vb.* were riven, split
Rome, the Emperor of, p. 55, 59, 104
Rownd, 73/495, *vb.* whisper, chat
Rud, 206/1030, *sb.* rood, cross
Rvfull, 93/1020, *adj.* rueful, sad
Ruthe, 149/316, *sb.* pity
Ryte, 59/130; Ryth, 59/126, *sb.* right
Rythewys, 88/889, *adj.* righteous
Ryve, 145/175, *vb.* rive, destroy

-s, 2 & 3 *sing.* in, p. 170
Sadd, 215/1328, *adj.* weighty, of weight. "Sadde. *Solidus, firmus.*" *Cathol. Anglicum.*
St. Andrew, p. 213
St. John, p. 94, 187; and St. Peter, p. 94, 123, 209
Sakor, 133/2068, 1 *pr. s.* consecrate
Satan, Prince of the Devils, p. 66, 68, 76
Saul, after Paul, p. 27, 33, 46
Save, 132/2051, 1 *pt. s.* saw, have seen
Sawen, 87/852, *vb.* save
Seduet, 82/716, *pp.* seduced, led away
Segnyte, 195/723, 2 *pt. pl.* assigned, committed
Sembled, 69/403, *pp.* met, assembled
Semle, 63/240, *adj.* seemly, handsome
Sensuality, a character, p. 80
Sentelles, 104/1311, 1315, (? for) sentence, intelligence
Sepoltur, 87/844, sepulchre, tomb
Serybyl or Serybb, p. 55
Sese, 118/1688; 128/1958, endow, put in possession, give seisin
Seth, 143/122, *sb.* a full seth = full aseth, full satisfaction
Sette, 97/1104, *sb.* city
Seyld, 99/929, *adv.* seldom
Shep, 106/1351, *sb.* ship
Sheppyng, 107/1392, *sb.* ship
Shewyng, 116/1621, vision
Shipman or Captain in a play, p. 54
Sho, she, p. 170
Shower, 86/822, *sb.* struggle, pain
Shuyd, 58/86, *pp.* showed
Simeon the priest, p. 16
Simon the Leper, p. 77
Skreptour, 61/171; Skryptour, 61/179, *sb.* Scripture
Soferous, 87/864, *sb.* suffering
Sokor, 65/286, *sb.* succour, help
Soleyne, 159/579, *adj.* (?) alone, singular, unique
Sond, 62/214, *sb.* message. "Sond or sendynge. *Missio.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Sond, 111/1504, *sb.* word, order
Sond, 109/1439, *sb.* land, shore
Sops in wine, 75/536
Sote, 1/13; 90/1071, *adj.* sweet
Sottes, 62/203, *sb.* fools
Sowket, 192/625, *pt. s.* sucked
Sowth, 83/743-4, *sb.* (?) sawt = assault, attack
Sowth, 66/307, *pp.* sought
Spece, 132/2060, *sb.* speech, words
Spece, 96/1072, *sb.* (?) view, from Lat. *aspicio* (?)
Speceows, 78/628, special, particular
Spyll, 146/215, *vb.* be ruined, fail
Spynys, 131/2024, *sb. pl.* thorns, thickets
Stableman or Ostler, p. 30
Stanzas, two plays in 8-line, p. 1, 137; a play in 7-line, p. 25; a play mainly in 8-line, p. 171: see too, p. 53, at foot.
Starte, 218/1417, *sb.* time. "Styrt, or lytyl whyle (lytyl qwyle, A.). *Momentum.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Steryng, 144/153, *sb.* stirring, incitement

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Stey, 96/1077, *vb.* ascend
Steyyd, 105/1341, *vb.* ascended
Stoonddes, 93/1018, *sb.* moment, time. A.S. *stund*
Streytness, 58/97, *sb.* hardship
Stronkg, 93/1002, *adj.* strong, violent
Strytt, 70/426, *adj.* straight
Styffe, 130/1997, *vb.* (?) stryffe = strive
Stylle, 116/1637, *sb.* steel. A.S. *style*
Stynte, 212/1240, 1 *pr. s.* stop, cease
Styntt, 123/1807, *sb.* allowance, bargain, agreement
Subjectary, 83/752, subject, thrall
Subjugal, 55/7, *adj.* subject
Sudare, 95/1049, *sb.* napkin, kerchief. It occurs in exactly the same meaning in Wyclif's version of John xx. 7
Sue, 75/532, *vb.* follow
Suspiratione, 173/64, *sb.* sighing. Lat. *suspirationem*
Suthe, 188/500, *adv.* truly, with truth
Swertt, 84/780, *adj.* black
Syest, 95/1061, sighest
Syn, 86/830, *conj.* since
Synamver, 106/1361, *sb.* (?) Fr. '*Cinnabre:* m. Cynoper, Vermillion, Sanguinarie . . a soft red and heauie stone found in Mines.' Cotgrave.
Sypresse, 139/1978, *sb.* Fr. '*Cypere:* m. Cyperus, or Cypresse, Galingale (a kind of reed).'—Cotgrave. A sweet herb, a sweet person
Syrus, Lazarus's father, p. 56, 64
Syyn, 129/1973, *vb.* sigh
Syyng, 57/63, sighing

Tapyrnakyll, 106/1352, *sb.* tabernacle, vessel
Tasppysster, 73/495, *sb.* barmaid
Taverner, in a Play, p. 72
Tawth, 102/1259, taught
Tayve, 172/38, *adj.* (?) decaying
Tene, 71/438, *vb.* injure, annoy
—th constantly used for —ght, as *lyth*, light, *nyth*, night, *myth*, might, &c.
Thar, 139/1437, *impers. vb.* need. AS. *þearf*
Þen, 82/732, *pron.* that
Therknesse, 81/689, *vb.* darkness. "Therkenesse or derkenesse. *Tenebre, Caligo.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Tholit, 181/276, *pp.* suffered, endured. A.S. *þolian*
Thrall, 175/108, *adj.* miserable, mean
Threst, 115/1614, *sb.* thirst
Thruste, 179/215, *sb.* thirst, desire
Thrustide, 179/214, *pt. s.* thirsted for. A.S. *þyrstan*
Thrustye, 178/210, *adj.* thirsty. A.S. *þurstig, ðrystig*
Thryst, 73/492, *sb.* thirst
Thyrlite, 180/268, *pp.* pierced. A.S. *þyrlian*, Eng. *drill*
Tiberius Cæsar, p. 55, 59
Tidiose, 208/1079, *adj.* anxious, impatient
Till, to, with the infinitive, p. 170
To-brost, 91/966, *pp.* broken to pieces
Ton, 197/783, *sb.* tun, vessel
Toukkyng, 91/969, *sb.* touching, touch
Treyte, 171/3, *sb.* treatise, little piece
Tripident, 2, *stage direction*, let them dance
Trossyd, 89/910-11 *adj.* bound, wrapped
Trott, 76/555, *vb.* (?) shake
Trotte, 71/438, *vb.* hasten, hurry off
Tyr, 60/158, Tyre

Understanding, a character, and her 6 Jurors, p. 138

Veruens, 96/1093, *sb.* fervency
Very, 3/76, *adj.* true, real
Virginite, 191/589, *sb.* chastity, purity of life. Often applied, as here, to males as well as females
Vysered, 165/726, *adj.* wearing a visor or mask
Vysers, 166/754, *sb. pl.* visors, masks

Wall, 124/1848, *vb.* (?) dwell
Wardly, 152/405, *adv.* carefully

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Waryacyon, 123/1815, *sb.* variation, or (?) opposition
Waryovns, 130/2005, *sb.* variance, disagreement
Watkyn, a Messenger, p. 4, 6, &c.
Wawys, 89/829, *sb.* waves
Weepers in black at a burying, 86/835-7
Went, 68/376, *pp.* gone
Wentt, 96/1079; 116/1629, *vb.* thought, weened
Werely, 80/675; 122/1791, *adv.* verily, assuredly
Weryauns, 58/92, *sb.* variance, change
Weryfyyt, 61/178, *vb.* verifies, confirms
Weryous, 56/36, *adj.* troublesome
Wete, 95/1059; 123/1817, *vb.* know
Wetty, 102/1250, *adj.* learned
Whan, 150/346, *adv.* ay whan = every when, ever, always
Whanhope, 81/694, *sb.* despair
Whantite, 192/621, *sb.* quantity
Whatt-so-mewer, 102/1235, whatsoever, whatever: the pronunciation *whatsumever* is not uncommon amongst the lower classes
Wher, 68/368; 104/1288, *vb.* were
Whit, 199/850, *vb.* requite, repay
Whytly, 68/376, *adv.*; wygth, 68/227, quickly, speedily
Will, a character, p. 138; her 6 Women or Retainers, p. 161-7
Wisdom or Christ, a Morality of, p. 137
Wod, 2/39, *adj.* mad, furious
Wolunte, 55/3, *sb.* will
Wonddyn, 55/23, *adj.* enveloped, wrapped, and so, protected
Wonde, 115/1609, turn, refuse
Woo, 66/311, *pron.* who
Word, 56/31, *sb.* world
Wordely, 141/51, *adj.* worldly, earthly
Wos, *pron.* whose
Woydyt, 115/1618, *pr. s.* goes out
Wrake, 68/380, *sb.* harm, injury
Wreche, 72/469, *sb.* harm
Wrowth, 79/631, *pp.* wrought, done
Wry, 163/669: (?) read 'malewry', mishap, misfortune: Fr. *malheur*
Wryng, 108/1409, *vb.* turn and twist about in pain
Wyan, 72/479, *sb.* Guienne
Wycys, 90/1083, *sb.* vices
Wyhylles, 68/377, *sb.* wiles
Wylddyng, 57/59, *sb.* wielding, command
Wyldyng, 124/1832, *sb.* power, wielder
Wyre, 94/1027, *sb.* doubt. "Awere or dowte. *Dubium, ambiguum, perplexus.*" *Prompt. Parv.*
Wys, 89/895, guide, show
Wytory, 134/2095, victory
Wytyst saff, 78/624, *vb.* vouchsafest

Xall, 56/41, &c., shall; þou xall, 100/1176
Xuld, 132/2036, &c., should
Xulddes, 99/1163, *vb.* shouldst

Yee-lyd, 102/1237, *sb.* eye-lid
Ynge, 102/1242, *adj.* young
Yrkit, 175/111, *impers. pt.* grieved
Ywys, 67/338, *adv.* assuredly
Yye, 98/1124, *sb.* eye
Yys, 79/640-1, *sb.* eyes

ȝaf, 122/1799, *conj.* if
ȝaf, 135/1343, *vb.* gave
ȝede, 92/975, *pp.* gone. A.S. *eode*
ȝen, 114/1577, *sb. pl.* of eyes, *ȝen sucke* = ȝearning(?)
ȝenȝybyr, 67/343, *sb.* ginger
ȝepe, 165/724, *adj.* active, careful. A.S. *geap*
ȝode, 105/1324, *vb.* went
ȝonglinge, 202/895, *sb.* young child, infant
ȝyng, 73/503, *adj.* young

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